



No. 66

MEET "TWO-FACE"



THE BATMAN

Detective

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

AUG.

COMICS

10¢



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PLAY BALL

LOU GEHRIG—A QUIET HERO

By Frank Graham

To everyone who loves baseball, Lou Gehrig was a hero. But he wasn't only a baseball hero.

This book tells the story of his life—the story of a boy who grew up on the streets of New York, who struggled against poverty to get an education, and whose childhood was full of difficulties and hard work.

It was on the High School of Commerce team that Lou began to show what he could do with a bat. The story of his first spectacular success when his school team played in Chicago is really thrilling. No wonder a baseball scout from Columbia University picked him out and offered him his chance at college baseball.

It wasn't all easy going, though. The family's need for money was always pressing, and Lou found it hard not to go professional too soon. Then came the fateful day when a scout from the Yankees saw Lou Gehrig play and went wild with excitement about his new "find". Then the wonderful day when Lou put on the uniform of the Yankees and sat beside the great Babe Ruth on the bench.

Long years of brilliant baseball followed, with Gehrig growing in baseball power and in popularity with the fans. And then the tragic sudden end of everything as Lou bravely took the news that a strange and incurable disease was slowly destroying him.

He was finished with baseball. But he wasn't the despairing kind. He simply went on living and working cheerfully until death over-took him, and he died as bravely as he had lived.

This is a story of courage and success that will warm the hearts of young readers and older ones, too.

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Jupiter No. 4) :

CSYV JMVWX PMRI SJ HIJIRWI MW XLI PMRI
EX XLI AMRHS A WIPPMRK WXEQTW ERH
FSRHW!

BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN
- THE BOY WONDER -

HAVE YOU EVER TOSSED A COIN TO DECIDE SOMETHING... SETTLE A PROBLEM ABOUT WHICH YOU COULDN'T MAKE UP YOUR MIND? REMEMBER HOW EAGERLY YOU WATCHED TO SEE WHICH SIDE WON... HEADS OR TAILS? OF COURSE YOU WOULDN'T STAKE A LIFE ON THE FLIP OF A COIN... BUT HOW ABOUT A MAN WHO STAKED HIS SOUL, HIS VERY ACTIONS ON THE SPINNING OF A SILVER COIN?... **BECAUSE HE WAS LIKE THAT COIN ITSELF!** HE, TOO, HAD TWO SIDES, TWO SIDES AS DISTINCT AS NIGHT AND DAY... AS GOOD AND EVIL! MEET THE MOST BIZARRE CRIMINAL OF ALL TIME... A TWENTIETH CENTURY JEKYLL-HYDE... IN...
"THE CRIMES OF TWO-FACE!"

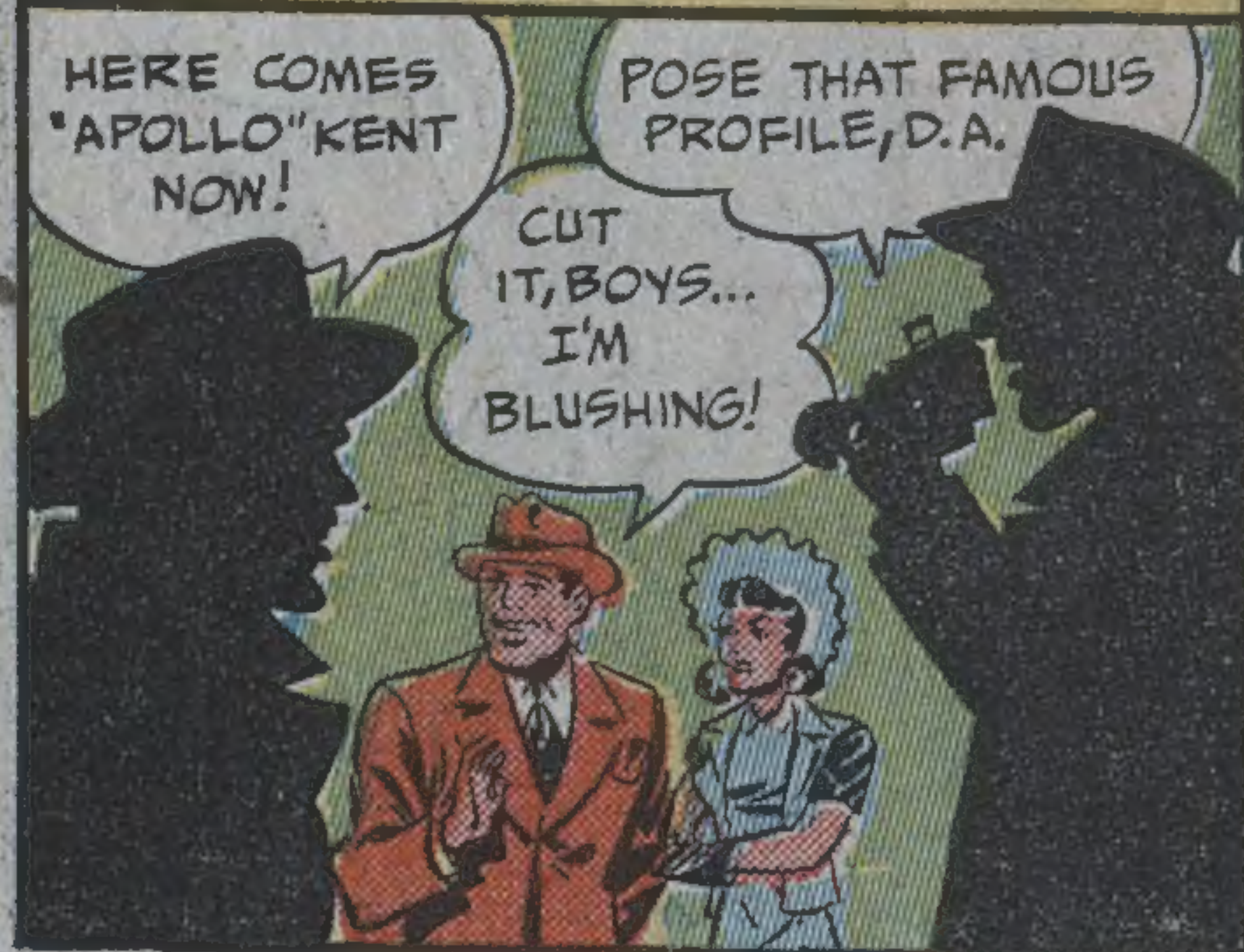


GOTHAM CITY... AND UP ITS COURT-HOUSE STEPS WALKS HANDSOME HARVEY KENT, DISTRICT ATTORNEY, WITH HIS FIANCEE...

HERE COMES
"APOLLO" KENT
NOW!

POSE THAT FAMOUS
PROFILE, D.A.

CUT
IT, BOYS...
I'M
BLUSHING!



BOB
KANE

PRESENTLY... AND THE HANDSOME D.A. FIRES THE OPENING GUN IN THE CASE OF THE STATE VS. "BOSS" MORONI.

YOUR HONOR, I CALL THE STATE'S FIRST WITNESS...THE BATMAN!

KENT SURE ISN'T WASTING ANY TIME ON MORONI, IS HE?



AS THE RICH, STRONG VOICE OF THE CRIME-FIGHTER RECOUNTS A TALE OF MURDER...

...WE HAD A FIGHT AND MORONI GOT AWAY...BUT HE IS THE MAN WHO SHOT "BOOKIE" BENSON!

HE'S LYIN'!... HE'S LYIN', I TELL YA!

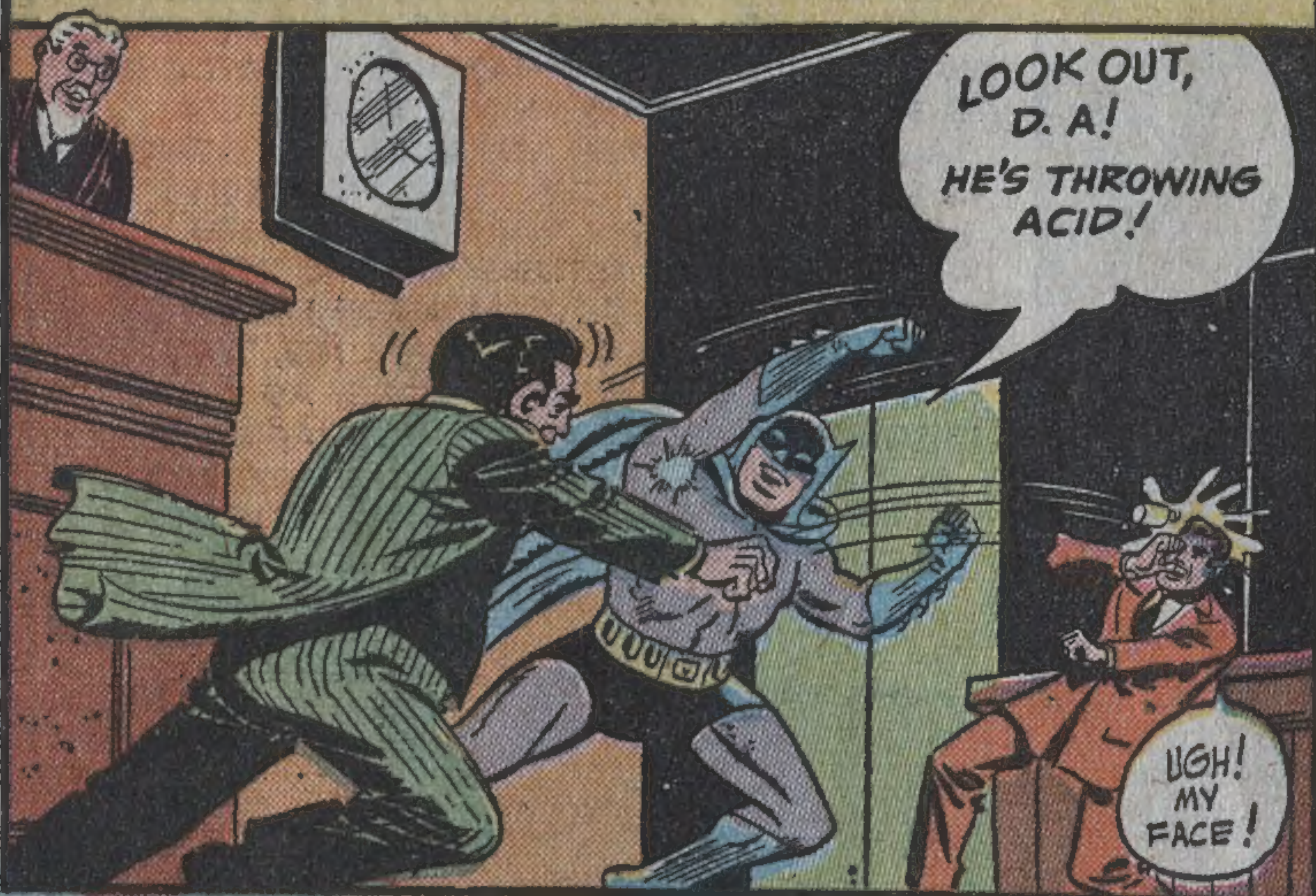


HERE'S THE PROOF... FOUND ON THE SCENE OF THE CRIME. MORONI'S LUCKY PIECE... A TWO-HEADED SILVER DOLLAR... WITH HIS FINGERPRINTS ON IT!

OKAY, PRETTY BOY, I'LL FIX YOU!



A BLUE BLUR OF MOTION, THE BATMAN DIVES FORWARD, HIS HAND SLASHING AT MORONI'S THROWING ARM!



LOOK OUT, D.A! HE'S THROWING ACID!

UGH! MY FACE!

PANDEMONIUM BREAKS LOOSE! A DOCTOR HURRIES TO THE STRICKEN D.A....

IT WAS VITRIOL, WASN'T IT, DOCTOR?

YES...A CONCENTRATED SOLUTION, TOO! LUCKY FOR KENT YOUR HAND DEFLECTED IT SO IT ONLY STRUCK ONE SIDE OF HIS FACE!



MY POOR DARLING!

TIME HEALS ALL WOUNDS...AND ONE MONTH LATER...

WELL, TODAY WE TAKE THE BANDAGES OFF!

HAND ME A MIRROR, BATMAN! GOSH! I'M WORRIED STIFF, WONDERING WHAT MY FACE WILL LOOK LIKE!



THE BANDAGES REMOVED, KENT SEES HIS FACE FOR THE FIRST TIME...AND WITH HORROR-STRICKEN EYES!

MY FACE! THE ACID HAS LEFT ONE SIDE SCARRED AND HIDEOUS!



YOU'RE THINKING OF PLASTIC SURGERY, I KNOW... BUT I'M AFRAID ONLY A MIRACLE COULD...

I KNOW ONE MAN WHO CAN PERFORM THAT MIRACLE...DR. EKHART, THE EUROPEAN SPECIALIST!

I HOPE SO... OH, MY FACE... MY FACE!



BUT KENT'S HOPES ARE DASHED TO THE GROUND...

DR. EKHART? HE WENT TO VISIT HIS BROTHER IN GERMANY LONG AGO! THE WAR STARTED...THE NAZIS PUT HIM INTO A CONCENTRATION CAMP!

THE DEVILS!

MY LAST CHANCE... GONE! THERE'S NO HELP FOR ME NOW!

BACK IN KENT'S APARTMENT...

BATMAN, MY FIANCEE IS A SCULPTRESS! SHE WORSHIPS BEAUTY! SHE'D HATE ME NOW... UGLY... HORRIBLE! WHAT AM I TO DO?

FACE HER! SHE'S BOUND TO FIND IT OUT SOONER OR LATER! GOOD-BYE, KENT...AND GOOD LUCK!

MINUTES LATER, TAUT AND GRIM HARVEY KENT STALKS PURPOSEFULLY THROUGH THE STREETS.

UGH! WHAT A HORRIBLE LOOKING MAN!

SHHH! HE'LL HEAR YOU!

MOMMY! THAT MAN FRIGHTENS ME! BOO-HOO!

NOW, DARLING, HE WON'T HURT YOU!

A FACE LIKE THAT WOULD FRIGHTEN ANYBODY!

SOON, HE REACHES HIS FIANCEE'S APARTMENT...

HARVEY DARLING! THE BANDAGE IS GONE FROM YOUR FACE! WHAT A LOVELY SURPRISE! LET ME SEE!

YES, GILDA... SURPRISE! NOW...

LOOK! LOOK AGAIN! A FACE DIVIDED INTO BEAUTY AND UGLINESS! QUEER... FRIGHTENING, ISN'T IT?

SO, MY FACE IS REPULSIVE EVEN TO YOU WHO I THOUGHT LOVED ME! LOOK AGAIN! LOOK AT THE MAN WHO WAS ONCE CALLED "APOLLO"...LOOK!

NO! NO! I CAN'T BEAR IT! PLEASE DON'T!

FOR AN INSTANT, SOMETHING SNAPS IN KENT'S ANGUISH-TORN BRAIN...

MY FACE YOU'VE SO OFTEN CHISELED IN STONE AND PLASTER...BUT NOT MY TRUE FACE... MY NEW FACE! I MUST MAKE THEM AS I REALLY AM...UGLY... UGLY!...HEE... HEE!

HARVEY KENT D.A.

HARVEY KENT D.A.

LATER THAT NIGHT... TORMENTED EYES
PEER AT A HIDEOUS REFLECTION...



THOSE SAME BROODING
EYES FLAME WITH HATRED
AT A FAMILIAR OBJECT...



SNATCHING UP A SCALPEL,
KENT HACKS AND SLASHES
INSANELY AT ONE FACE OF THE
COIN!



AND WHY NOT...
AND WITH THE VERY
COIN RESPONSIBLE
FOR MY TROUBLE! IF
THE GOOD SIDE WINS...
I'LL WAIT TILL DR.
EKHART IS FREE! THE
SCARRED SIDE... AND I
ENTER A LIFE OF
CRIME!



A COIN SPINS HIGH... DROPS INTO
A HAND...



AND SO IS BORN
THE MOST BIZARRE,
THE MOST UN-
PREDICTABLE
CRIME-MASTER
OF ALL TIME...
TWO-FACE!



THE TIME...ONE MONTH-LATER! THE PLACE...A WEIRD ROOM WHERE BEAUTY AND UGLINESS SIT SIDE BY SIDE...FOR THIS IS THE SECRET SANCTUM OF...TWO-FACE!



I'VE RESIGNED AS DISTRICT ATTORNEY! NOW, I'M GOING TO MAKE MY KNOWLEDGE OF CRIME BEAR FRUIT!

A COIN IS FLIPPED! THE SCARRED SIDE COMES UP!...AND THAT DAY TWO-FACE AND HIS HIRELINGS INVADE A BANK FOR ILLICIT GAIN!



AGAIN THE COIN TWIRLS...THE GOOD SIDE WINS...AND THAT NIGHT TWO-FACE SNATCHES A RIVAL GANGSTER'S LOOT...AND GIVES IT TO A CHARITY HOME!



HERE! BUY THE KIDS SOME NEW CLOTHES!



WHA...?

TWO-FACE IS A MURDERER!



TWO-FACE LOOTED MY JEWELRY SHOP!



TWO-FACE IS A PHILANTHROPIST!

TWO-FACE IS KIND. HE PAID OFF THE MORTGAGE OF MY HOME!



EVEN TWO-FACE'S UNDERLINGS WANT AN EXPLANATION!

BUT, BOSS, WHY DO YOU FLIP THE COIN BEFORE WE PULL EACH JOB?

THE COIN'S TWO FACES SYMBOLIZE MY TWO SIDES...GOOD OR EVIL. ON THEM DEPENDS OUR NEXT MOVE! WATCH!



THE UGLY SIDE WINS! EVIL TRIUMPHS OVER GOOD! HA! HA! OUR NEXT JOB...WILL BE THE BROWN BOND COMPANY MESSENGER!

BOY, THAT GUY CARRIES OVER TWENTY GRAND EVERY TIME HE HOPS THE FIFTH AVENUE BUS 9 O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING!



THE NEXT MORNING...CRIME STRIKES IN THE BUS BARN!

HURRY! PUT ON THE UNIFORMS OF THAT DRIVER AND FAREMAN. THE BOYS AND I WILL GET ON AND ACT AS PASSENGERS!

ACME BUS CO.



LATER, AS THE
BANDIT-MANNED
BUS ROLLS OUT OF
THE VAST BARN...

GET GOING...
AND DON'T
STOP TO
PICK UP ANY
PASSENGERS.
WE WANT TO
BE ALONE
WHEN WE PICK
UP THAT BOND
MESSENGER!

NINE O'CLOCK...AND THE UNSUSPECTING
BOND MESSENGER PROMPTLY BOARDS
THE UNUSUALLY EMPTY BUS...

FARE,
PLEASE!

HERE
YOU
ARE!

AND AT THAT VERY INSTANT, TWO
MANTLED ROVERS SPY THE CRIME
TABLEAU FROM A LOW ROOF TOP
OVERLOOKING FIRTH AVENUE!

BATMAN—
LOOK OVER
THERE, ATOP
THAT BUS!

HOLY CATS!...
C'MON, ROBIN!
WHAT'RE WE
WAITING
FOR?

LIKE TWO PROJECTILES
FIRED FROM A
SPRING GUN, THE
DUO CATAPULTS
INTO EMPTY SPACE...
AT THE JUTTING ARM
OF A LAMP POST...

STRONG HANDS CLOSE VISELIKE...AND TWO
LITHE FRAMES SWING INTO A NEW ADVENTURE!

COLLECTING
FARES? HERE,
SEE HOW YOU
FARE WITH
THIS!

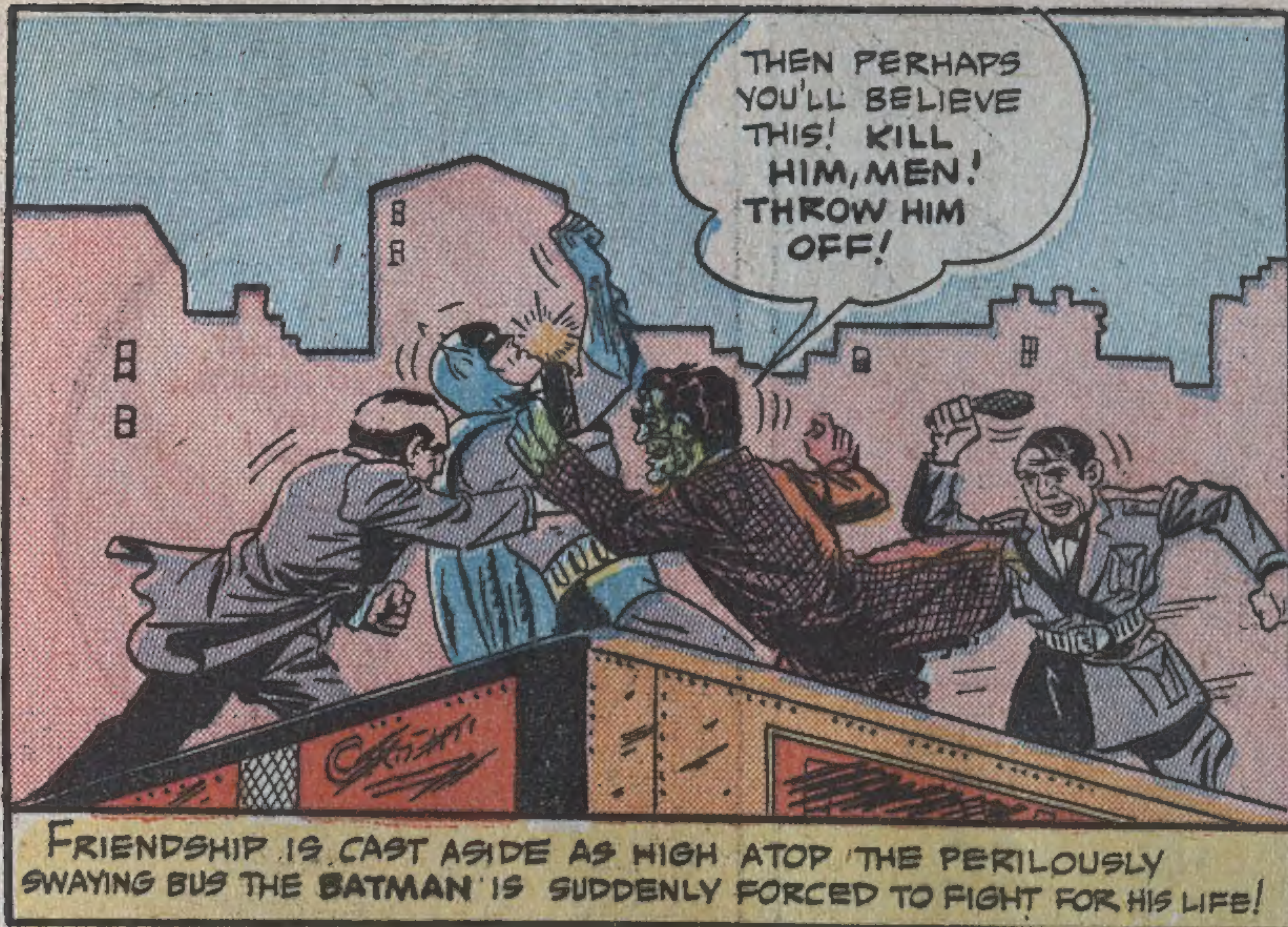
OKAY, BATMAN!
CUT OUT
THE HORSE
PLAY!

KENT!
KENT...

AT LAST!
I'VE WANTED
TO TALK TO YOU
ABOUT GIVING
UP THIS LIFE
OF CRIME
AND...

I'VE GIVEN UP MY
FIANCEE, MY
CAREER, EVERYTHING.
NOW STAY OUT OF
MY WAY, OR...

...OR YOU'LL
SHOOT ME...
YOUR FRIEND?
I DON'T
BELIEVE
IT!



FRIENDSHIP IS CAST ASIDE AS HIGH ATOP THE PERILOUSLY SWAYING BUS THE BATMAN IS SUDDENLY FORCED TO FIGHT FOR HIS LIFE!



AS ROBIN'S FIST SLEDGE-HAMMERS A TRIGGER-MAD THUG, THE RICOCHETED BULLET SMASHES INTO THE DRIVER'S BACK!



DRIVERLESS, THE BUS SWINGS MADLY ABOUT A CORNER...SPILLING THE BATMAN HEAVILY!



ROBIN, TOO, IS CAUGHT OFF BALANCE AND...



JUMP! LET THE BUS CRASH AND SMASH UP THE BATMAN, AND THAT CURSED BOY! JUMP!

DOWN THE STEEP
HILL SPEEDS THE
RUNAWAY BUS
WITH ITS HELPLESS
HUMAN FREIGHT...



...STRAIGHT
AT THE WALL
OF A DEAD-
END
STREET!

BUT INSIDE, A YOUNG BOY FIGHTS
HIS WAY BACK TO CONSCIOUSNESS
AND CRAWLS FORWARD WEAKLY...



SLOWLY, WITH A BACK-BUCKLING
TUG, HE STRAINS AGAINST THE STRONG
PULL OF THE CHURNING WHEELS...



...UNTIL SQUEALING, SNARLING,
PROTESTING TIRES SLOW UP...
AND THE BUS BUMPS LIGHTLY
AGAINST THE WALL AND
GRINDS TO A DEAD HALT!

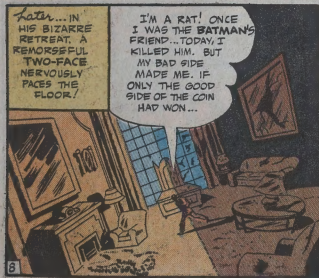


PHIEW! NOW
THAT WAS WHAT I
CALL A GOOD BREAK...
AND I DO MEAN
BRAKE! BETTER
GO UP NOW
AND HELP
THE BATMAN!



Later... IN
HIS BIZARRE
RETREAT, A
REMORSEFUL
TWO-FACE
NERVOUSLY
PACES THE
FLOOR!

I'M A RAT! ONCE
I WAS THE BATMAN'S
FRIEND... TODAY, I
KILLED HIM. BUT
MY BAD SIDE
MADE ME. IF
ONLY THE GOOD
SIDE OF THE COIN
HAD WON...

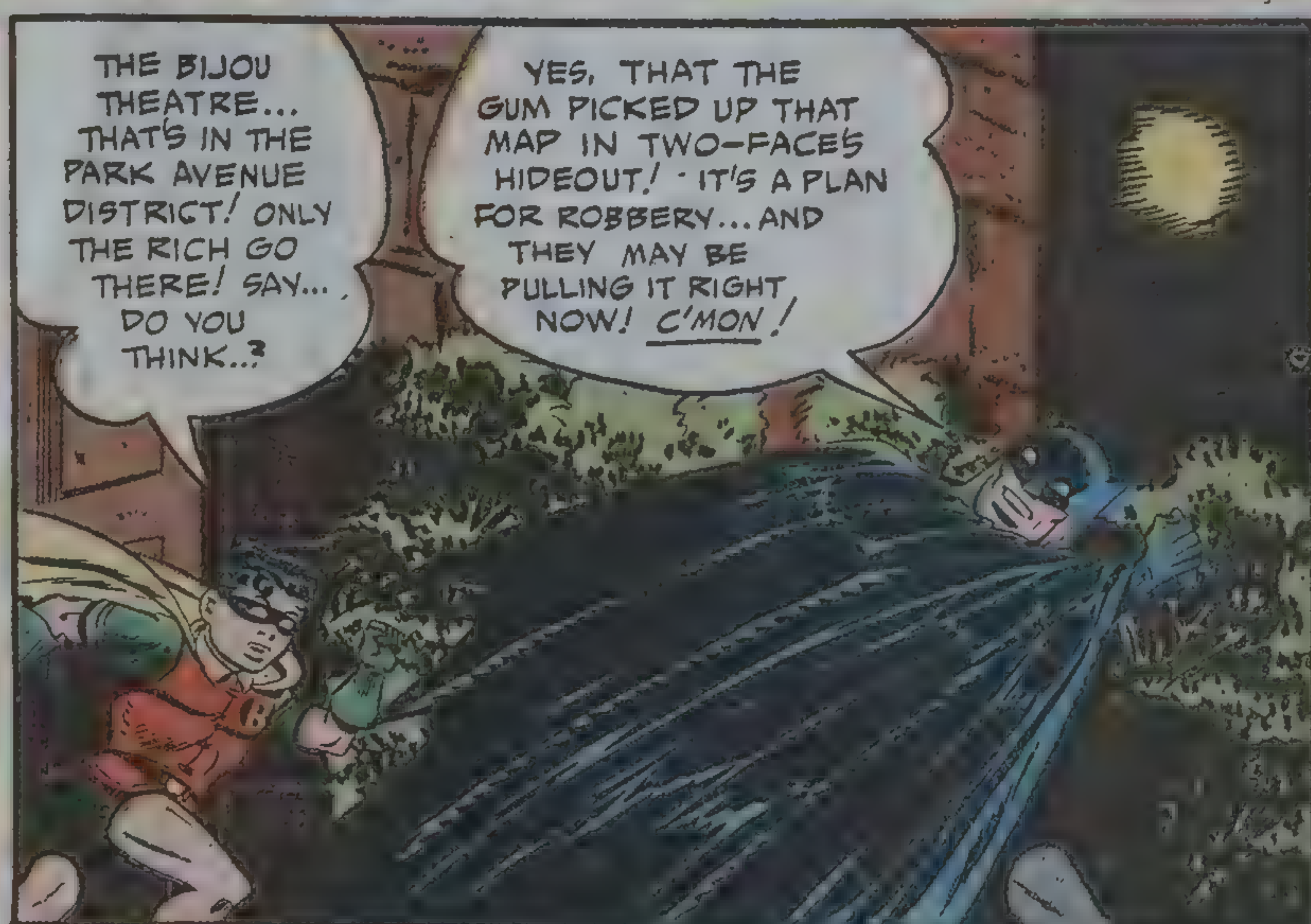
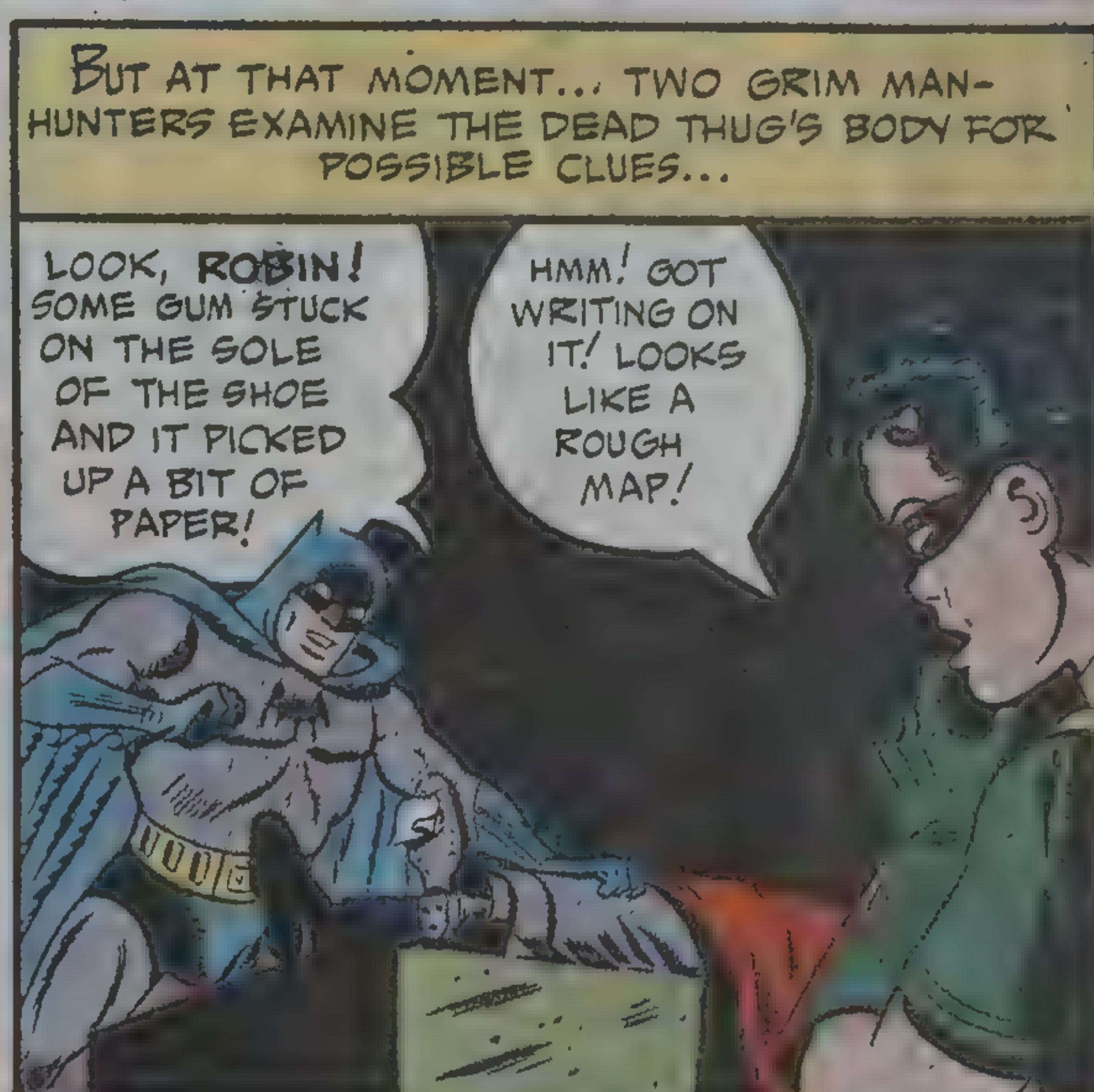
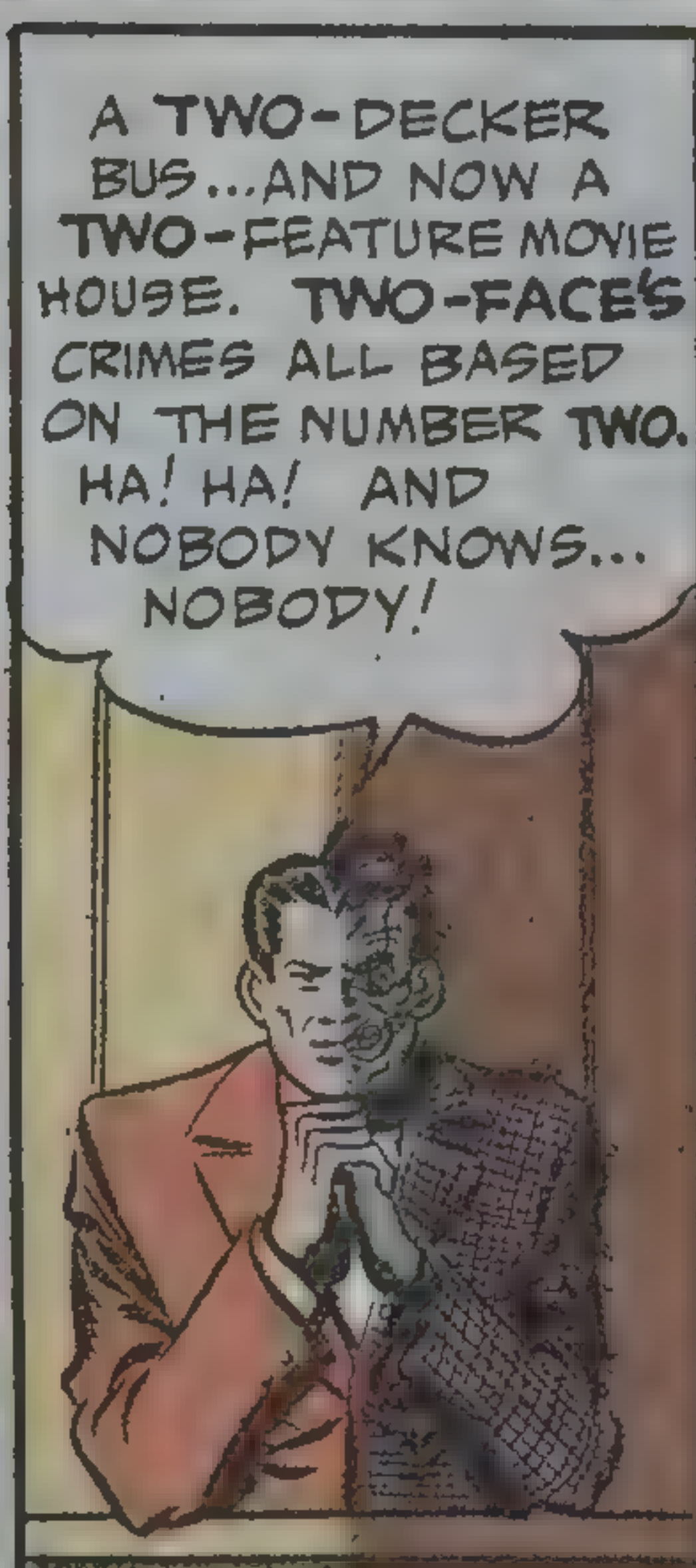
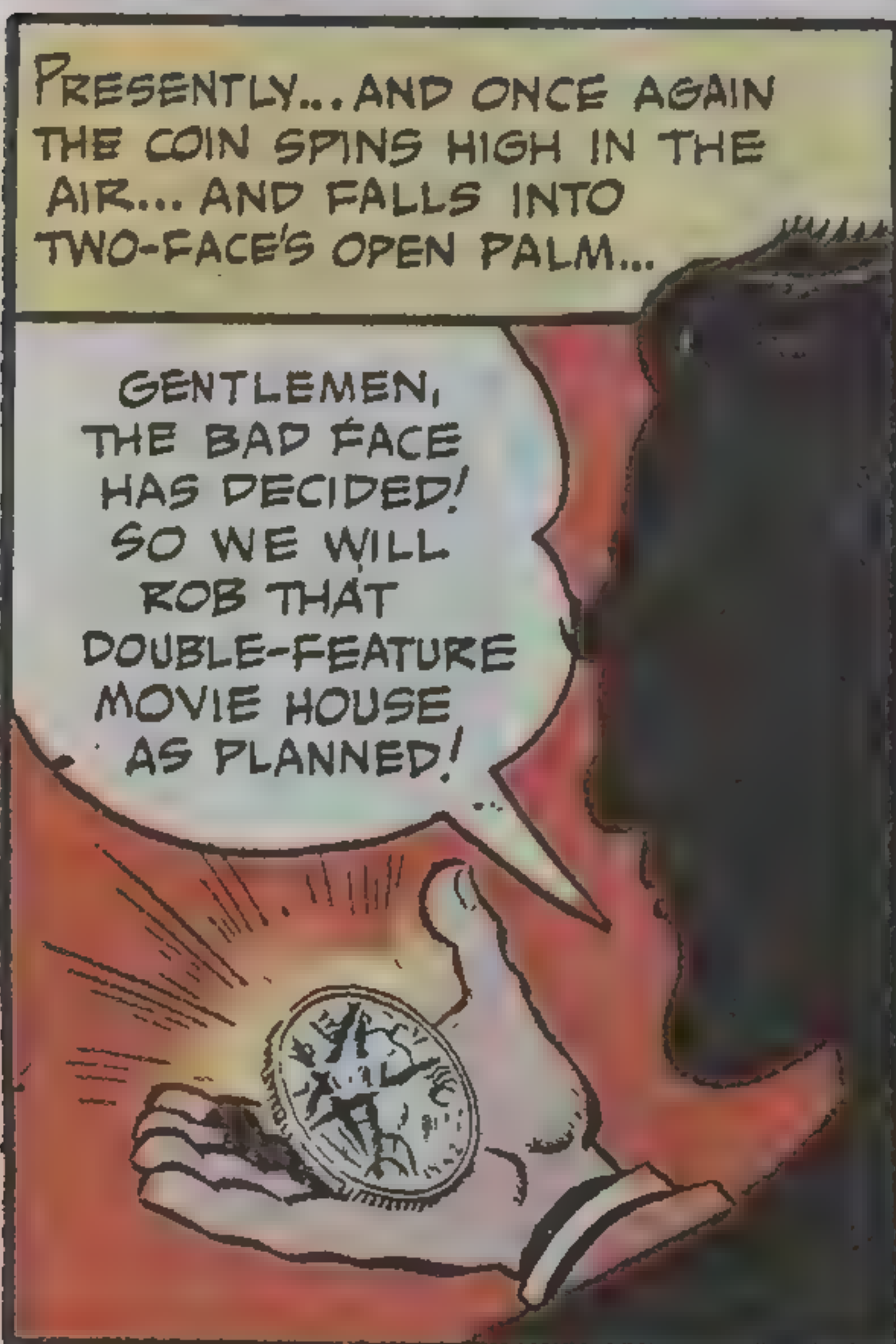
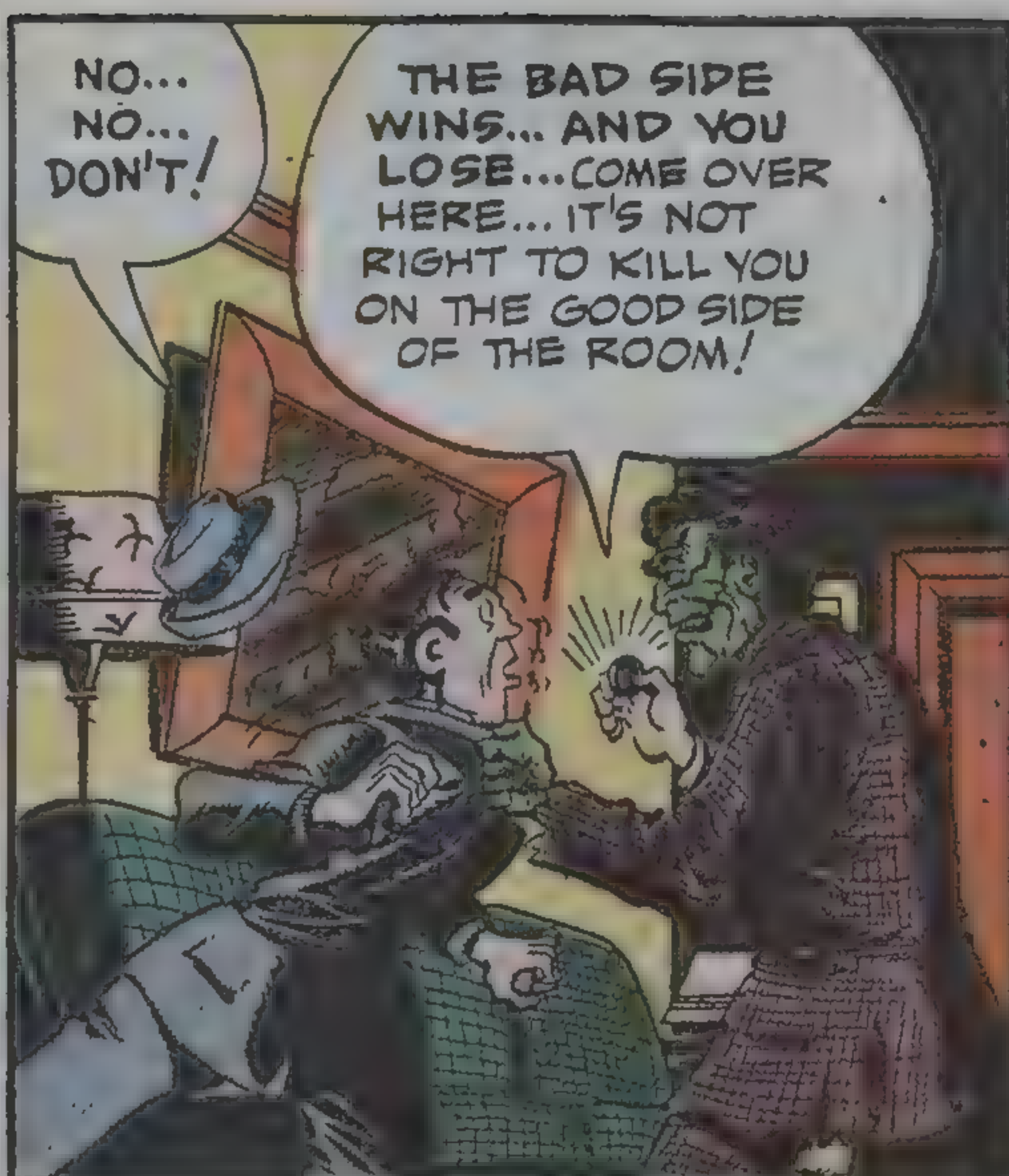


CAN THIS BE ME?
CAN THIS BE THE
MAN WHO WAS ONCE
HANDSOME, HAD A
SWEETHEART, WAS A
RESPECTED DISTRICT
ATTORNEY? LOOK
AT ME NOW...
UGLY.... A CRIMINAL!

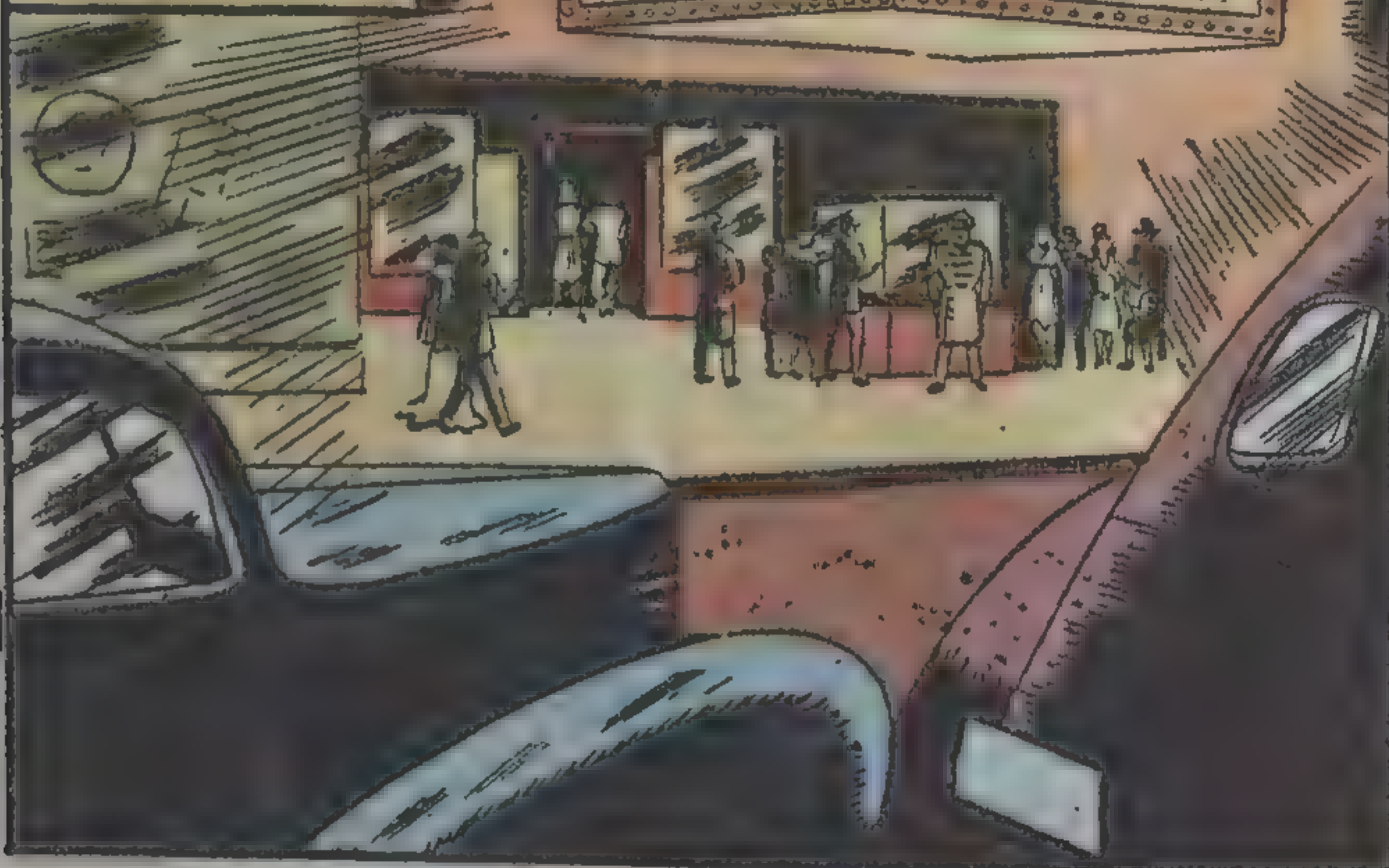


I GAVE ORDERS
NOT TO HAVE
ANY MIRRORS
IN MY HOUSE.
WHO PUT THIS
MIRROR
UP?

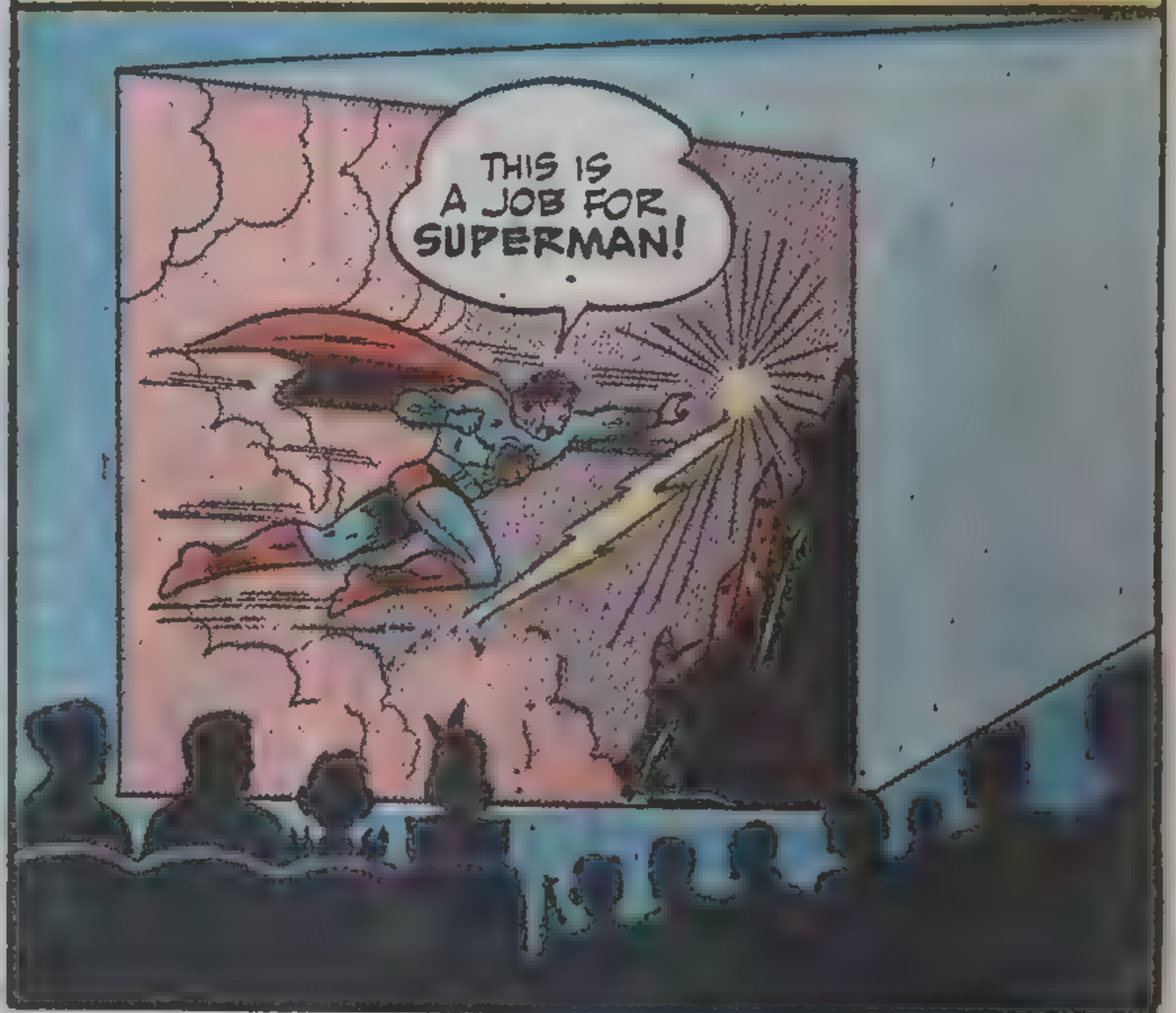




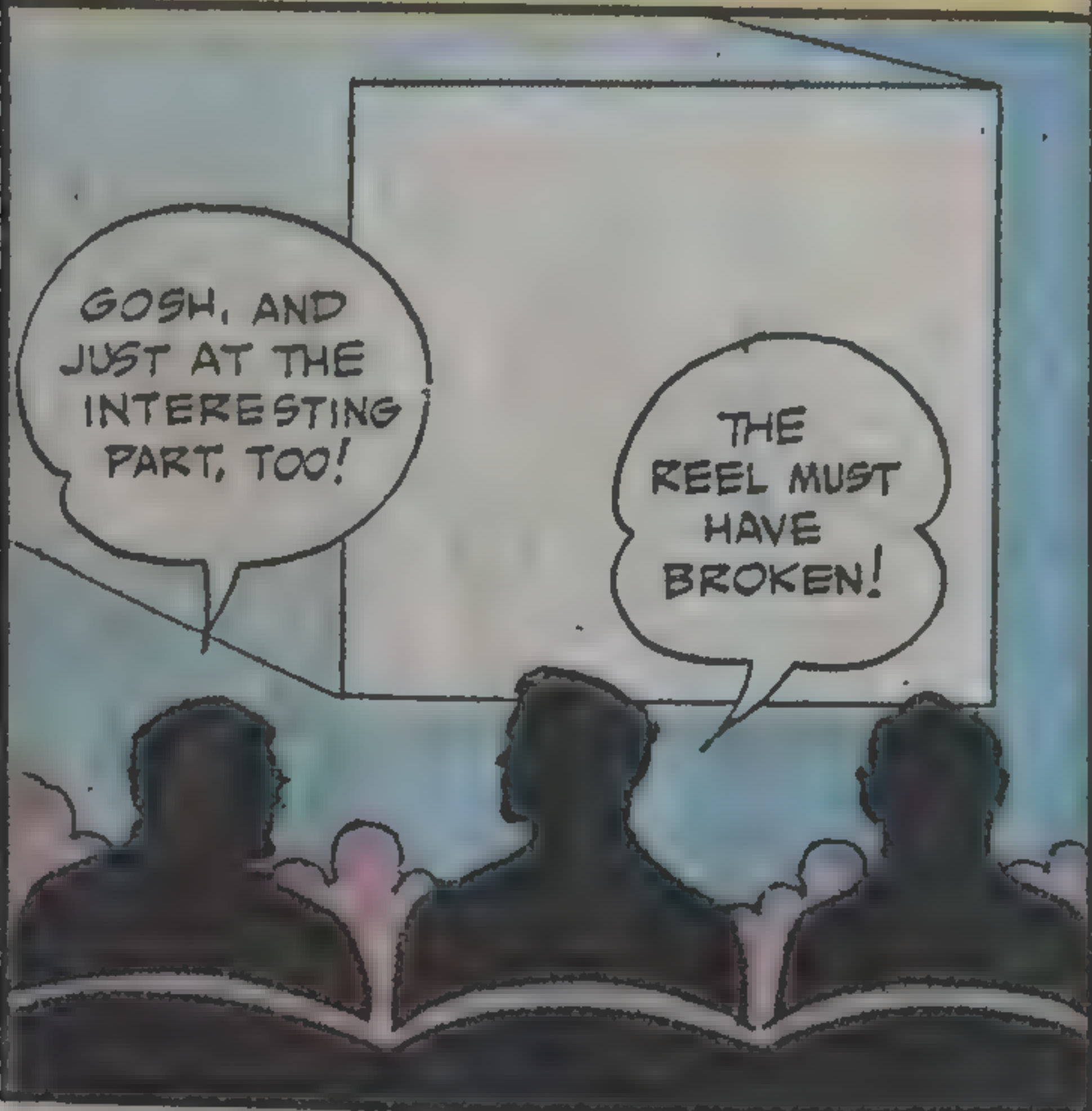
THE BIJOU
THEATRE...
HAVEN OF THE
"CARRIAGE"
TRADE...



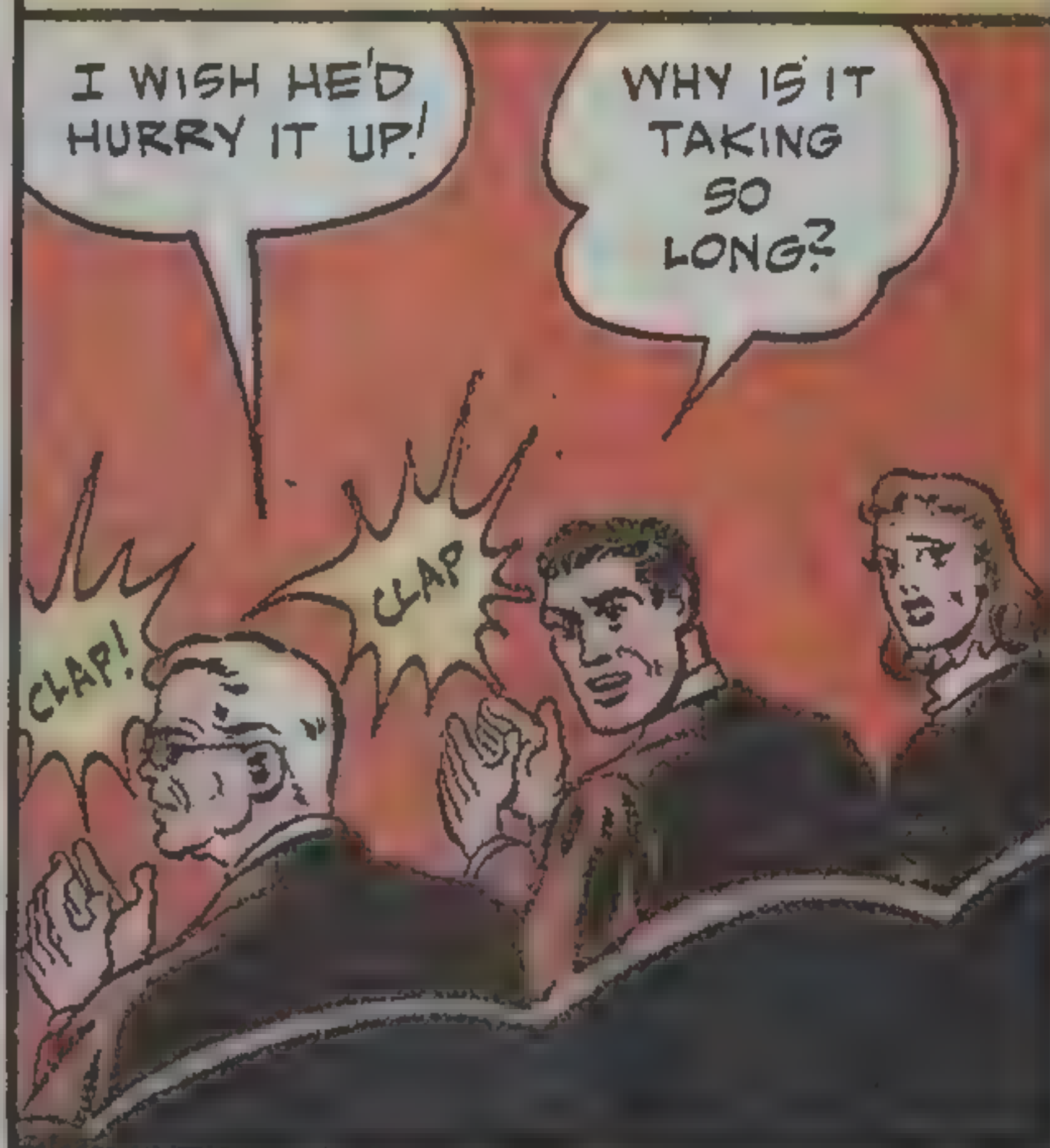
INSIDE, THE AUDIENCE THRILLS TO THE LATEST
"SUPERMAN"...



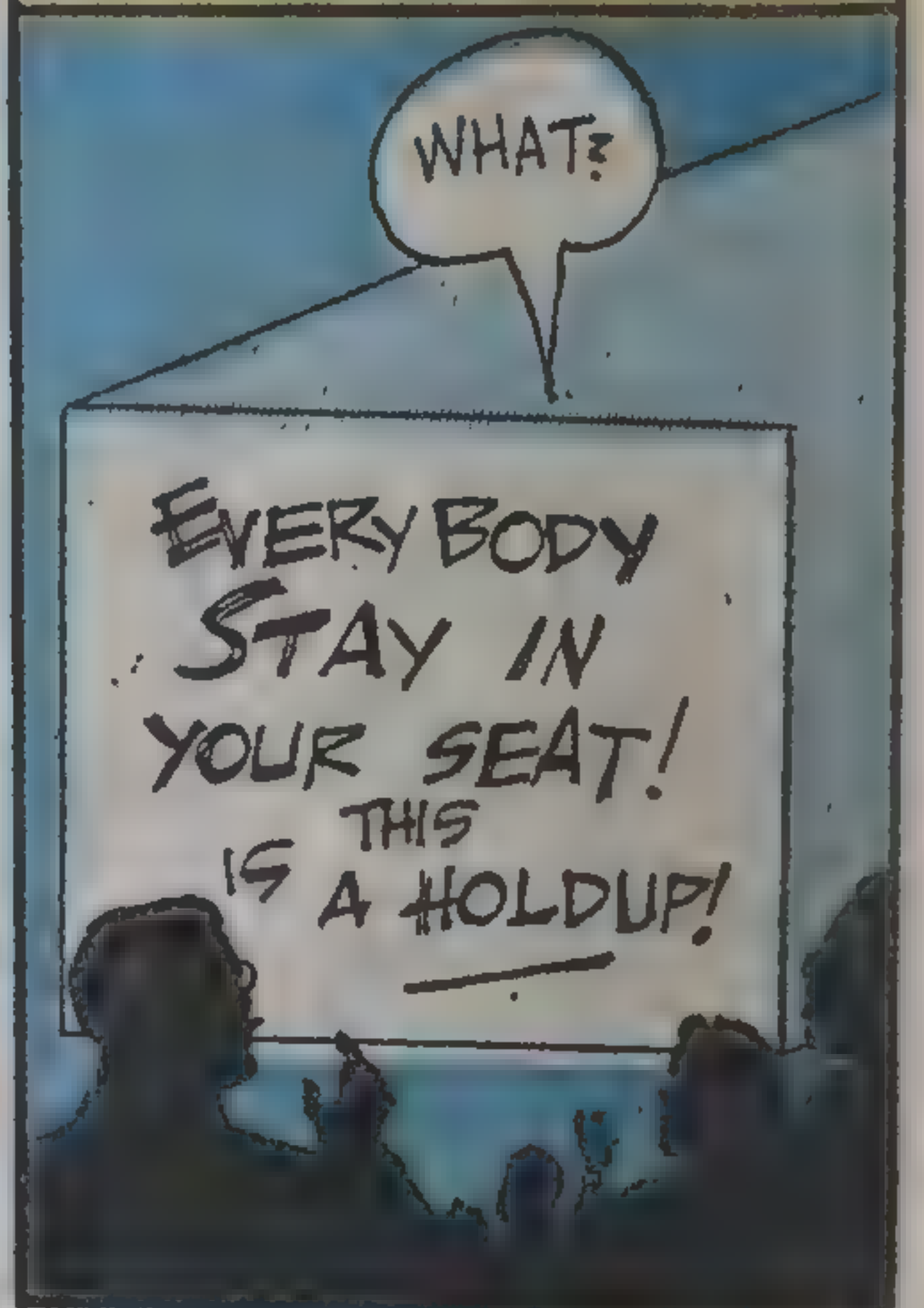
Suddenly... A COMMON THEATRE
OCCURRENCE...THE FILM WAVERS, FADES,
AND THE SCREEN GOES BLANK!



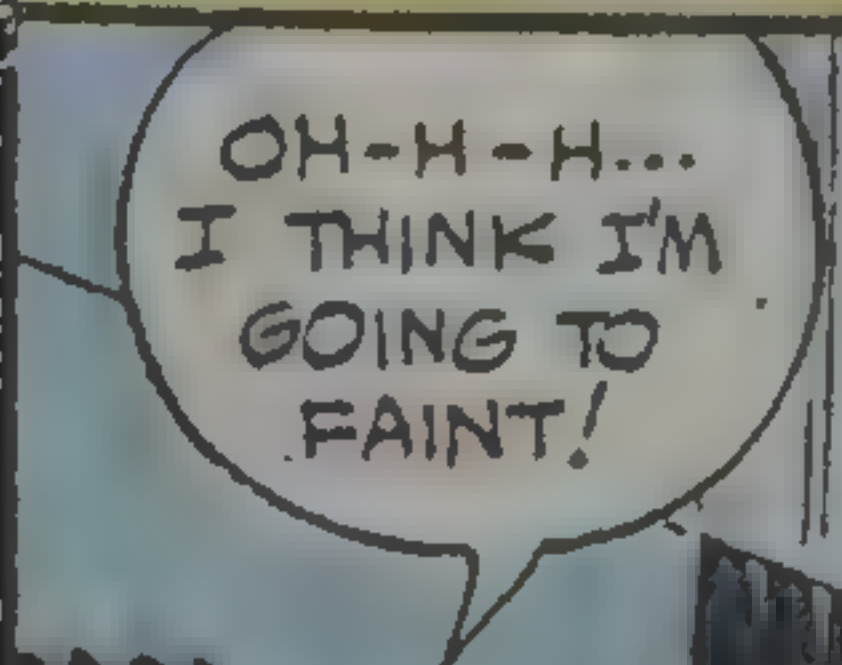
THE AUDIENCE WAITS, AND AS
THEY USUALLY DO, RESTLESS
VIEWERS CLAP THEIR HANDS TO
SPEED THE PROJECTIONIST!



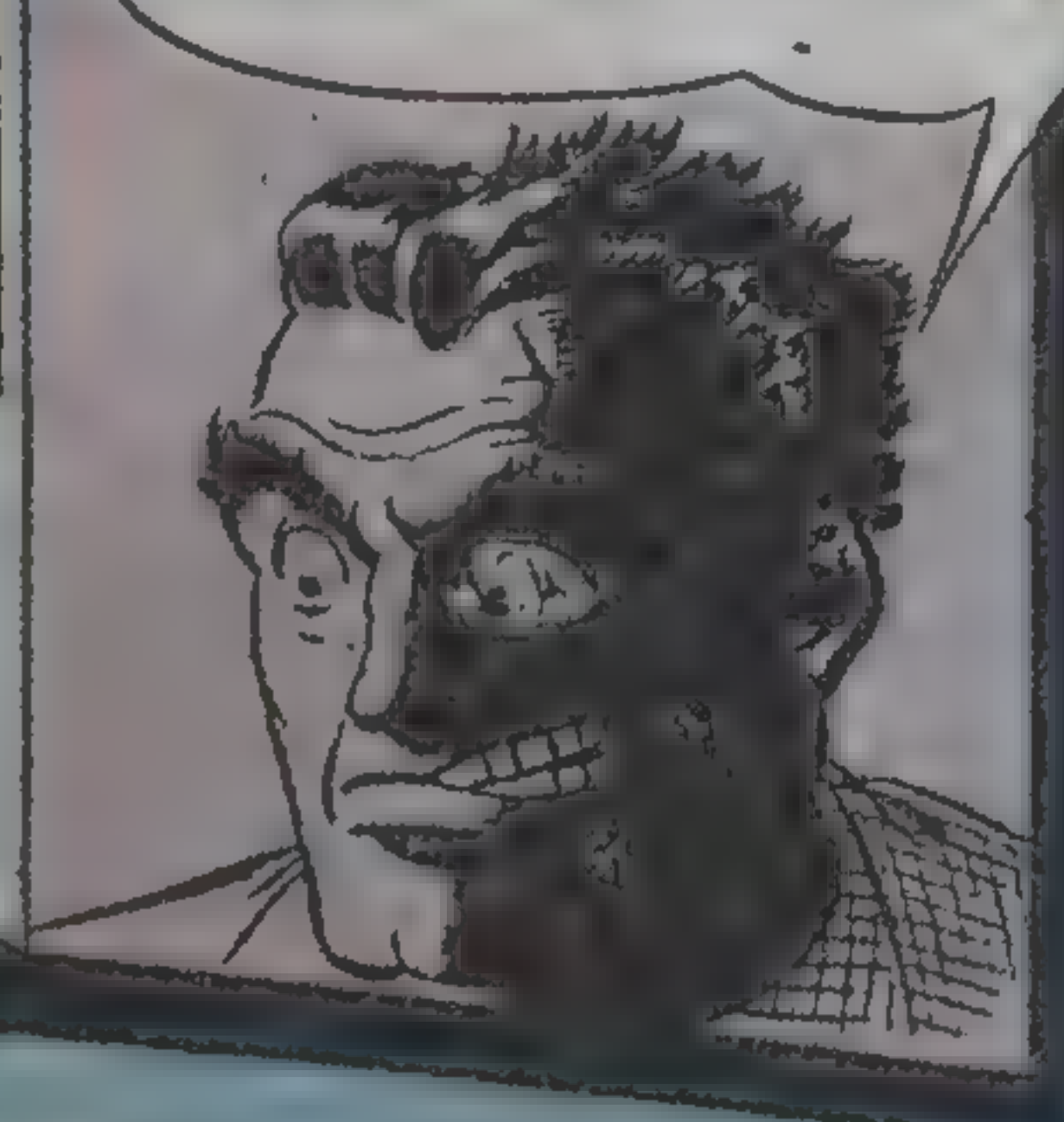
Abruptly... SOMETHING FLASHES
ON THE SCREEN ... BUT NOT
ENTERTAINMENT...



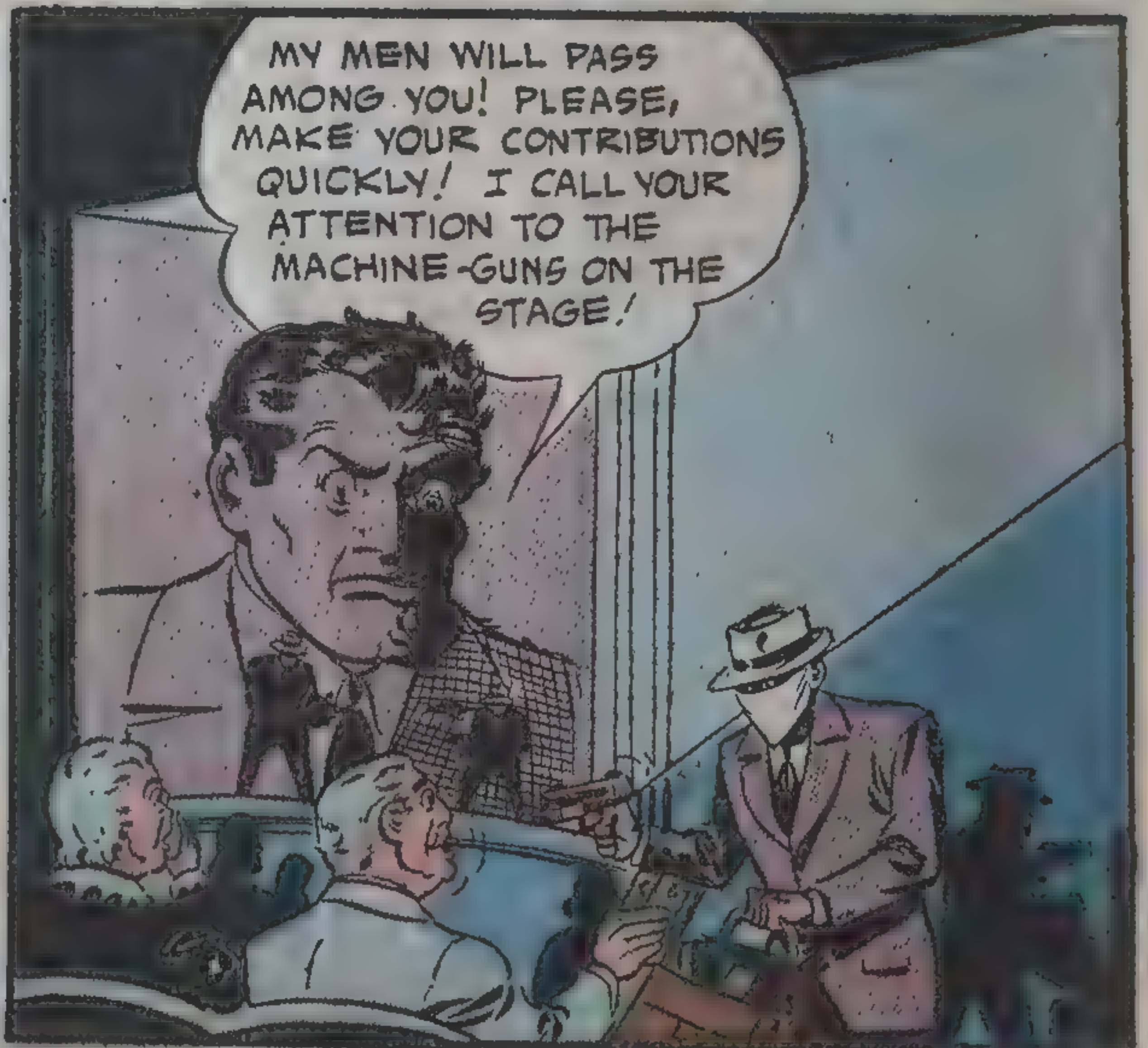
THEN... A TERRIBLE
FACE IS MAGNIFIED
ON THE SCREEN -
A FACE MORE
FRIGHTENING THAN
THE MOST HORRIBLE
MOVIE VILLAIN IN
MAKEUP.



I AM TWO-FACE! YOU'VE
HEARD ABOUT ME, SO
YOU'D ALL BETTER
COOPERATE...OR ELSE!



MY MEN WILL PASS
AMONG YOU! PLEASE,
MAKE YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS
QUICKLY! I CALL YOUR
ATTENTION TO THE
MACHINE-GUNS ON THE
STAGE!



WHILE IN THE PROJECTION ROOM...

THE BOSS
SHOULDA GOT
A JOB IN
HOLLYWOOD!
AIN'T HE SOME
ACTOR?

YEAH, SMART,
TOO! IMAGINE
HIM TAKIN' OUT
THE REGULAR
FILM AND SUB-
STITUTIN' ONE
WITH HIM,
SPEAKIN'!
HAW!

THEN A LITHE FIGURE CHARGES IN...ROBIN,
THE BOY WONDER...

OKAY,
CHUM!
HAVE A
KNUCKLE
LULLABY!

IT'S
THAT
KID!

HAVE TO
MAKE THIS
SHORT AND
SWEET, PAL!
NO TIME TO
PLAY WITH
YOU!

BATMAN WILL
BE NEEDING A
LITTLE LIGHT TO
SHOW WHERE
HE'S GOING!

NOT A
BAT...
BUT THE
BATMAN!

AN INSTANT
LATER, THE
DAZZLING BEAM
SPOTLIGHTS A
CAPED SHAPE
WINGING OVER
THE HEADS OF
THE AUDIENCE!

IT'S
A
GIANT
BAT!

A HUMAN JUGGERNAUT, HE SLAMS FULL-
TILT INTO MACHINE-GUN MAN-
NING THUGS!

GREETINGS, GENTS...
I'VE DECIDED TO
BECOME PART OF THE
CAST IN THIS
MELODRAMA!

AND WHILE THE
SCREEN IMAGE OF
TWO-FACE CONTINUES
TO SPEAK ITS
MECHANICAL DIALOGUE,
THE ACTOR HIMSELF
MAKES A DRAMATIC
PERSONAL
APPEARANCE!

GIVE UP
YOUR VALUABLES
WITHOUT
PROTEST,
PLEASE!

I SEE I DIDN'T
KILL YOU AFTER
ALL, BATMAN,
BUT I CAN MAKE
SURE OF IT NOW!

AGAINST THE STRANGEST BACKGROUND OF HIS CAREER, THE BATMAN COMES TO GRIPS WITH AN UNUSUAL FOE!

IF ANYBODY REFUSES TO COMPLY WITH ME, MY MEN WILL SHOOT WITHOUT MERCY!

ANYONE CALLING THE POLICE WILL BE SEVERELY PUNISHED!

THE WORD "POLICE" STRIKES A WARNING CHORD IN TWO-FACE'S MIND...

THOSE SHOTS! THERE'S A CHANCE THE POLICE MAY HAVE HEARD THEM! I'M NOT GOING TO GO TO JAIL!

THE BATMAN PURSUES BUT FINDS...

GONE! HOW COULD HE HAVE DISAPPEARED SO QUICKLY?

THE ANSWER!...TWO-FACE IN A STOLEN CAR!

THIS IS A PERFECT GETAWAY! OH-OH... THAT FOOL COP'S WAVING AT ME... HE MUST BE WISE TO ME! I'LL PUT ON SOME SPEED!

ALMOST RUNNING THE OFFICER DOWN, THE CAR SPURTS FORWARD... BUT SUDDENLY SWINGS WILDLY...

THAT STOPPED HIM!

I'M LUCKY TO GET OUT OF THAT WITHOUT A SCRATCH! NOW FOR MY HIDEOUT BEFORE I'M SPOTTED!

SOME TIME LATER, AS TWO-FACE STEPS CONFIDENTLY INTO HIS LAIR...



AT LAST!
SAFE AT
HOME!

NOT
QUITE!

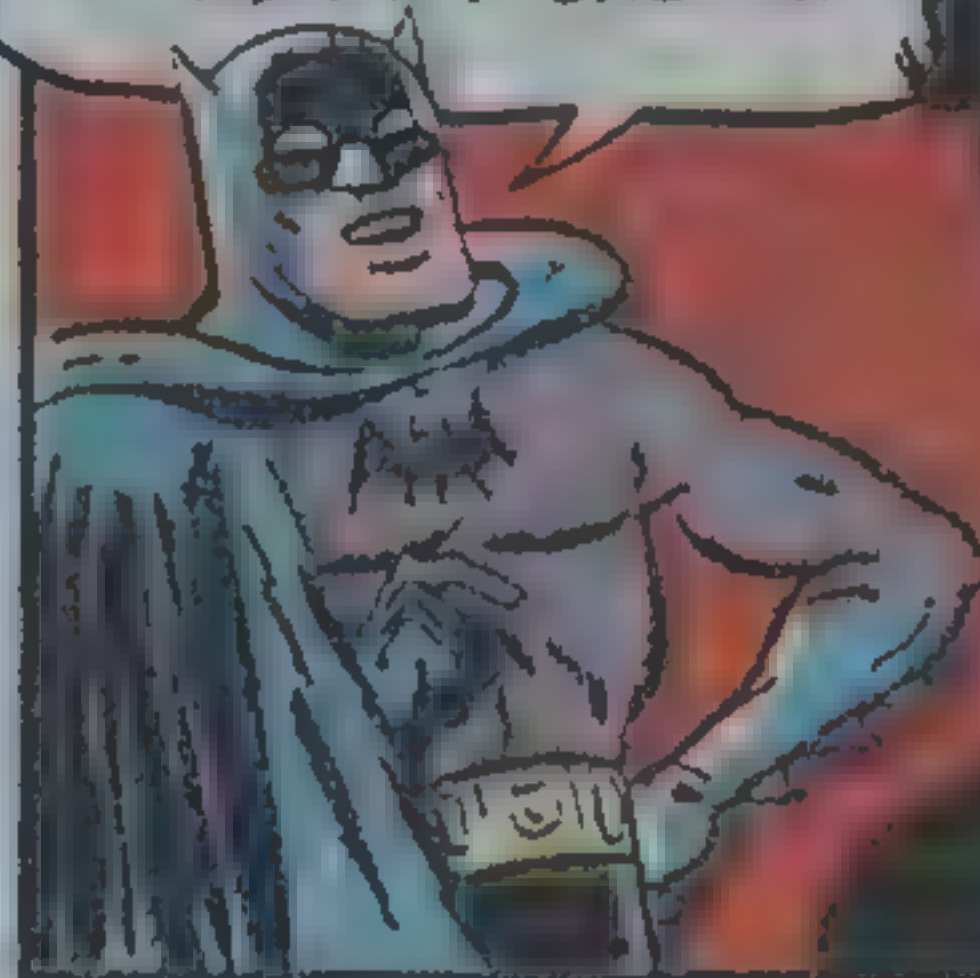
BATMAN!
HOW...?



VERY SIMPLE!
WHEN THE POLICE-
MAN HIT YOUR
TIRE, I WAS
ATTRACTED BY THE
SHOT...SPOTTED YOU,
AND TRAILED YOU
HERE!

YOU WOULD HAVE
MADE THE PERFECT
GETAWAY...IF YOU
HADN'T MADE
THE MISTAKE
OF DRIVING
DOWN A ONE-
WAY STREET
THE WRONG WAY!
THAT'S WHY THE
COP TRIED TO STOP
YOU...NOT BECAUSE
HE THOUGHT YOU
WERE A CROOK!

HA! HOW IRON-
ICAL THAT I,
WHO PLANNED MY
CRIME CAREER ON
THE NUMBER TWO,
SHOULD BE TRIPPED
UP BY A ONE WAY
STREET!



WAIT!
YOU'RE
NOT
TAKING ME
IN! I'LL
KILL YOU
FIRST!

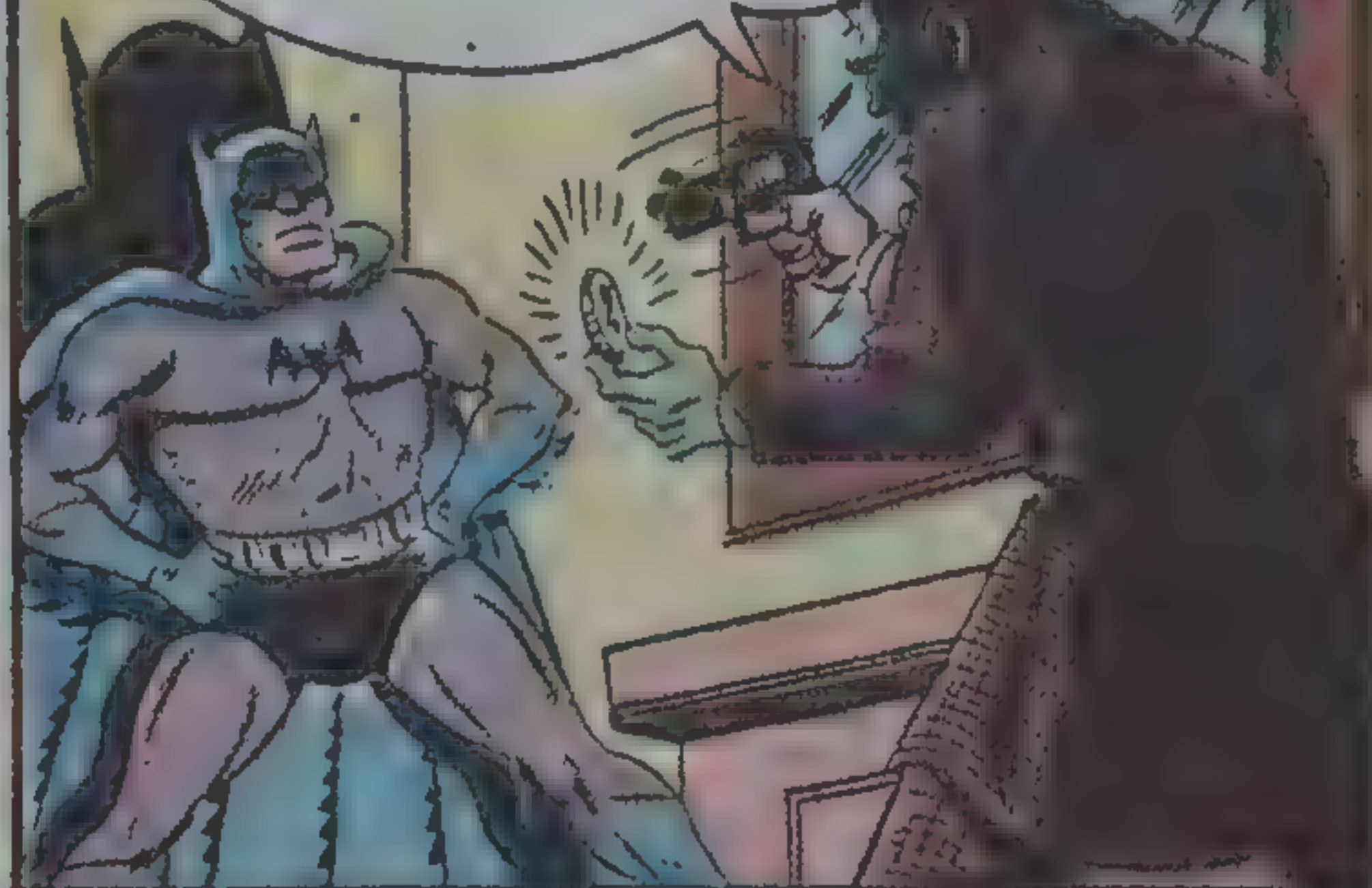


GO AHEAD! SHOOT...YOU
FOOL! KENT, BE SMART!
GIVE YOURSELF UP!
THE COURT REMEMBERS
YOUR FINE RECORD AS A
D.A.! THEY'LL KNOW THIS
IS ONLY TEMPORARY
'INSANITY INDUCED BY
YOUR TERRIBLE
MISFORTUNE!

I'LL EVEN SPEAK
FOR YOU! YOU'LL GET
A LIGHT SENTENCE!
BY THE TIME YOUR
TERM IS UP, PERHAPS
DR. EKHART WILL BE
FREE. YOU'LL GET
YOUR FACE FIXED!
YOU CAN START
YOUR LIFE ALL OVER
AGAIN. WHAT DO YOU
SAY?



IT'S WHAT THE COIN
SAYS! IT DECIDES
EVERYTHING FOR ME! IF
THE SCARRED SIDE
COMES UP... I KILL
YOU AND CONTINUE
A CAREER OF CRIME, AND
IF THE GOOD SIDE
COMES... I GO
WITH YOU!



A QUICK FLIP...
AND THE
COIN SPINS
HIGH INTO
THE AIR!



DOWN IT
DROPS LIKE
A SHINING
SUN... HITS
THE FLOOR!...



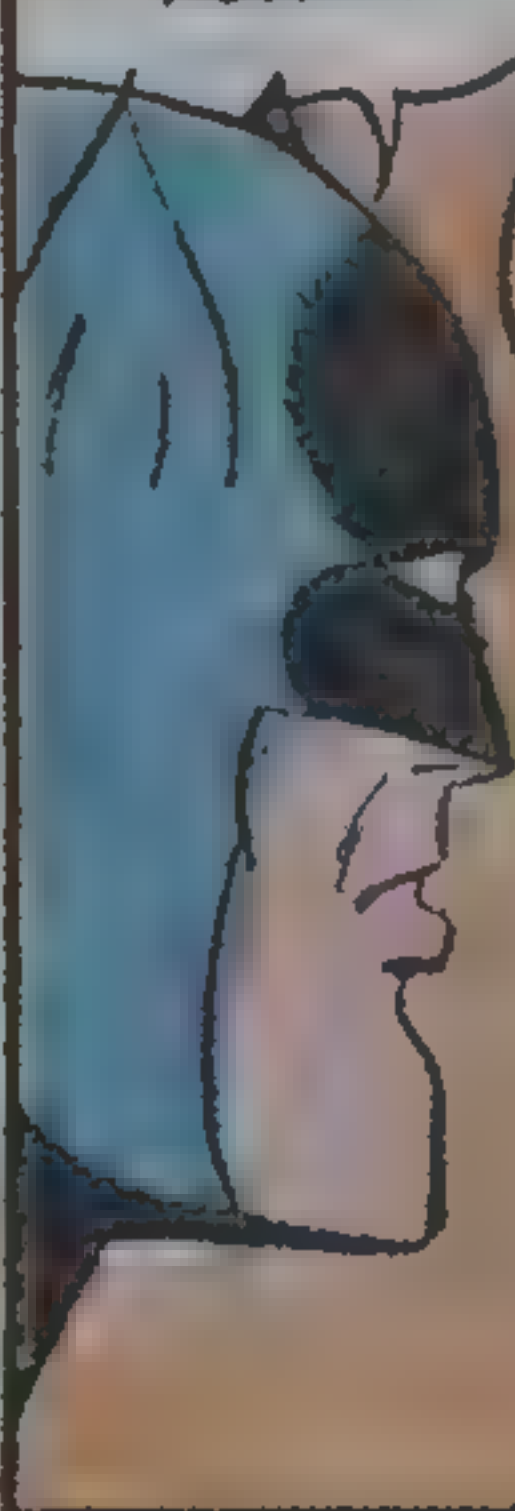
...ROLLS OVER
THE FLOOR-
BOARDS...
HITS A CRACK,
AND...



... AND
STANDS ON
ITS EDGE!

THE BATMAN WAITS ON THE GOOD
SIDE OF THE ROOM... TWO-FACE
ON THE BAD...

WELL...STANDING
UP. LOOKS LIKE YOU'LL
HAVE TO FLIP OVER
AGAIN!



NO, BATMAN!...I TOSS
ONCE AGAINST
CHANCE! AND
SINCE I CAN'T DE-
CIDE FOR MYSELF, IT'S
UP TO FATE TO
DECIDE WHAT
TO DO WITH
MY LIFE
NOW!

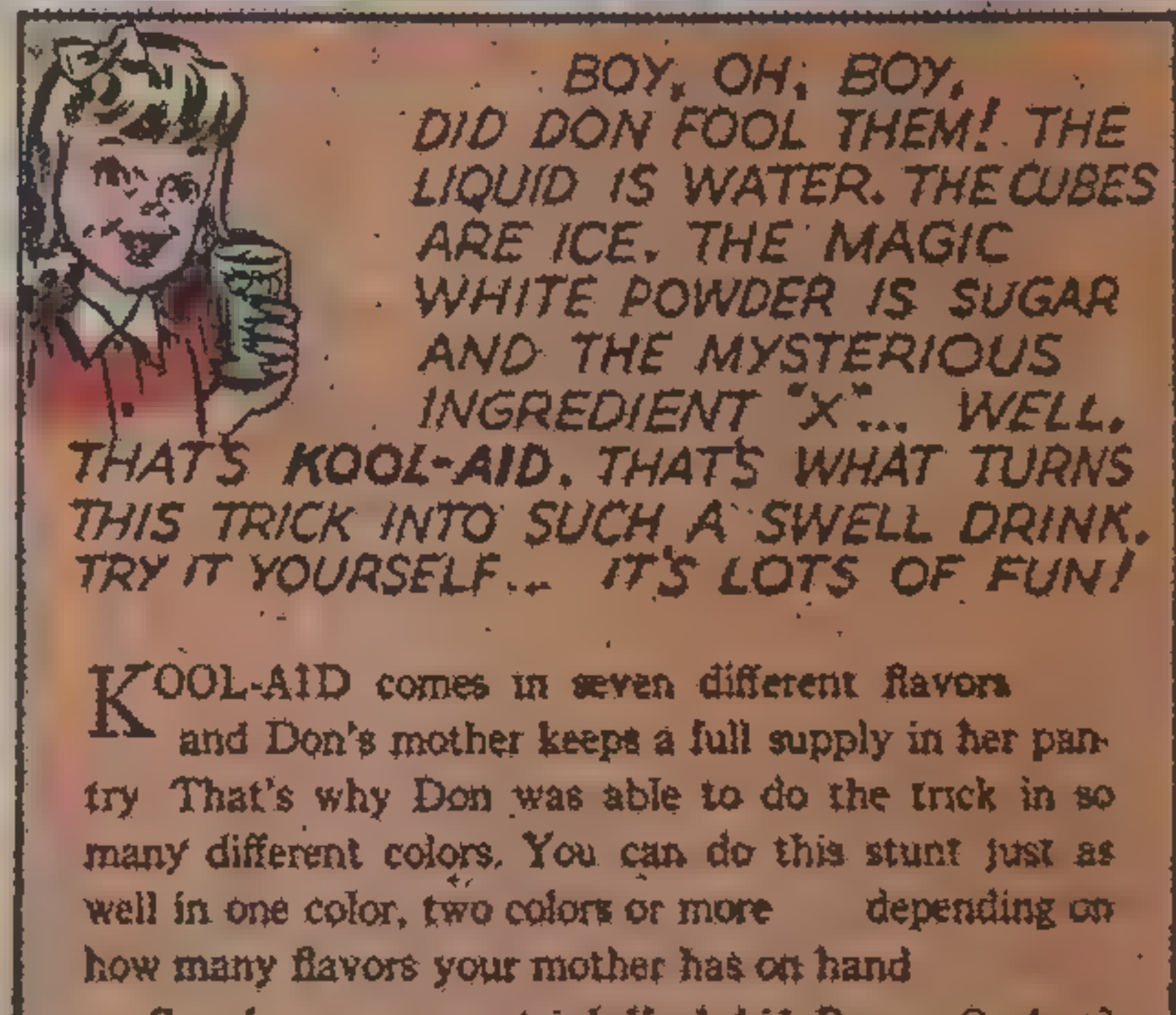
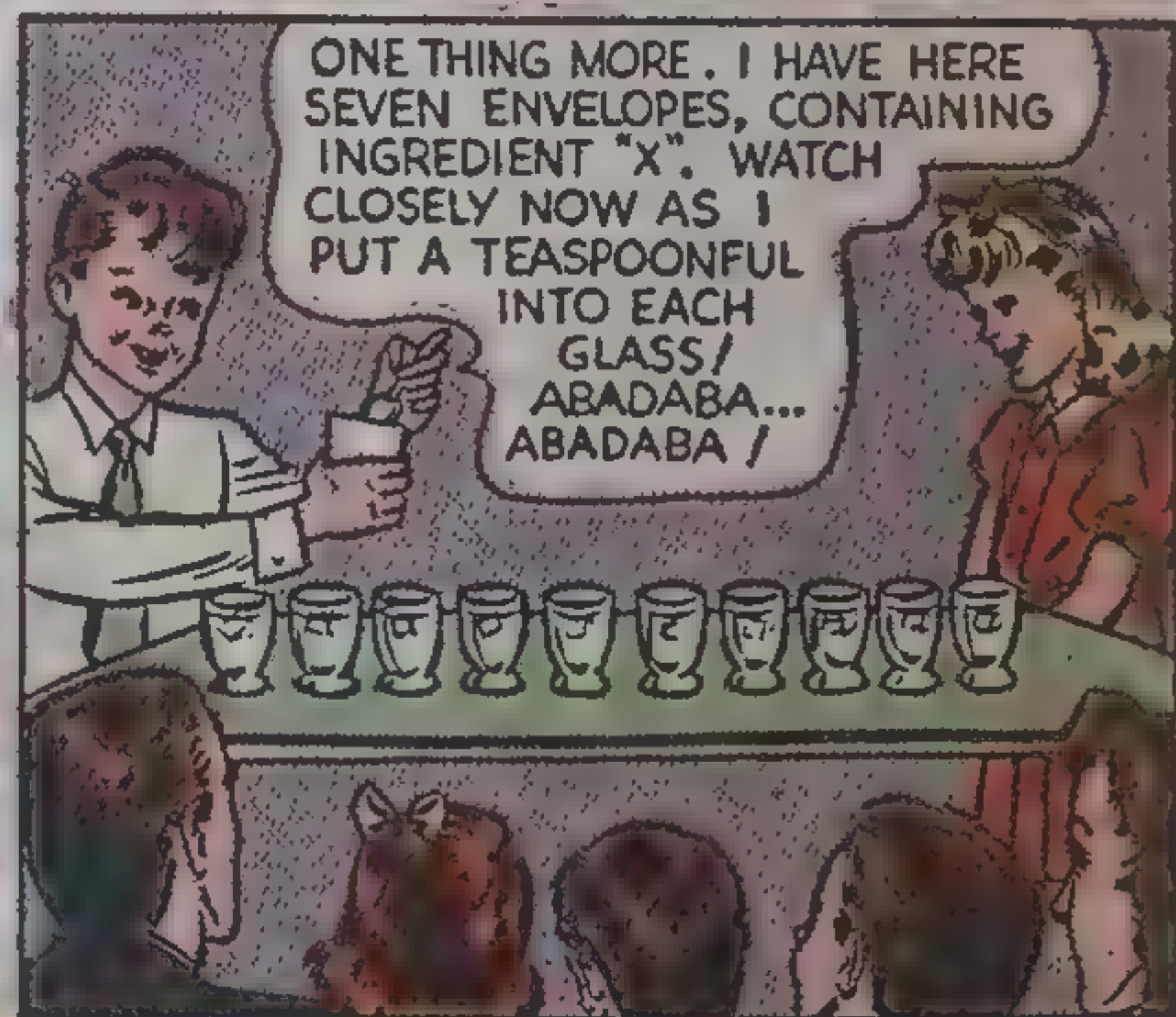
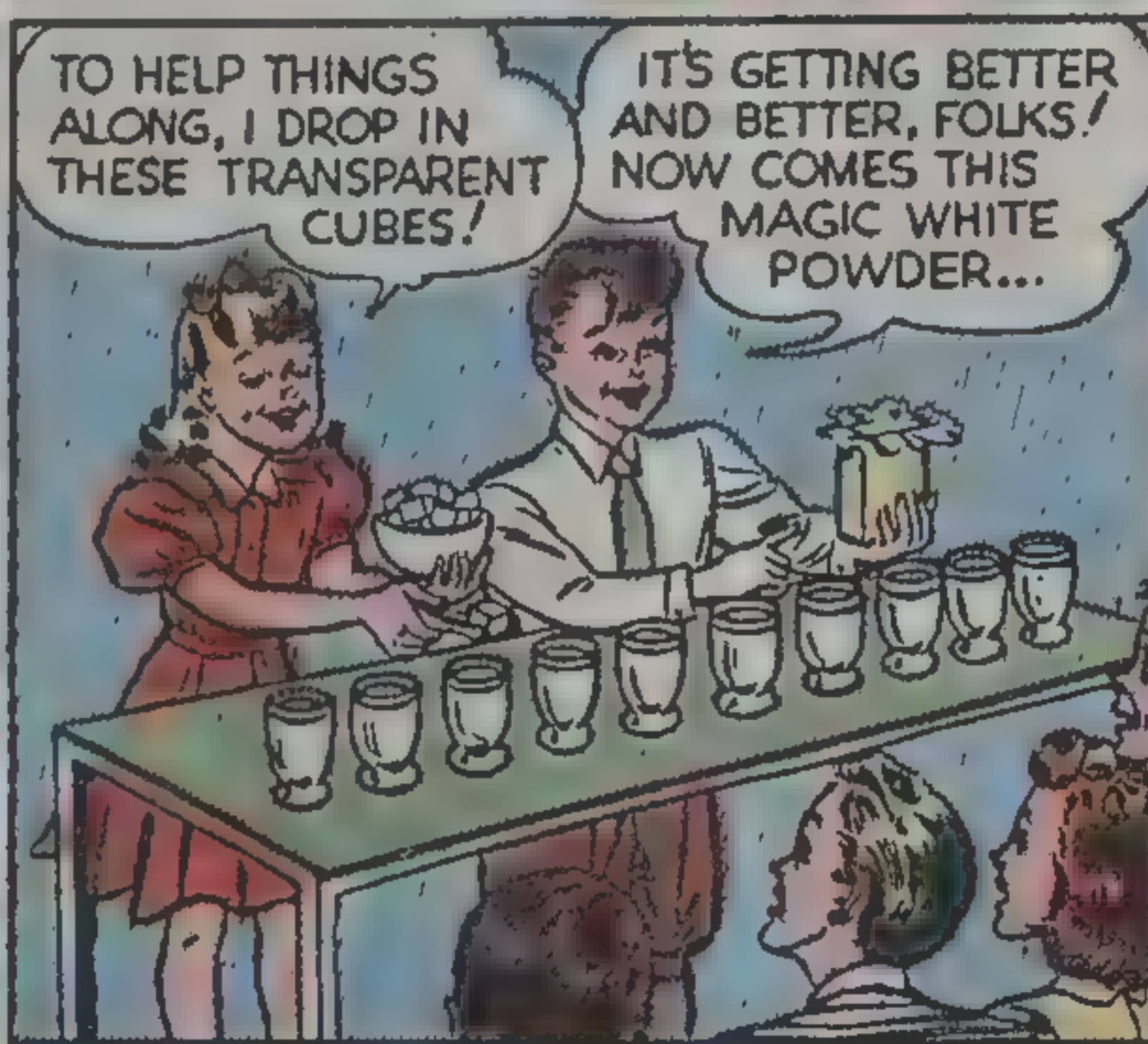
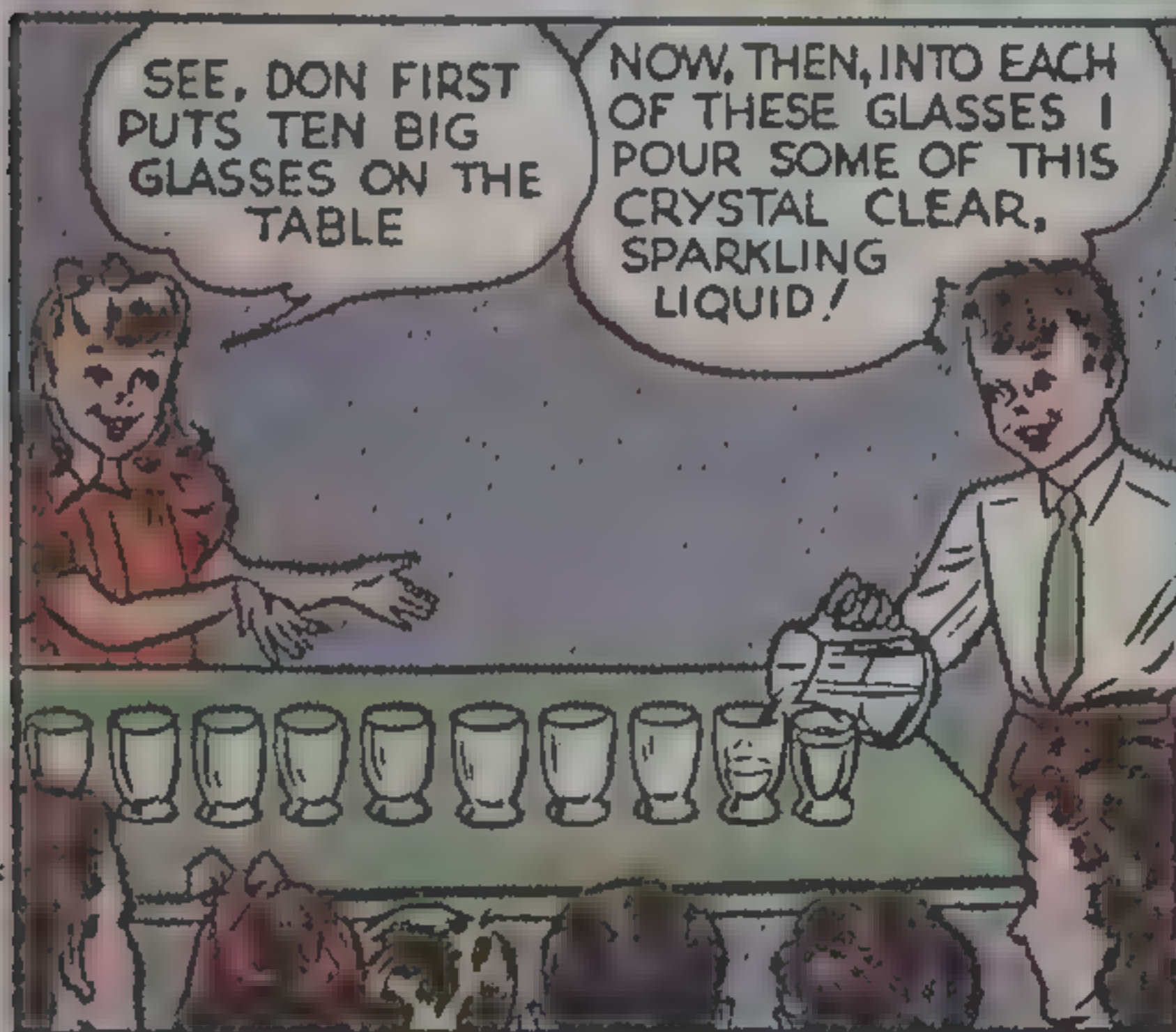
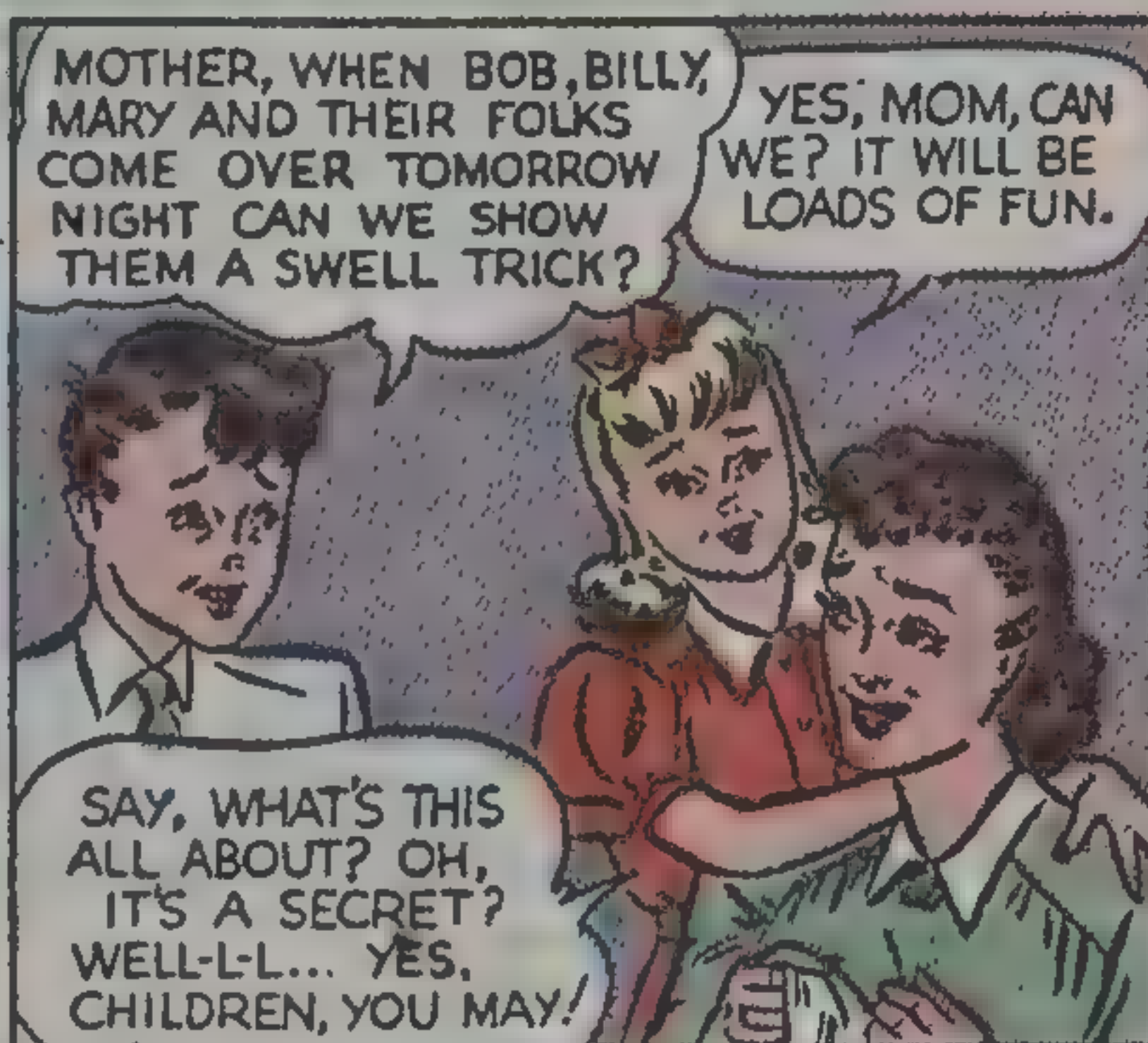


A MAN'S WHOLE
BEING AND
FUTURE RESTS
IN FATE'S HAND!
WHICH WAY WILL
SHE TOSS HIM...
TO GOOD...OR
TO EVIL?
THE ANSWER
TO THIS AMAZING
RIDDLE OF
TWO-FACE
WILL BE FOUND
IN THE OCTOBER
ISSUE OF ---
DETECTIVE COMICS.



DON & NANCY *magicians* ENTERTAIN THEIR FRIENDS!

IT'S A SWELL TRICK THAT YOU CAN DO, TOO!



BOYS! GIRLS! TRY KOOL-AID'S LATEST TREAT!



A NEW BUBBLE GUM THAT CAN'T BE BEAT!

KOOL-AID's new Bubble Gum is the swellest you ever tasted. It comes in five different, long-lasting flavors. Good and chewy, it's best for bubbles! You get a great big piece for only a penny. So buy some today. Look for the surprise fun that's printed on the inside of every wrapper! KOOL-AID Bubble Gum is so new that your dealer may not have received his supply as yet. If he doesn't have it, tell him to get some right away, because KOOL-AID Bubble Gum is the kind you want from now on!



KOOL-AID SOFT DRINK POWDERS AND KOOL-AID BUBBLE GUM ARE WHOLESOME PRODUCTS MANUFACTURED AND DISTRIBUTED BY PERKINS PRODUCTS CO., 5555 W. 65th ST., CHICAGO

The BOY COMMANDOS

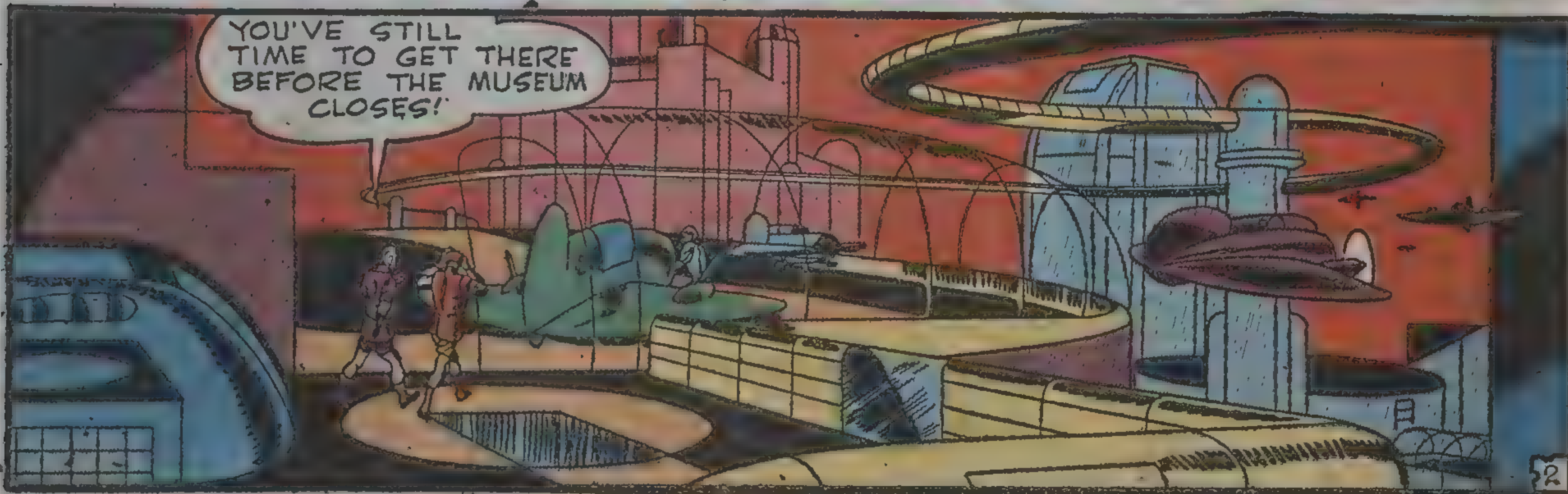
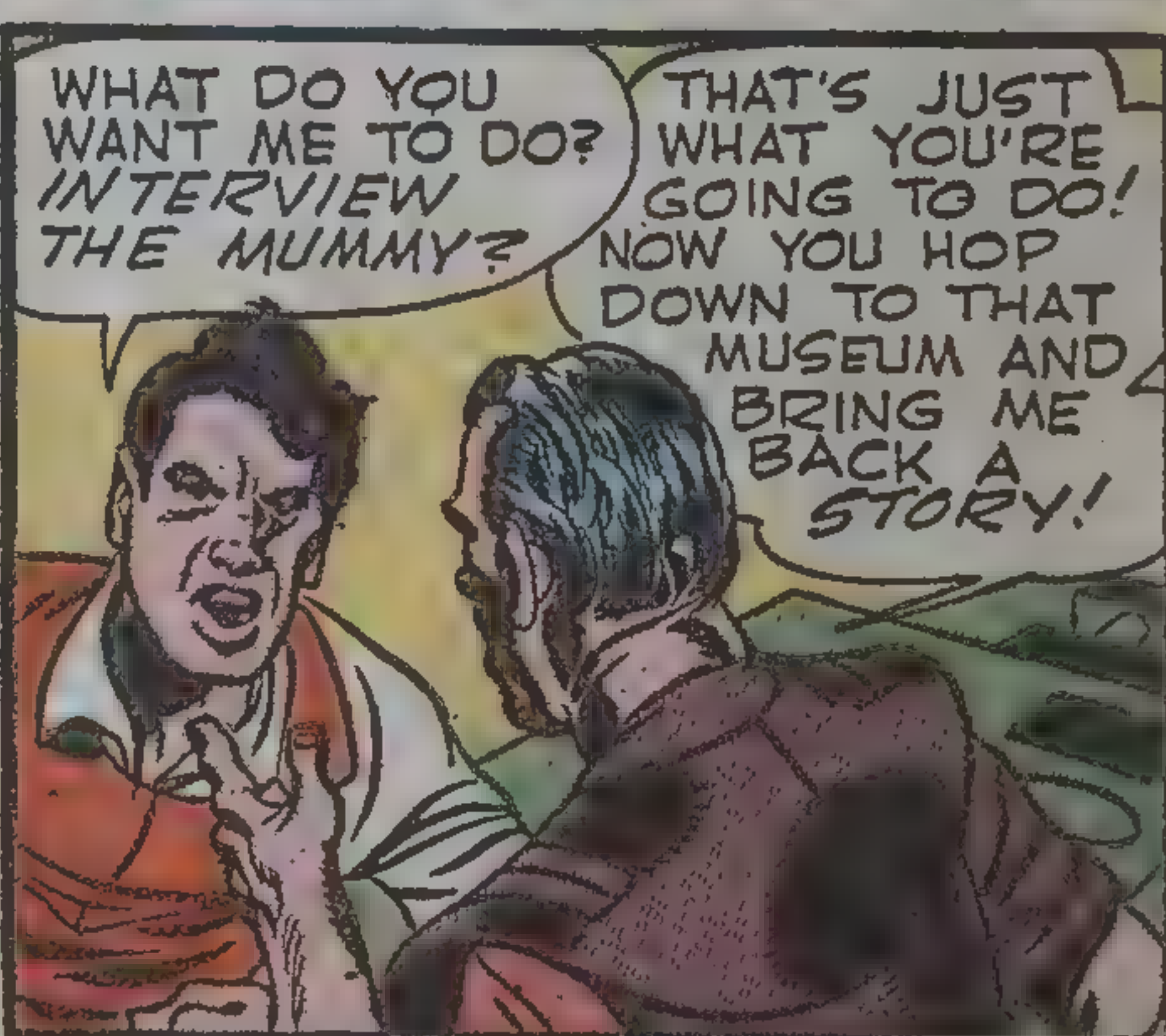
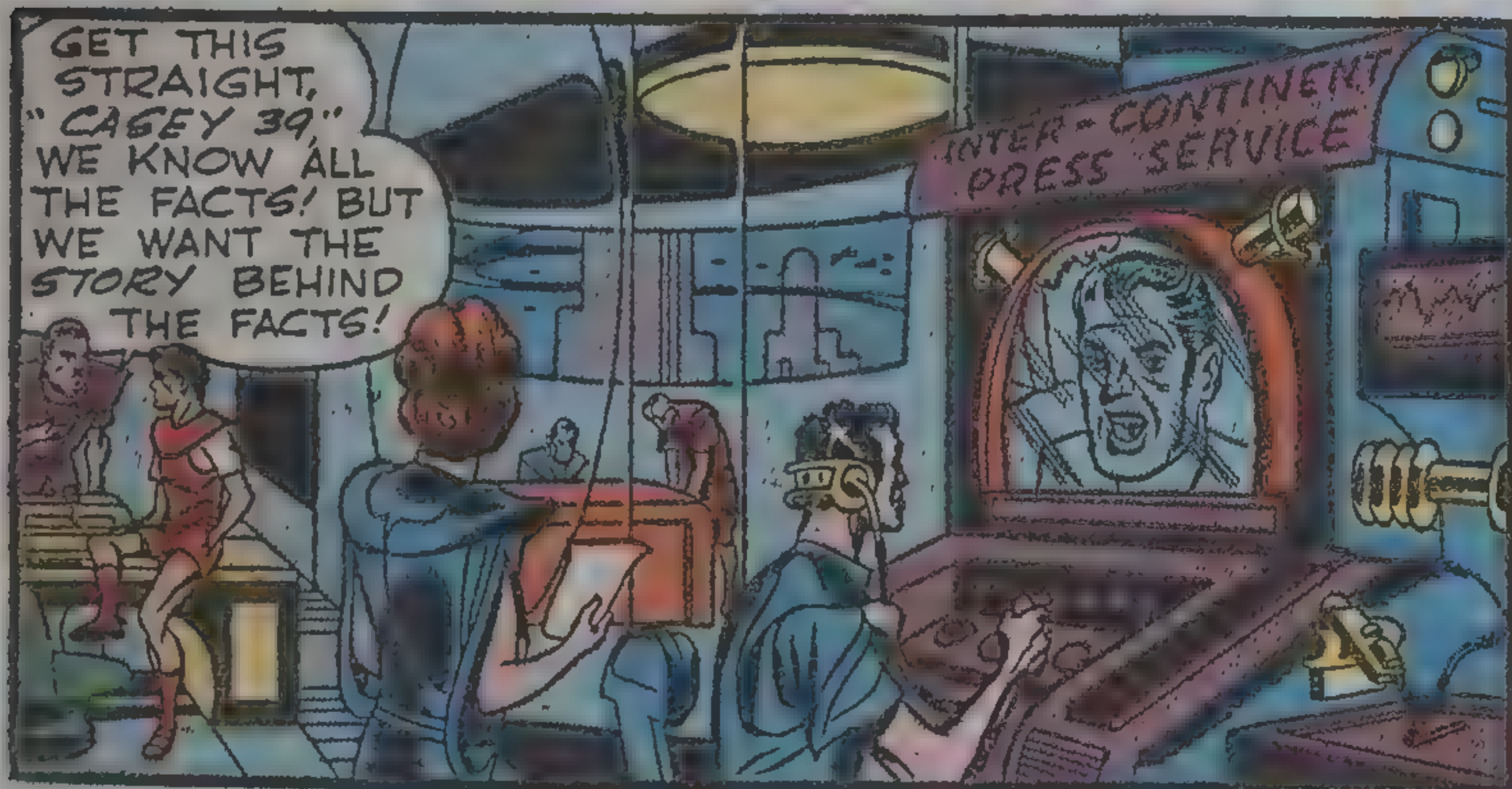
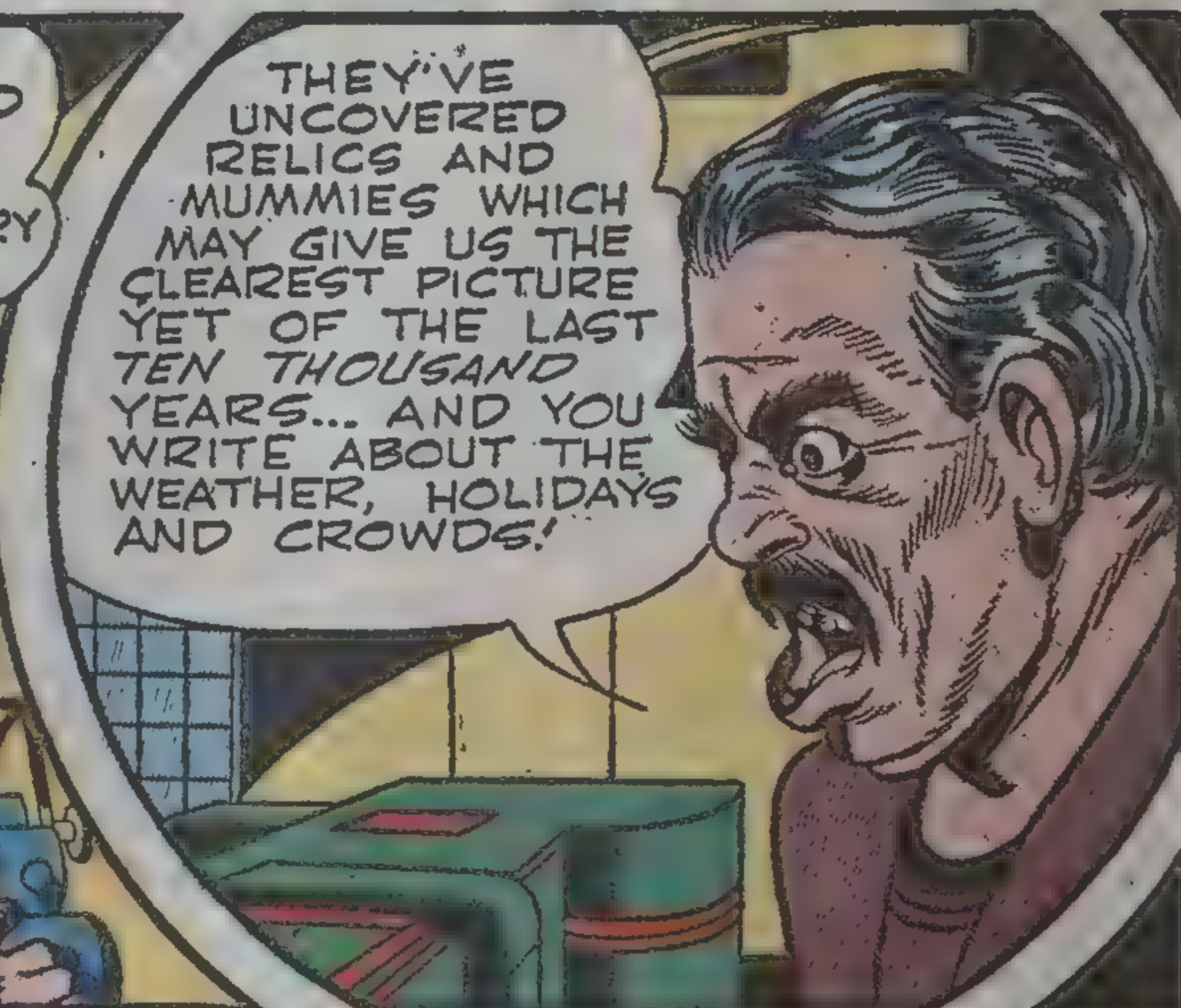
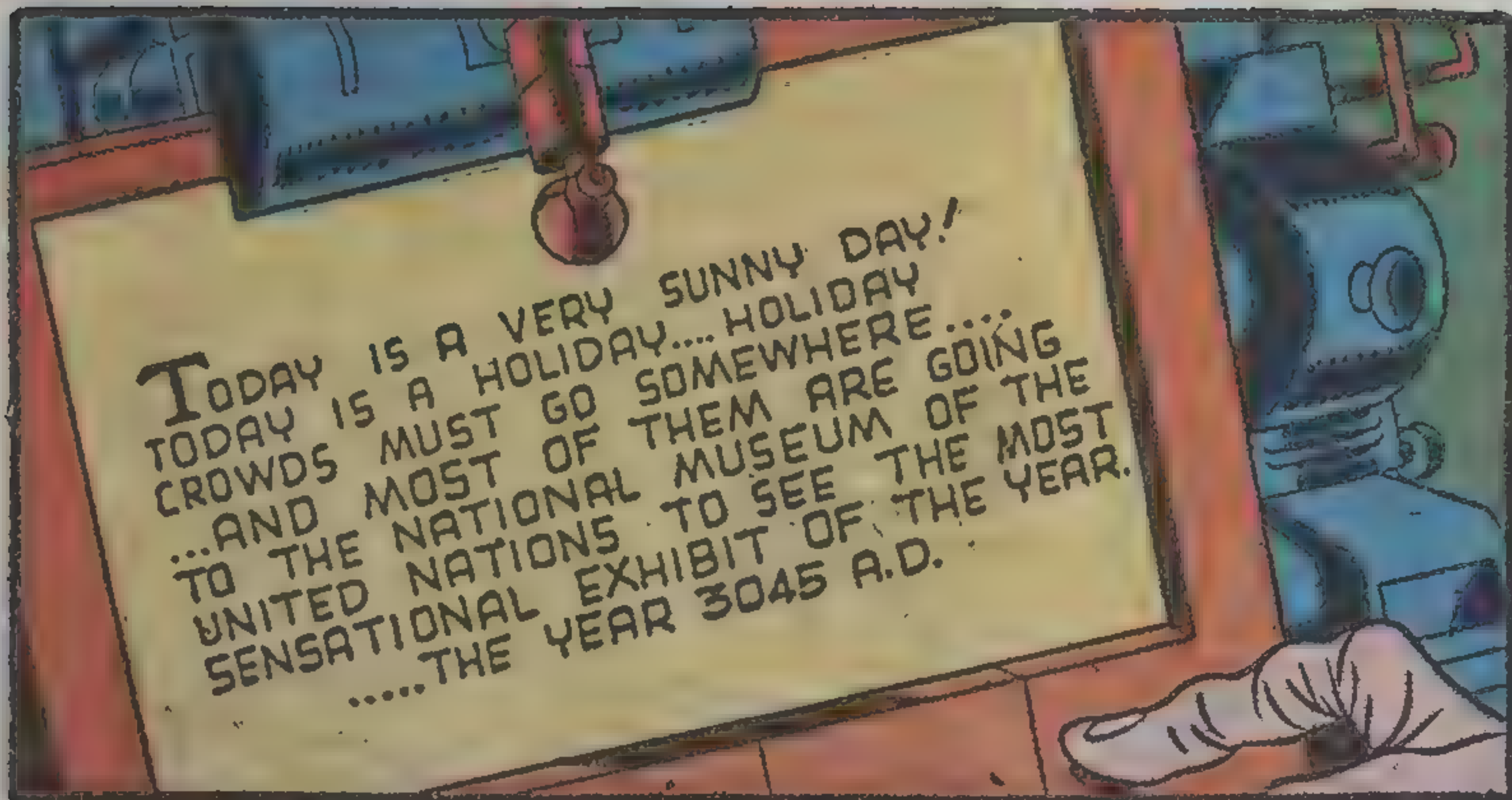
THE SPHINX SPEAKS

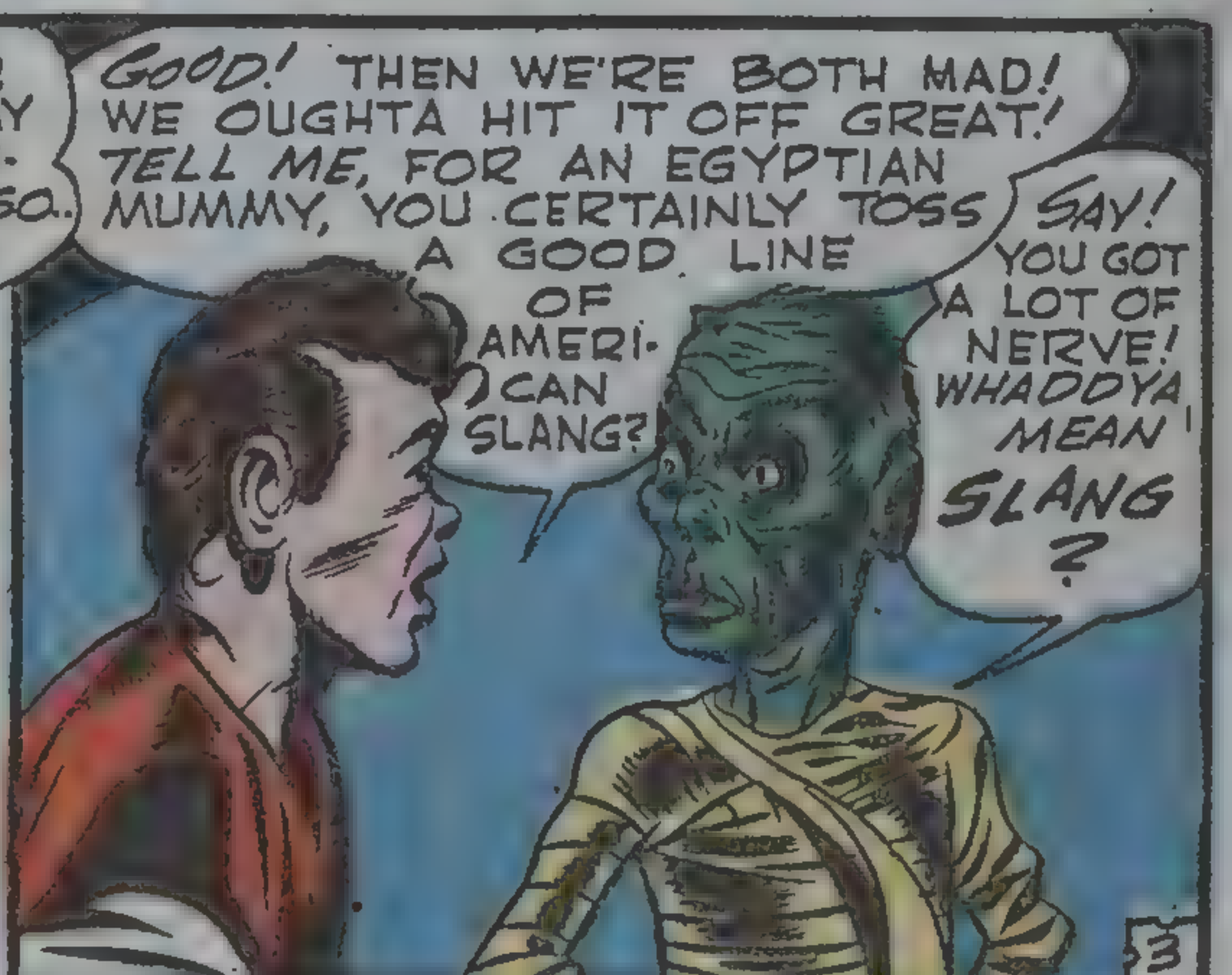
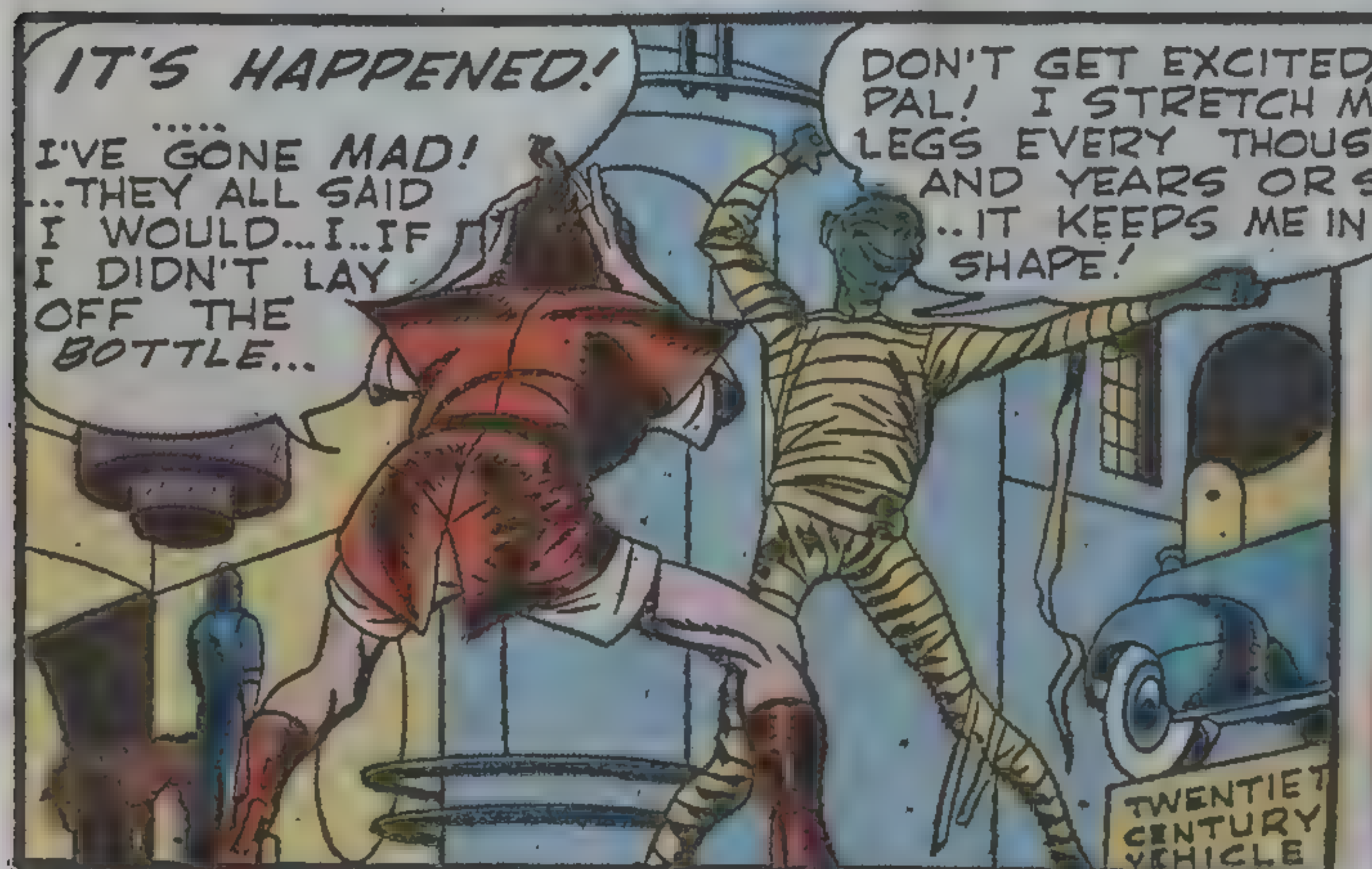
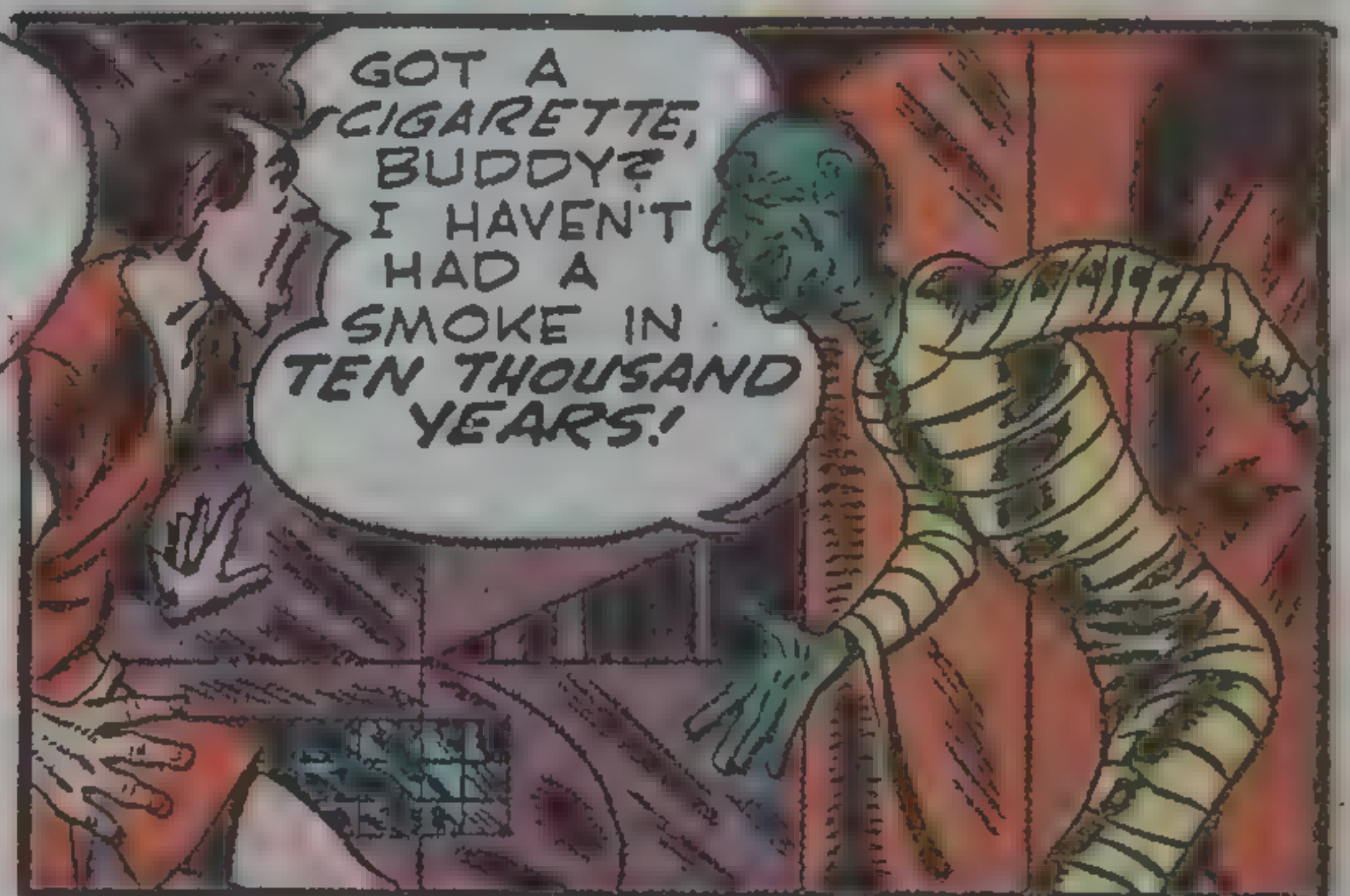
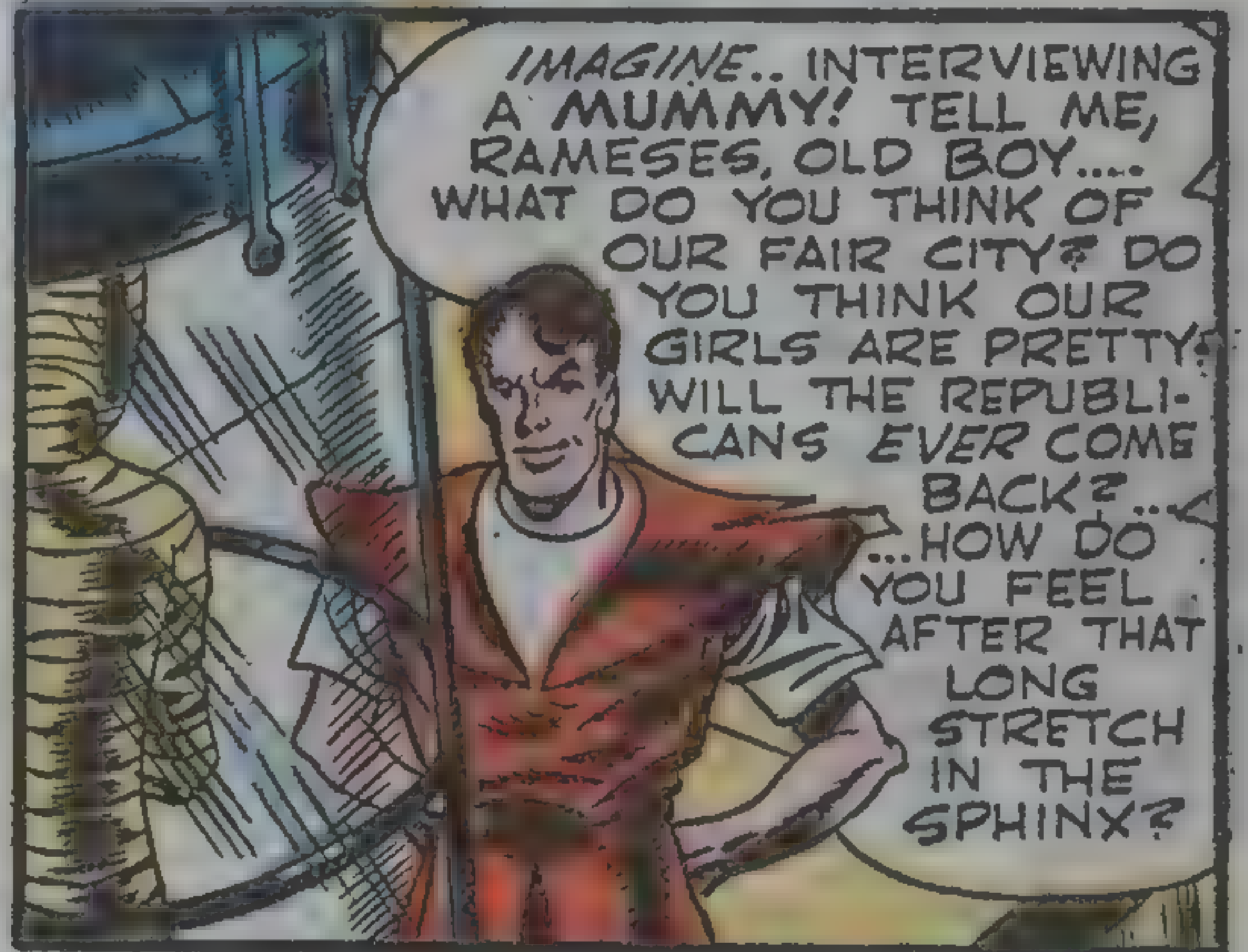
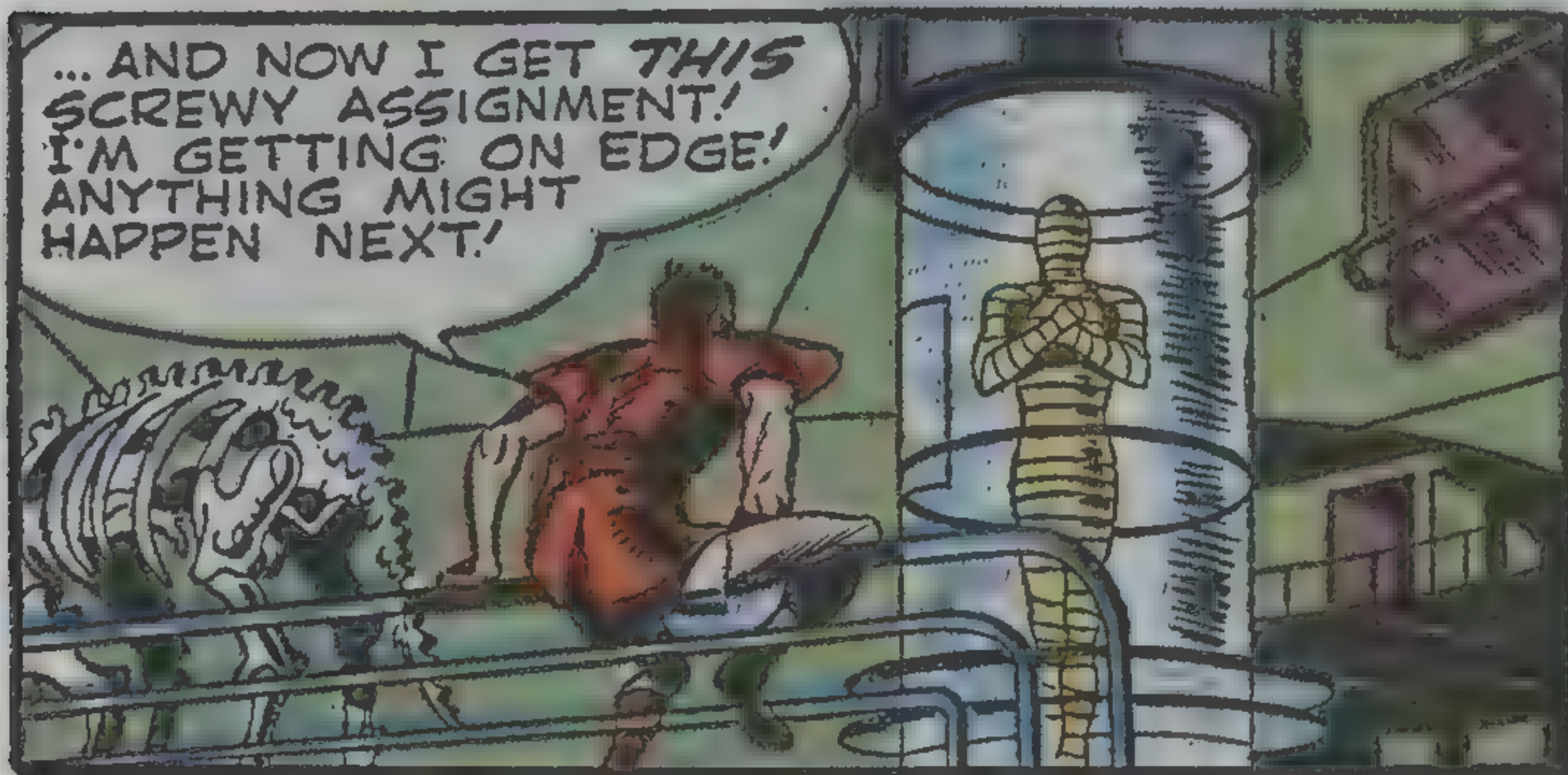
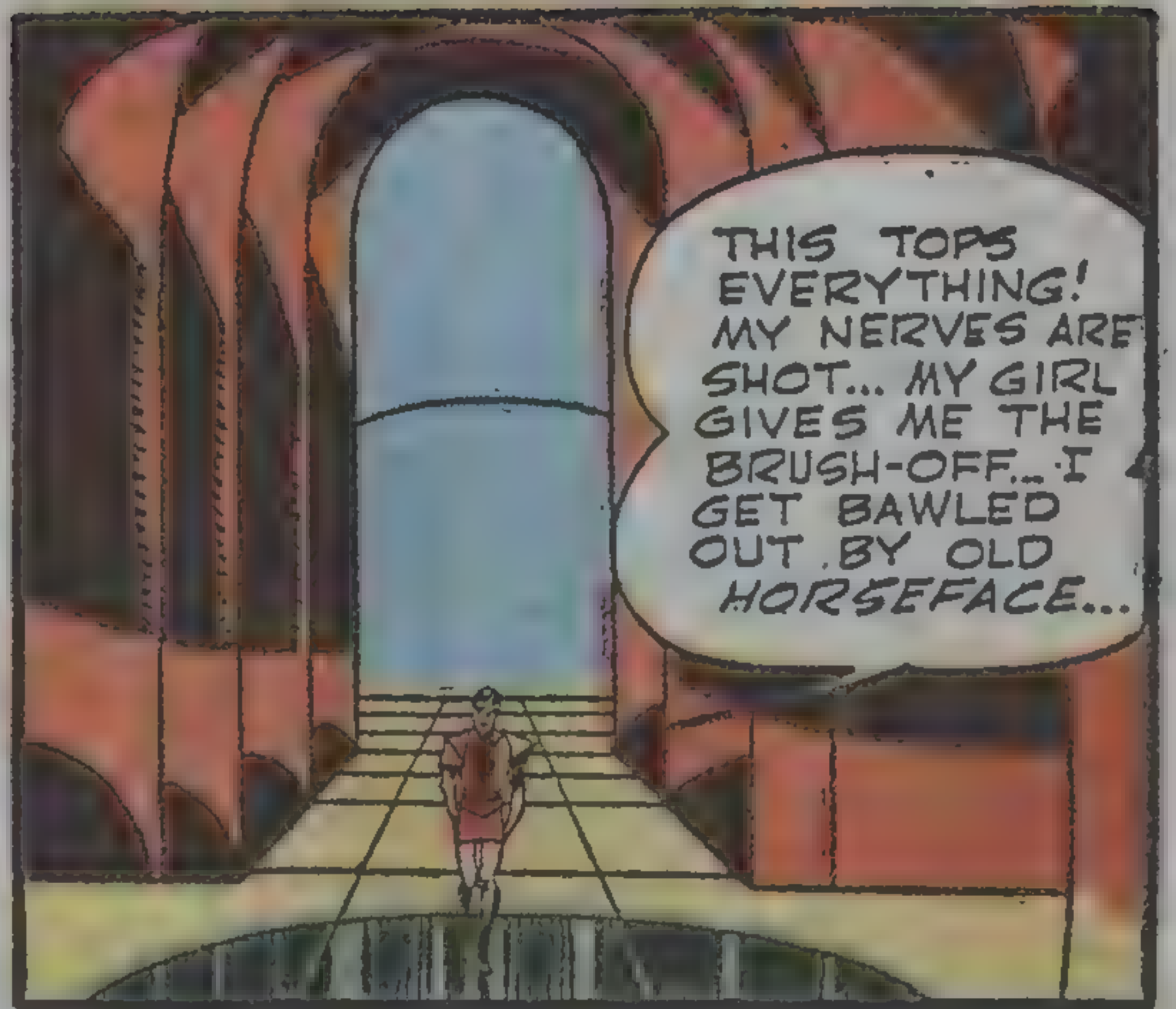
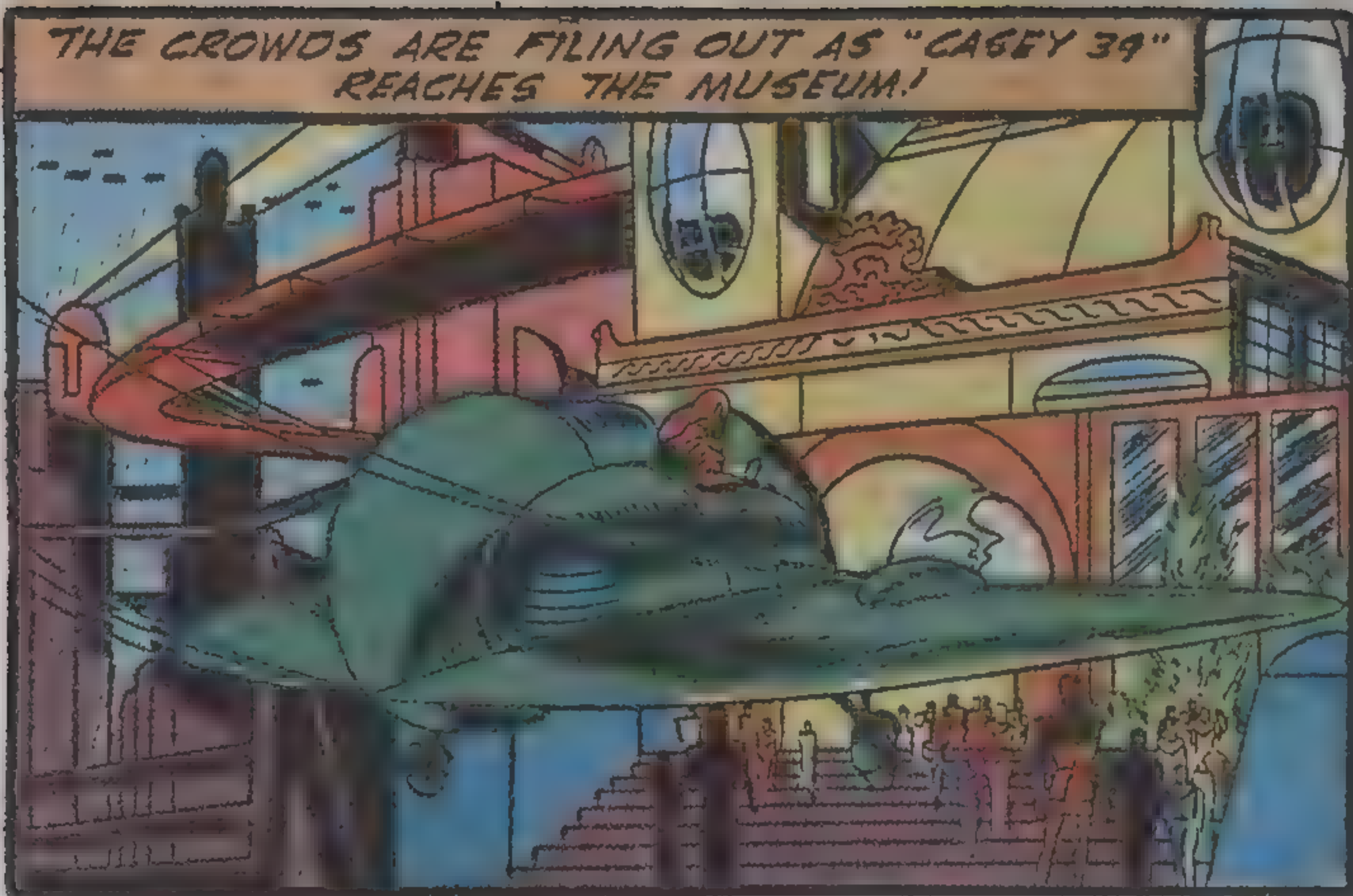
FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HISTORY, THE AGE OLD SILENCE OF THE SPHINX IS BROKEN... AS IT VOICES A SINISTER MESSAGE ACROSS A WAR-TORN WORLD! PEOPLE EVERYWHERE ARE STARTLED... BUT THE BOY COMMANDOS ARE SUSPICIOUS... FOR THE SPHINX HAS ACQUIRED A GERMAN ACCENT!

TURN THE PAGES, THEN... AND WATCH RIP CARTER'S DAREDEVIL GANG CURE IT OF THROAT TROUBLE!



by JOE
SIMON
AND
JACK
KIRBY







WHY, I SPEAK THE MOST REFINED ENGLISH OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.. THIS WAS THE SPEECH OF THE BROOKLYN DODGERS.. A GREAT RACE OF THAT ERA!

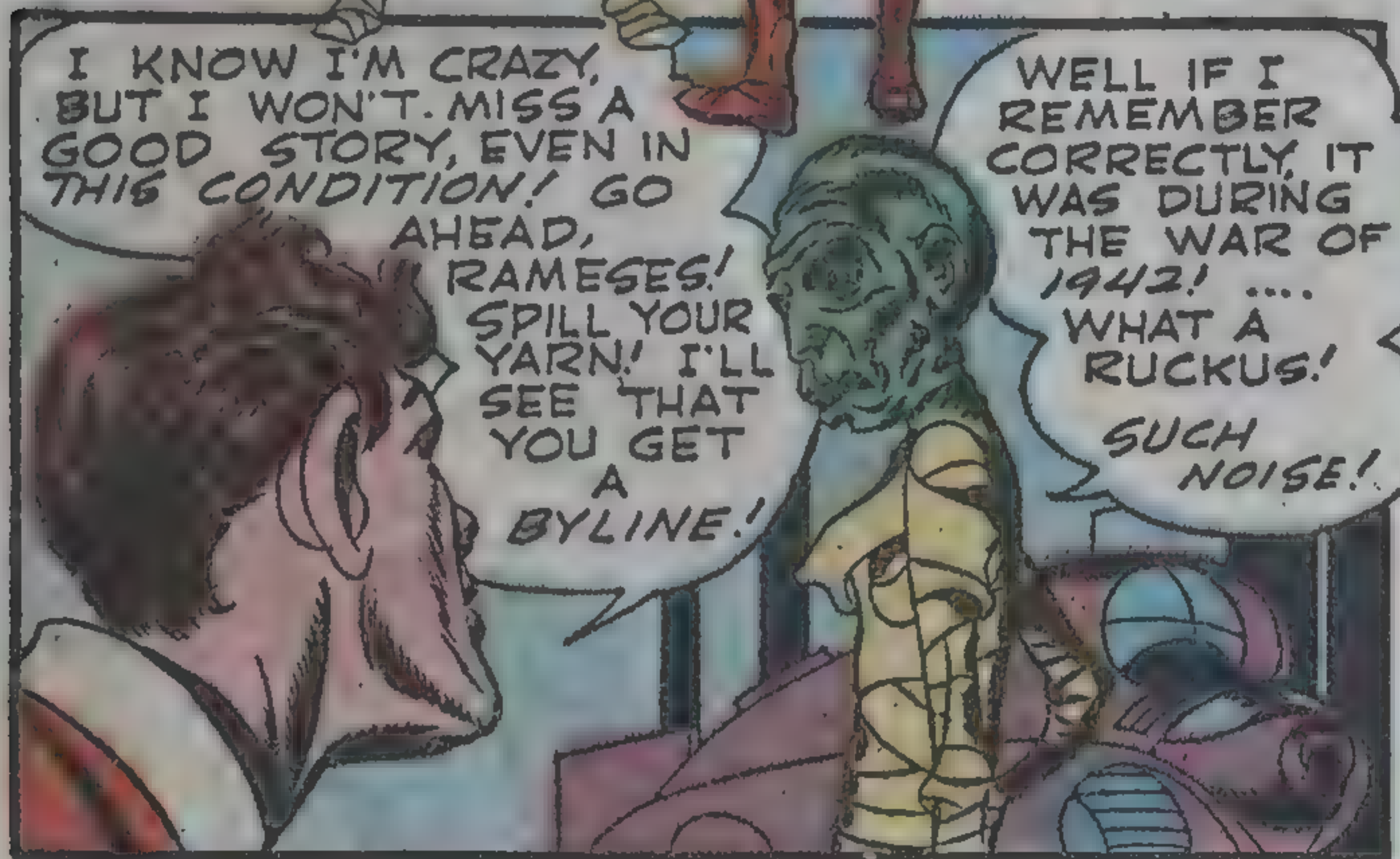
IS THAT SO?

THEY DWELT IN A TREMENDOUS PALACE CALLED EBBETS FIELD!

ISIGH! BROOKLYN, HIMSELF, TOLD ME SO!

BROOKLYN!.. WHAT MEMORIES THAT BRINGS BACK! AND THAT GANG OF HIS-A SWELL BUNCH OF KIDS.. AND RIP CARTER... NOW THERE WAS A FIGHTIN' MAN I'D LAY MY DOUGH ON!

GO ON, RAMZOLD BOY!



I KNOW I'M CRAZY, BUT I WON'T MISS A GOOD STORY, EVEN IN THIS CONDITION! GO AHEAD, RAMESES! SPILL YOUR YARN! I'LL SEE THAT YOU GET A BYLINE!

WELL IF I REMEMBER CORRECTLY, IT WAS DURING THE WAR OF 1942! WHAT A RUCKUS!

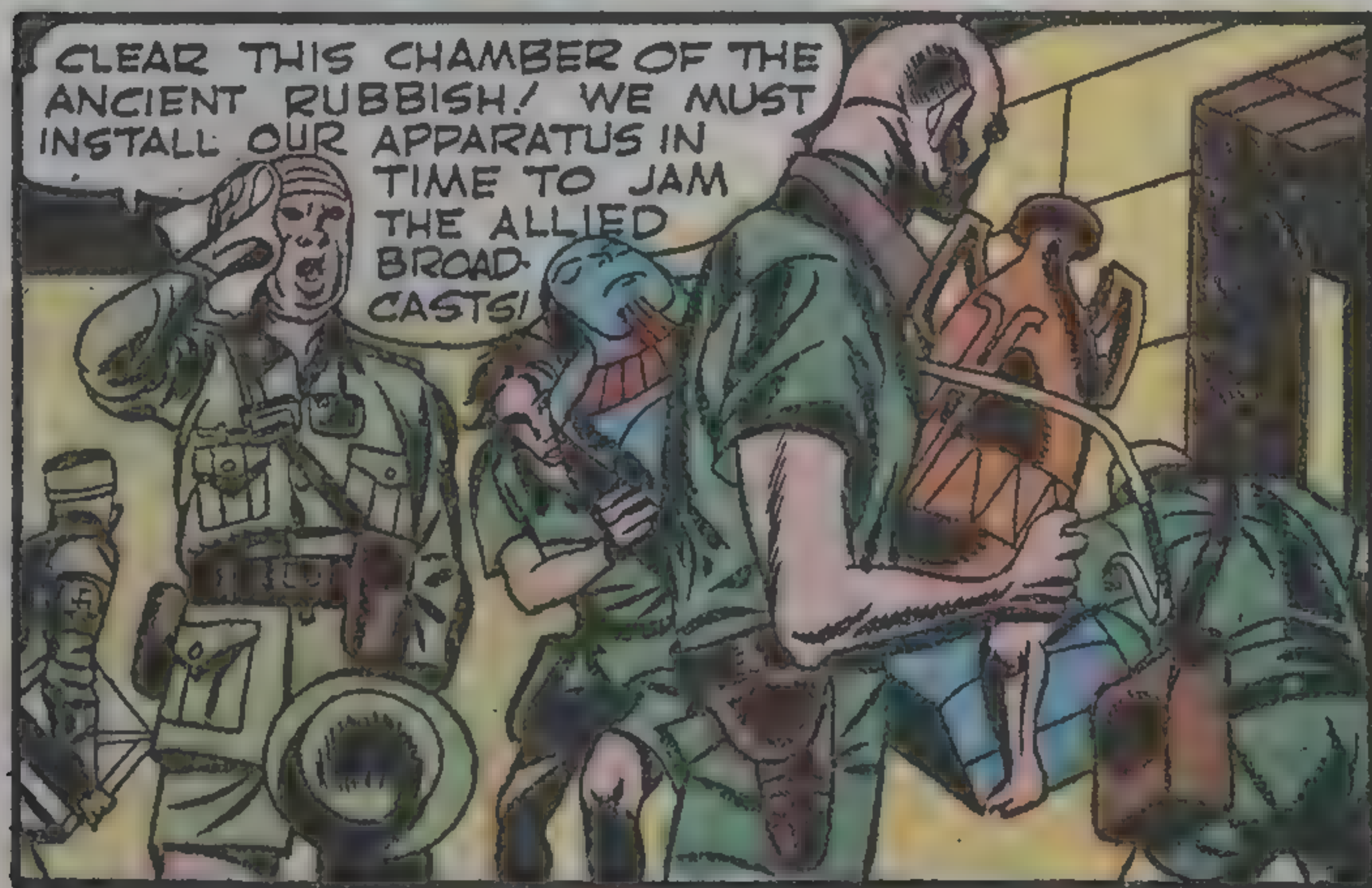
SUCH NOISE!

"I WAS RESTING COMFORTABLE, AS USUAL, IN MY TOMB IN THE SPHINX.. THE WAR RAGED AROUND ME FOR YEARS.. BUT I DIDN'T MIND.. AS LONG AS THEY DIDN'T BOTHER ME.. I WAS SORT OF AN ISOLATIONIST.. I THOUGHT IT COULDN'T HAPPEN HERE!"

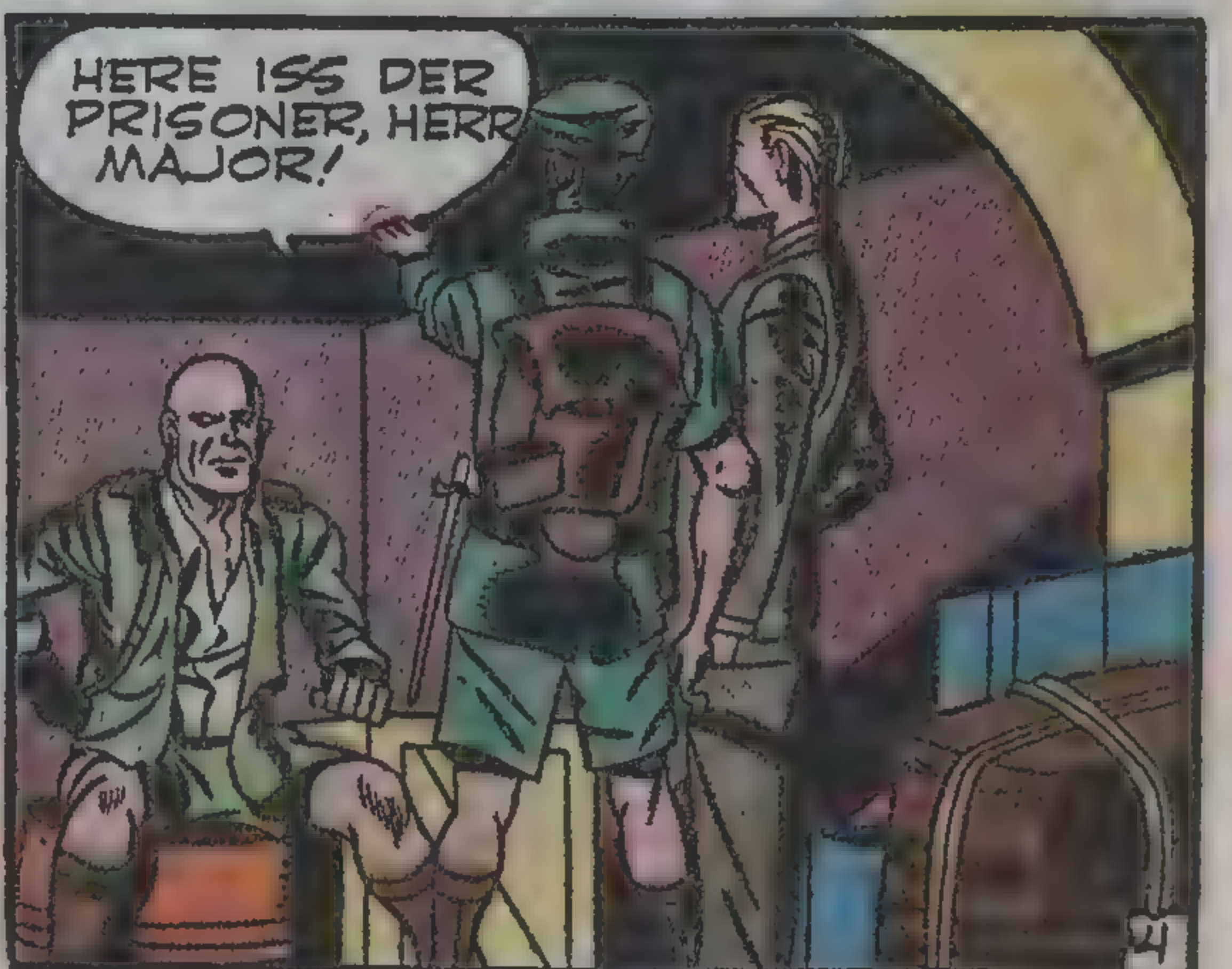


But... ONE DAY...

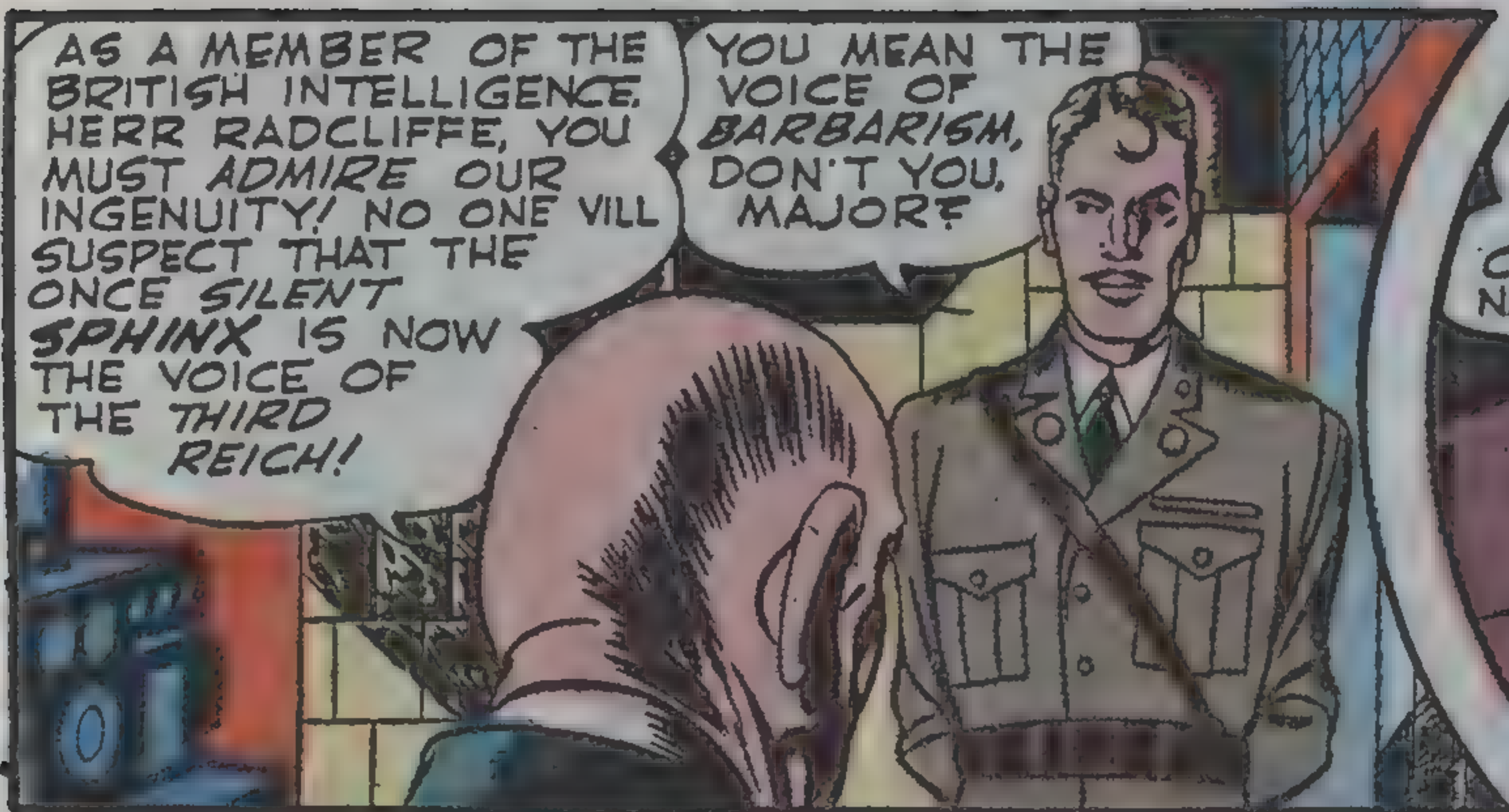
MACH SHNELL! GET THE EQUIPMENT IN HERE BEFORE WE ARE SPOTTED BY THE BRITISH PATROLS!



CLEAR THIS CHAMBER OF THE ANCIENT RUBBISH! WE MUST INSTALL OUR APPARATUS IN TIME TO JAM THE ALLIED BROADCASTS!

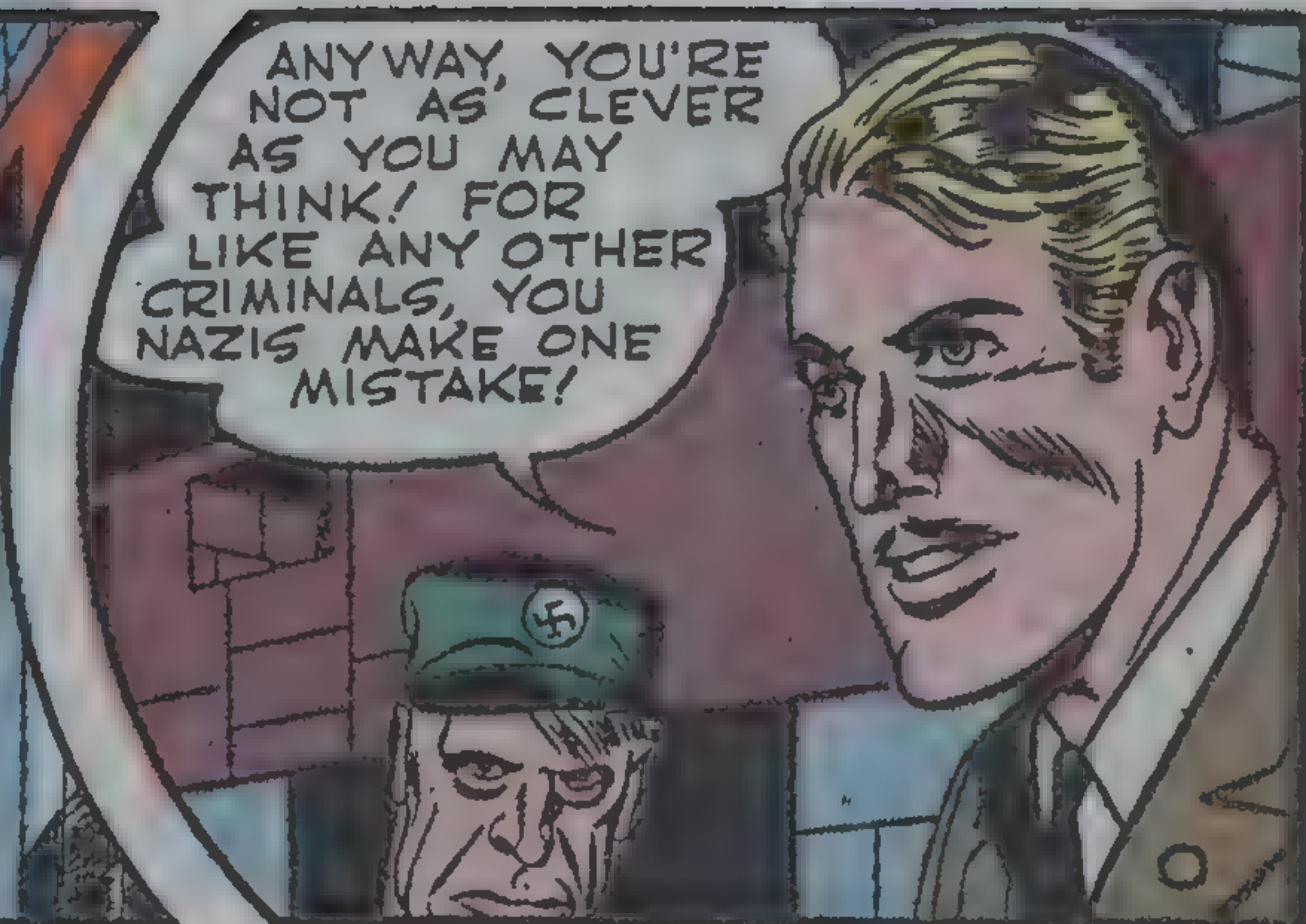


HERE ISS DER PRISONER, HERR MAJOR!

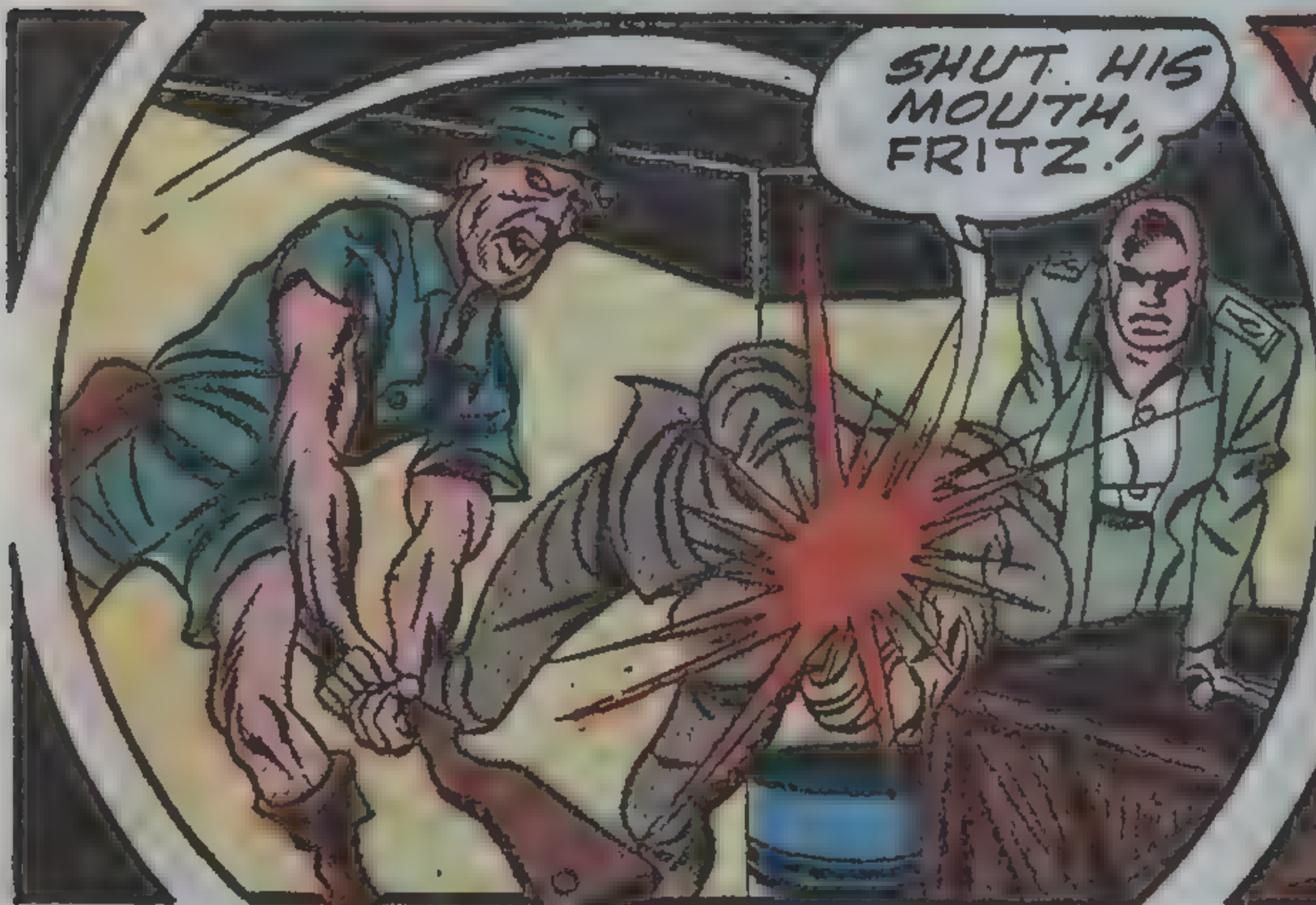


AS A MEMBER OF THE BRITISH INTELLIGENCE, HERR RADCLIFFE, YOU MUST ADMIRE OUR INGENUITY! NO ONE WILL SUSPECT THAT THE ONCE SILENT SPHINX IS NOW THE VOICE OF THE THIRD REICH!

YOU MEAN THE VOICE OF BARBARISM, DON'T YOU, MAJOR?



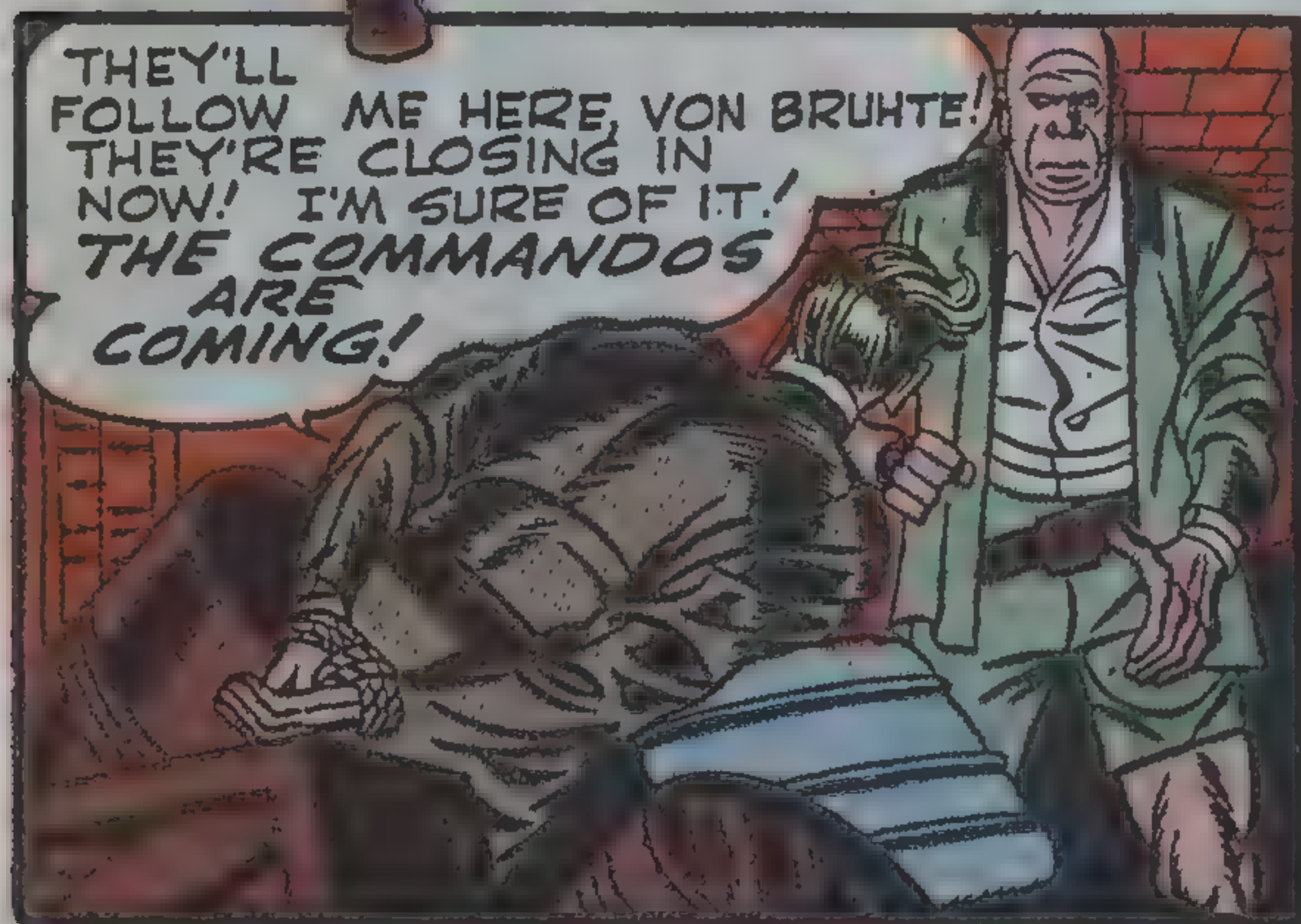
ANYWAY, YOU'RE NOT AS CLEVER AS YOU MAY THINK! FOR LIKE ANY OTHER CRIMINALS, YOU NAZIS MAKE ONE MISTAKE!



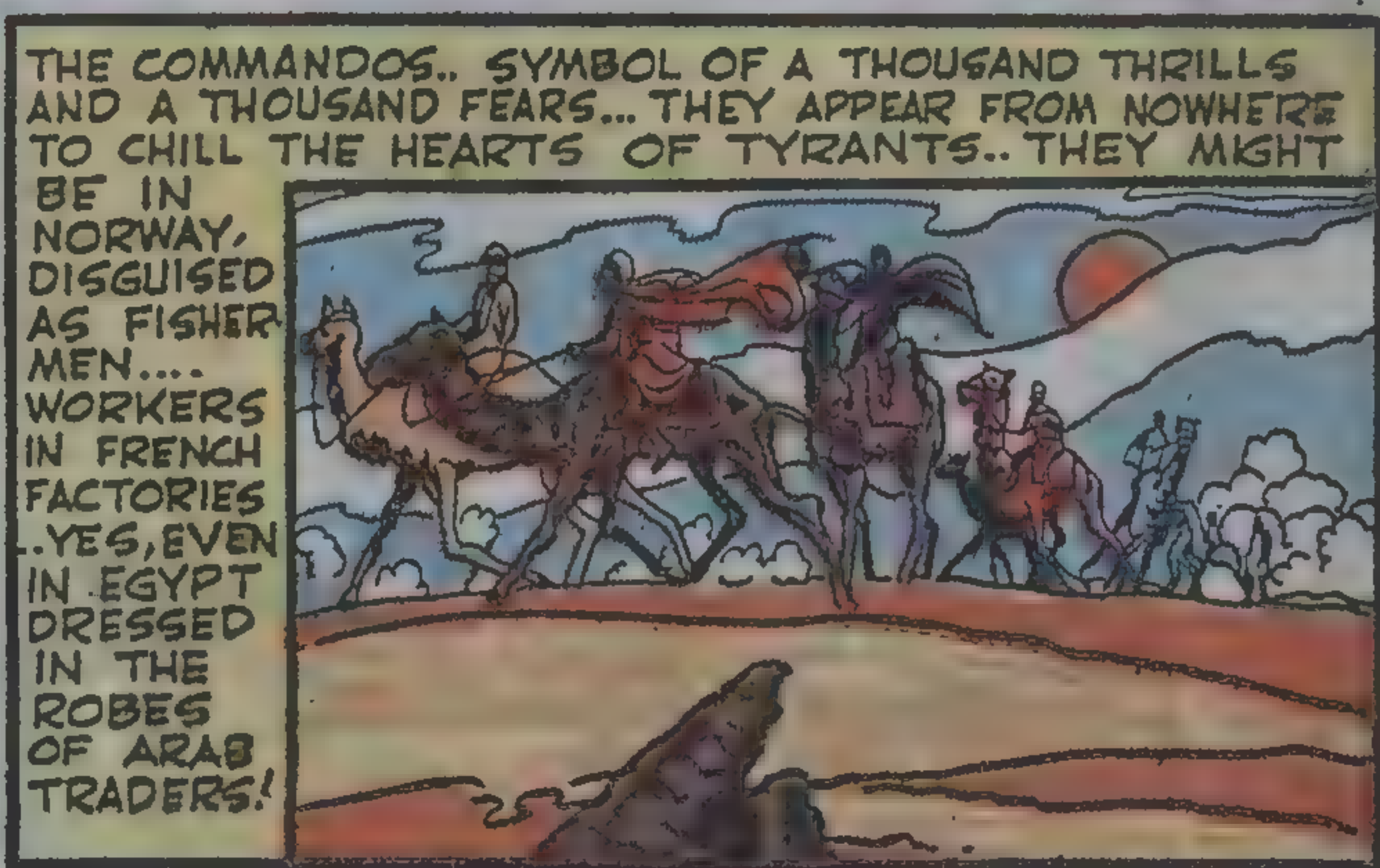
SHUT HIS MOUTH, FRITZ!



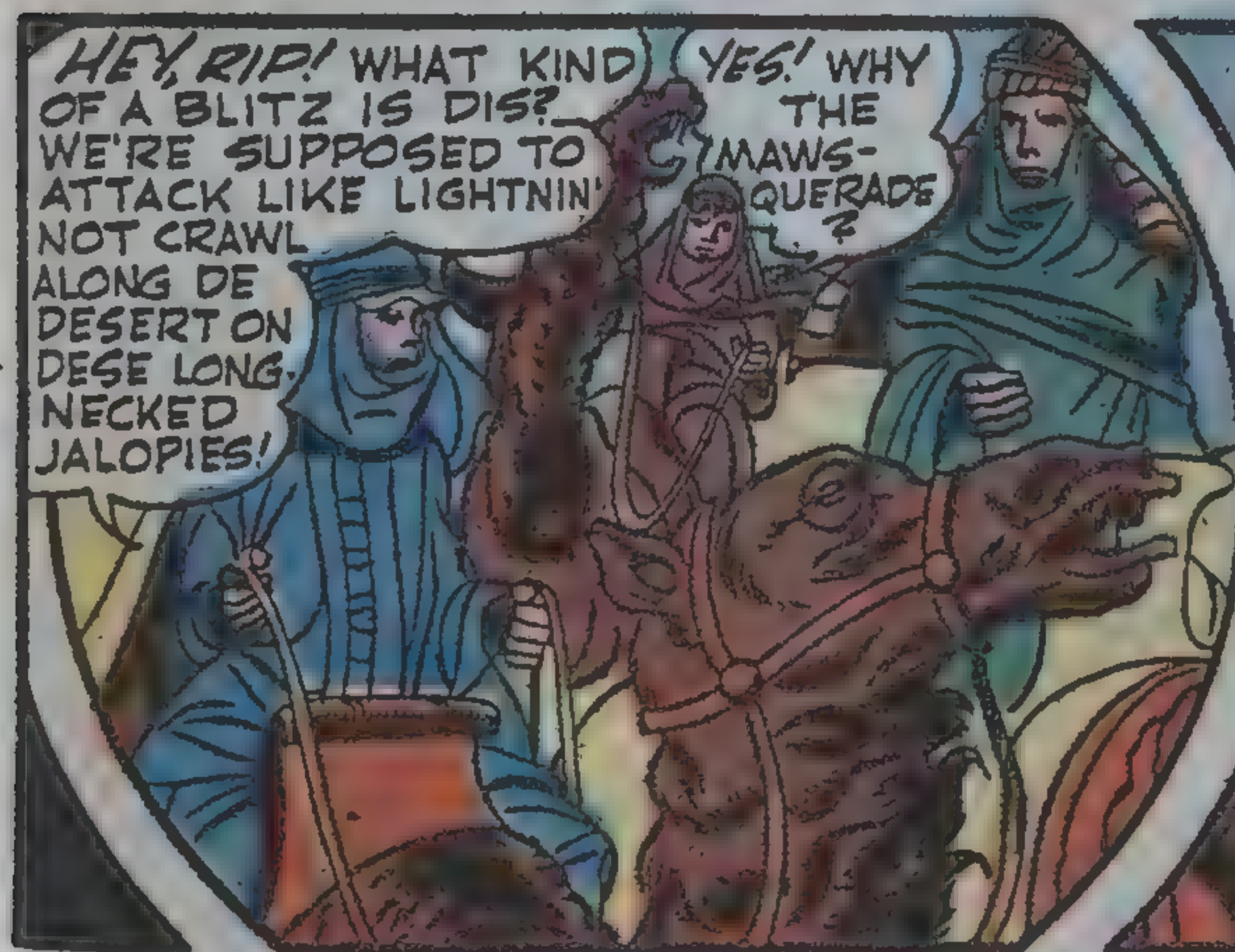
I AM YOUR MISTAKE, VON BRUHE! YOU SEE, I'M ADVANCE AGENT FOR THE TOUGHEST, BRAVEST AND MOST DARING MEN THAT EVER TROD THE EARTH!



THEY'LL FOLLOW ME HERE, VON BRUHE! THEY'RE CLOSING IN NOW! I'M SURE OF IT! THE COMMANDOS ARE COMING!



THE COMMANDOS.. SYMBOL OF A THOUSAND THRILLS AND A THOUSAND FEARS... THEY APPEAR FROM NOWHERE TO CHILL THE HEARTS OF TYRANTS.. THEY MIGHT BE IN NORWAY, DISGUISED AS FISHERMEN.... WORKERS IN FRENCH FACTORIES...YES, EVEN IN EGYPT DRESSED IN THE ROBES OF ARAB TRADERS!



HEY, RIP! WHAT KIND OF A BLITZ IS DIS? WE'RE SUPPOSED TO ATTACK LIKE LIGHTNIN'! NOT CRAWL ALONG DE DESERT ON DESE LONG-NECKED JALOPIES!

YES! WHY THE CYMAWS-QUERADE?

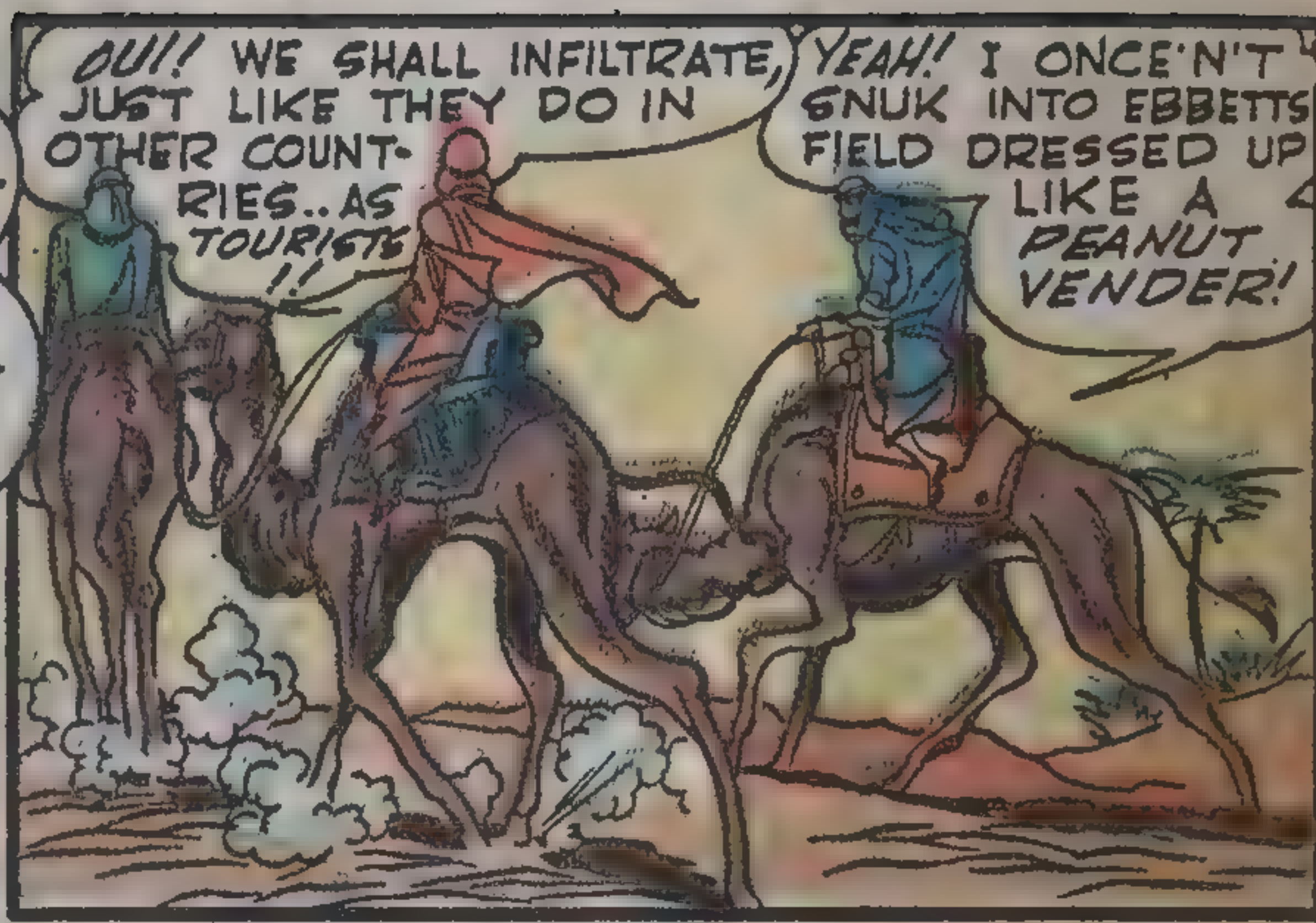


YOU'LL HAVE YOUR BLITZ IN DUE TIME, KIDS! THE DESERT KNOWS NO RULES FOR MODERN WARFARE!



THE NAZIS HOLD
THE CITY OF EL AKRAB!
A SMALL RAIDING PARTY
SUCH AS OURS WOULDN'T
STAND A CHANCE OF
GETTING CLOSE TO
THEIR FORTIFICATIONS
WITHOUT GETTING SHOT
FULL OF HOLES!

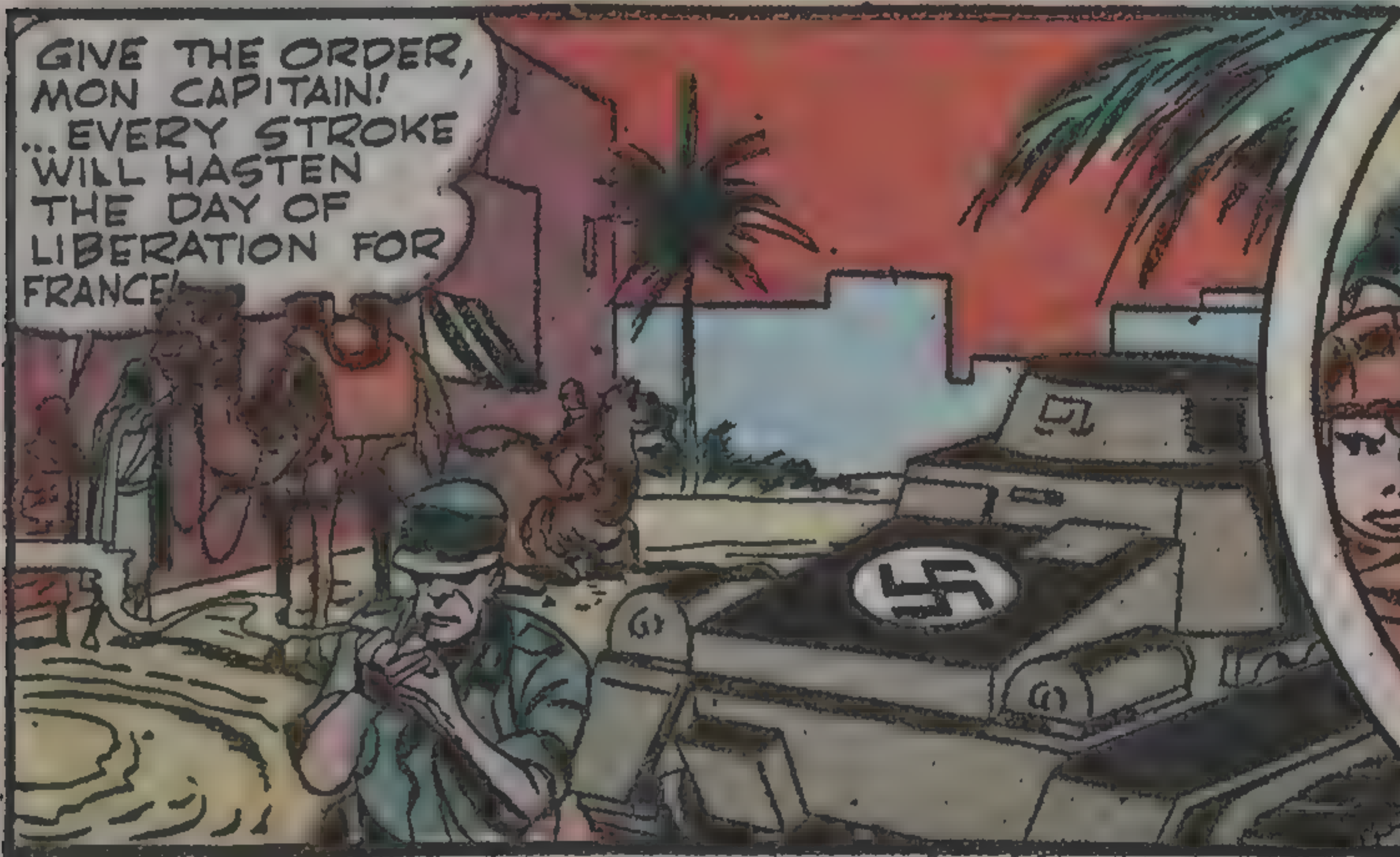
BUT AS ARAB
MERCHANTS....



OUI! WE SHALL INFILTRATE,
JUST LIKE THEY DO IN
OTHER COUN-
TRIES..AS
TOURISTS
!!

YEAH! I ONCE N'T
GNUK INTO EBBETTS
FIELD DRESSED UP
LIKE A
PEANUT
VENDER!

THUS, PAST THE COLD, PIERCING EYES OF A NAZI SENTRY FILES WHAT APPEARS TO BE A
CARAVAN OF ARAB TRADERS... BUT THESE MERCHANTS CARRY A CARGO OF STEEL,
GUNPOWDER AND THE WILL TO DIE FOR FREEDOM!



GIVE THE ORDER,
MON CAPITAIN!
...EVERY STROKE
WILL HASTEN
THE DAY OF
LIBERATION FOR
FRANCE!



NOT YET!
WE'RE
OUTNUMBERED!
WE'LL HAVE...
TO RELY ON
SURPRISE
TO CAPTURE
THE GARRISON!

WELL, LET'S
THINK FAST!
THOSE NAZIS
WILL KNOW
I'M NO ARAB!

BUT THE CONVERSATION OF THE DISGUISED COMMANDOS IS QUICKLY SEVERED BY THE APPROACH OF SOME ARROGANT NAZI OFFICERS!

COME! COME! YOU ARABS ARE SO SLOW! YOU WANT BUSINESS, DON'T YOU? WHO IS YOUR LEADER?

I AM THE CHIEF, O GREAT ONE!

WE ARE IN NEED OF A LIGHT, DURABLE CLOTH! SOMETHING LIKE MY UNIFORM IF YOU HAVE IT.... SOMETHING TO WARD OFF THE HEAT!

YES, EFFENDI... TO WARD OFF ANYTHING!

SEE WHAT I MEAN?

YEAH!

AHHH... ZE MOMENT IS AT HAND!

RIP AND THE BOYS RETURN TO THE WAITING NAZIS AND PRETEND TO MEASURE THEM FOR SIZE... BUT SUDDENLY!

TRY THIS ON FOR SIZE, RAT!

THIS IS PERHAPS TOO TIGHT ON ZE RIBS, M'SIEU?

GUESS WHO?

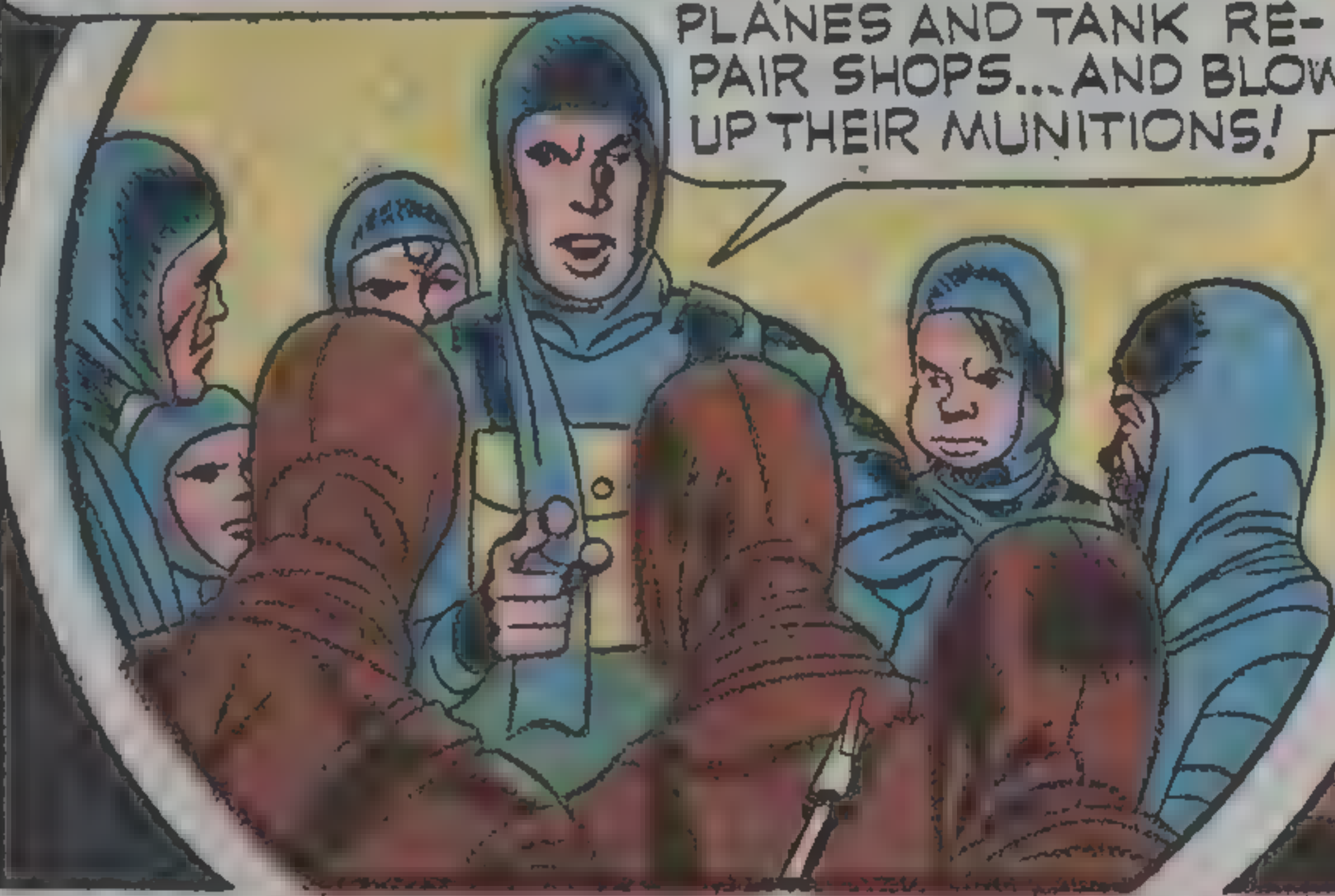
HIMMEL! IT'S DER COMMANDOS!

ALL RIGHT, MEN! THROW OFF THE DISGUISES AND STAND BY FOR ACTION!

THE DOCILE ARAB TRADERS REVEAL THEMSELVES AS THE DREADED BLACK PHANTOMS!

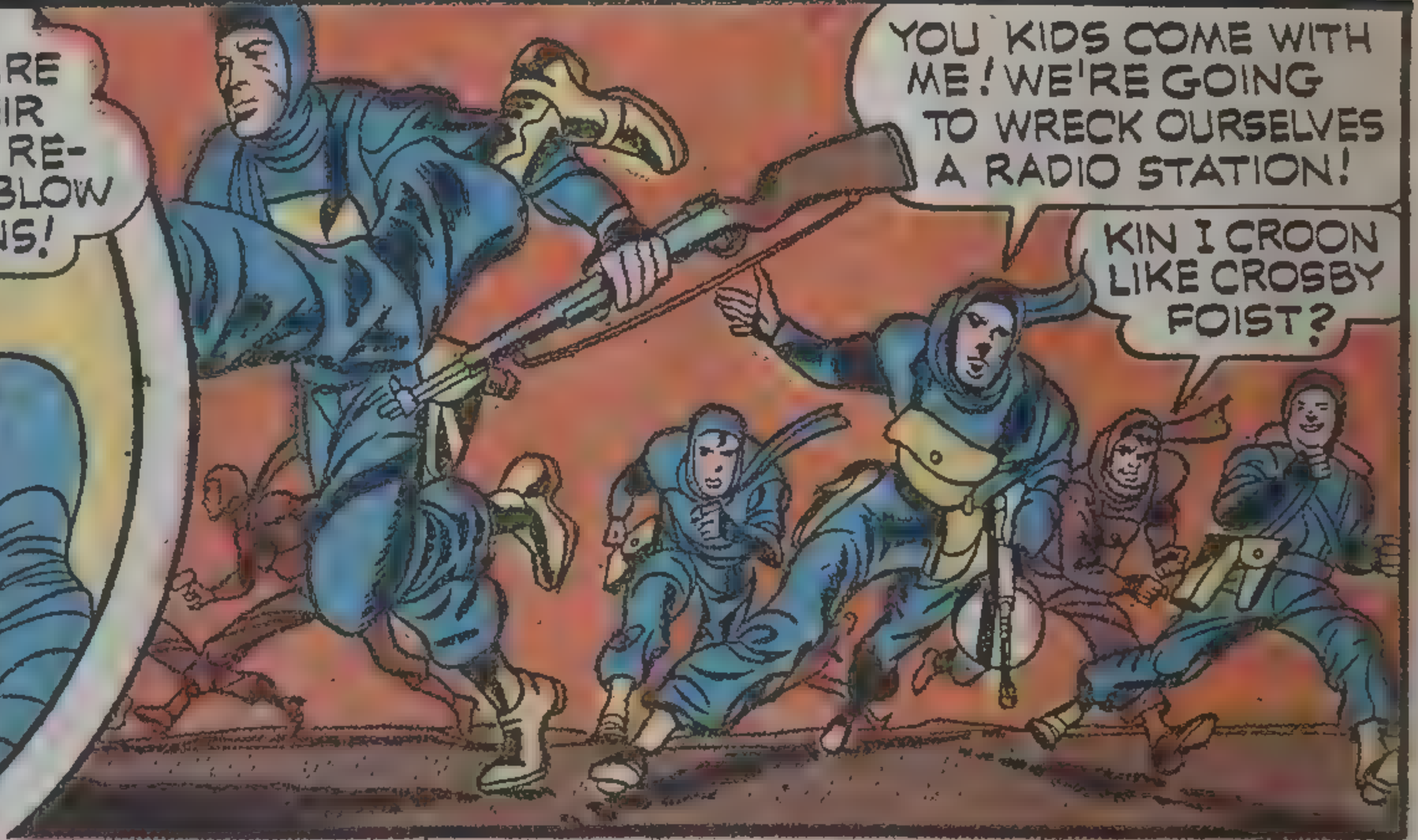
HERE ARE YOUR ORDERS!

YOU MEN HAVE EACH BEEN ASSIGNED A SPECIAL MISSION! OUR OBJECTIVE IS TO FIRE THEIR GASOLINE RESERVE, DEMOLISH THEIR PLANES AND TANK REPAIR SHOPS...AND BLOW UP THEIR MUNITIONS!



YOU KIDS COME WITH ME! WE'RE GOING TO WRECK OURSELVES A RADIO STATION!

KIN I CROON LIKE CROSBY FOIST?



LIKE ELUSIVE SHADOWS, CAPTAIN RIP CARTER AND HIS WELL-TRAINED YOUNG COM-MANDOS STEAL TOWARD THE RADIO STATION!

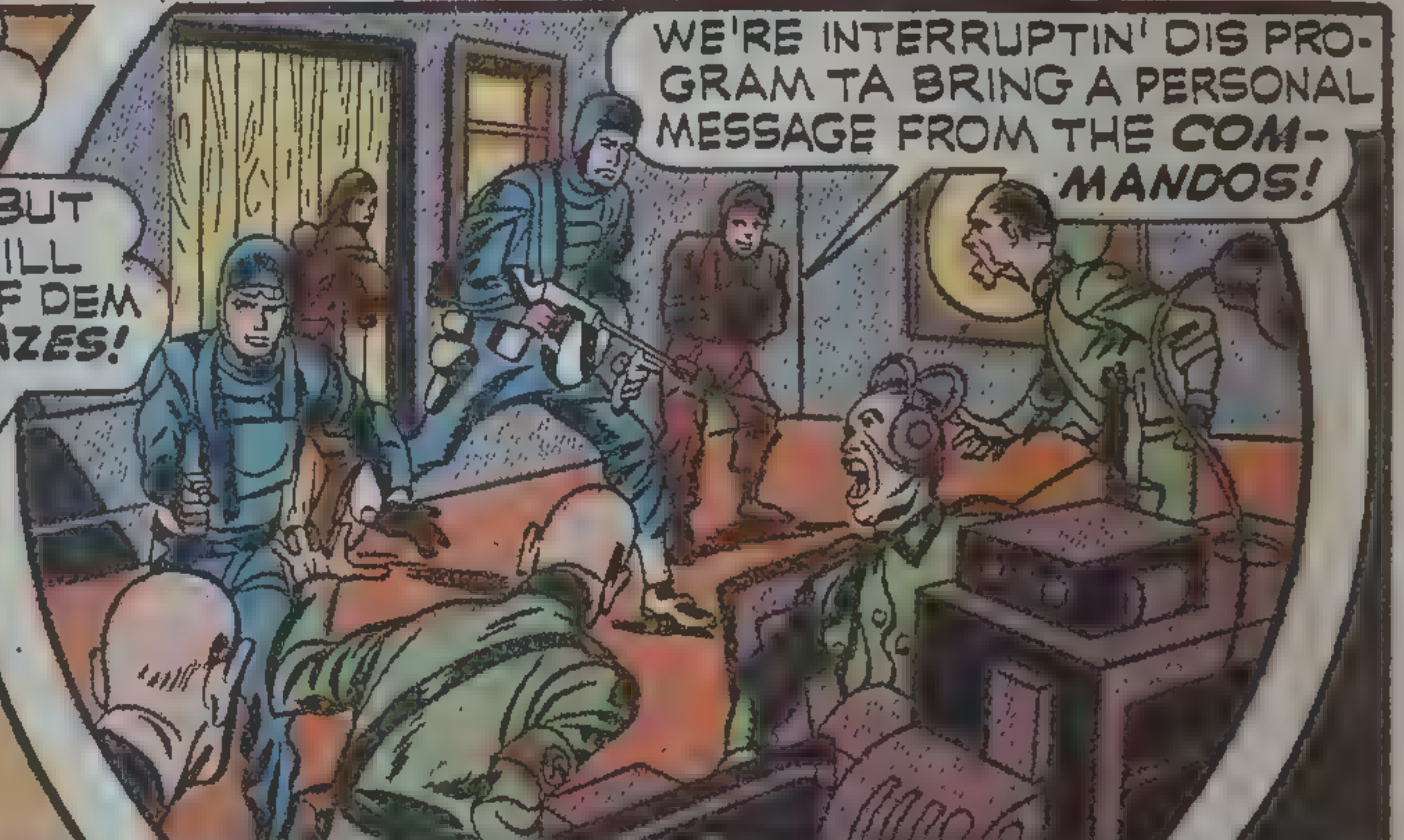
THIS MUST BE IT! THE PLANS SENT BY INTELLIGENCE MARK THIS BUILDING CLEARLY!

DO YA TINK DEY'LL GIVE US AN AURDISHIN'?

NO! BUT VE VILL GIFF DEM BLAZES!



WE'RE INTERRUPTIN' DIS PROGRAM TA BRING A PERSONAL MESSAGE FROM THE COM-MANDOS!



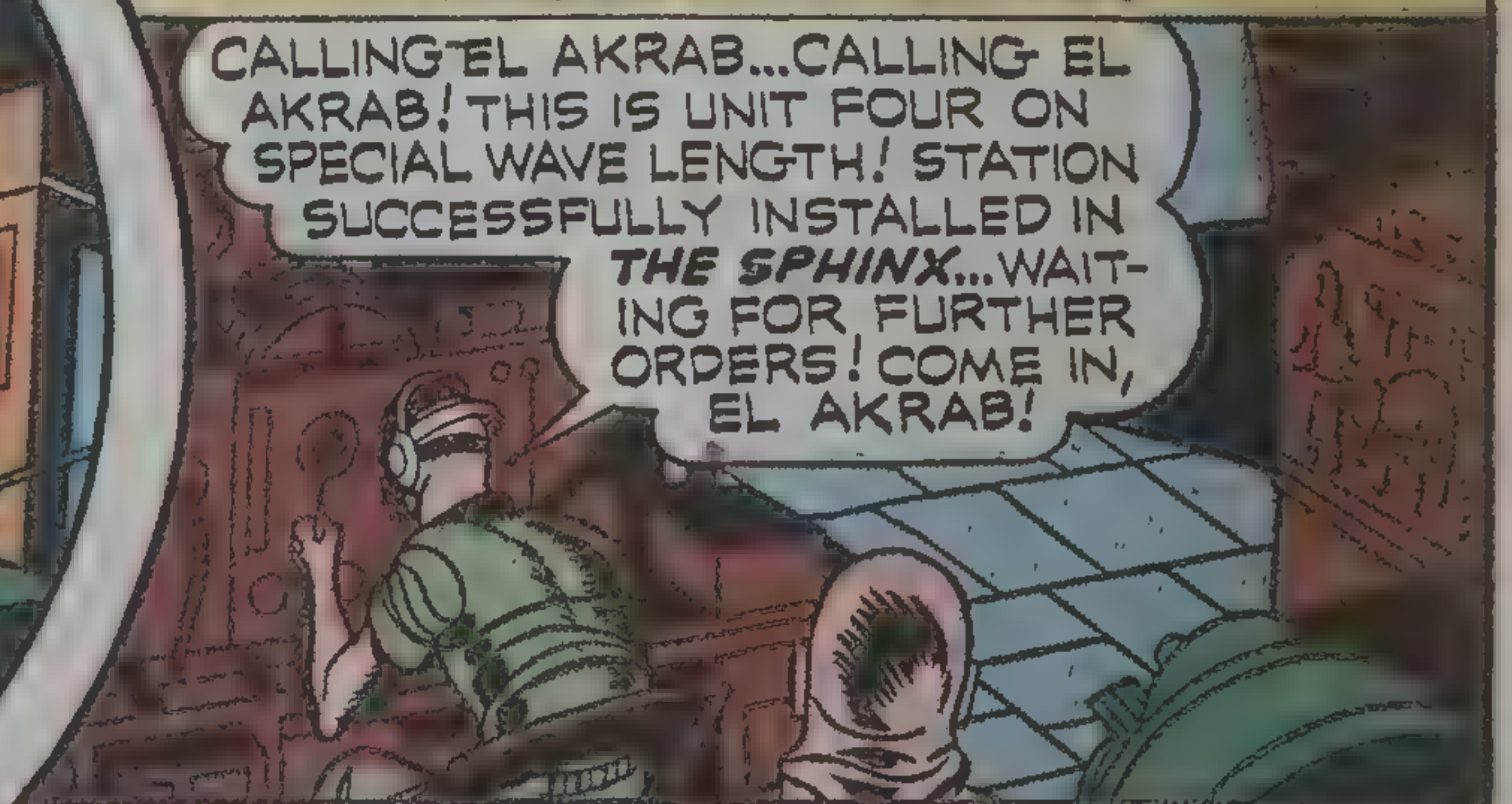
LOOKS LIKE SOMETHING'S BUZZIN', COUSIN! I THINK I'LL EXCHANGE GREETINGS! I HOPE MY GERMAN ISN'T TOO RUSTY!

CLICK! CLICK!



FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE SPHINX, A MESSAGE FLASHES TO EL AKRAB!

CALLING EL AKRAB...CALLING EL AKRAB! THIS IS UNIT FOUR ON SPECIAL WAVE LENGTH! STATION SUCCESSFULLY INSTALLED IN THE SPHINX...WAITING FOR FURTHER ORDERS! COME IN, EL AKRAB!

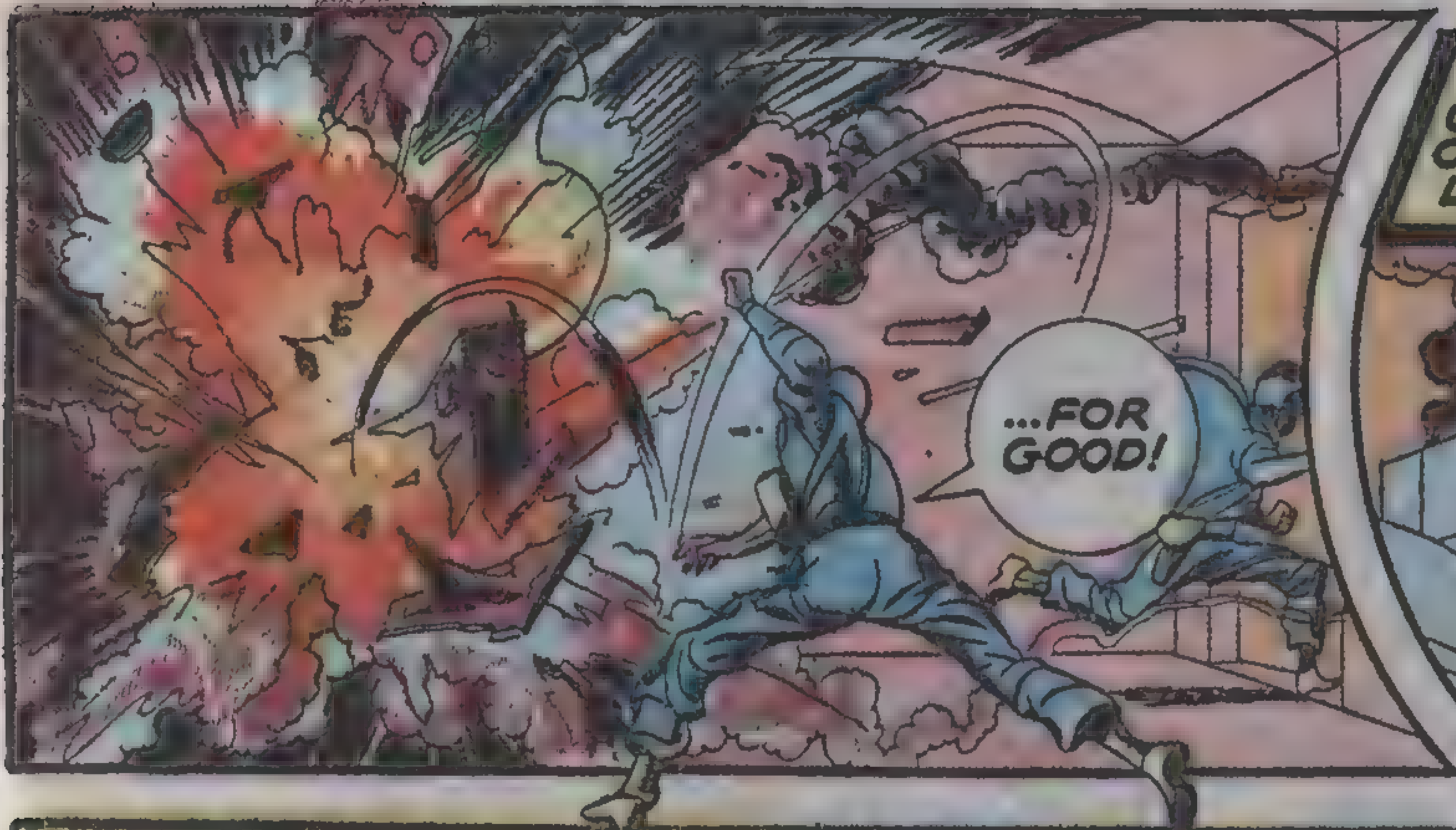


THE SPHINX, EH? THEN THEY MUST HAVE RADCLIFFE...OR HE'D LET US KNOW!

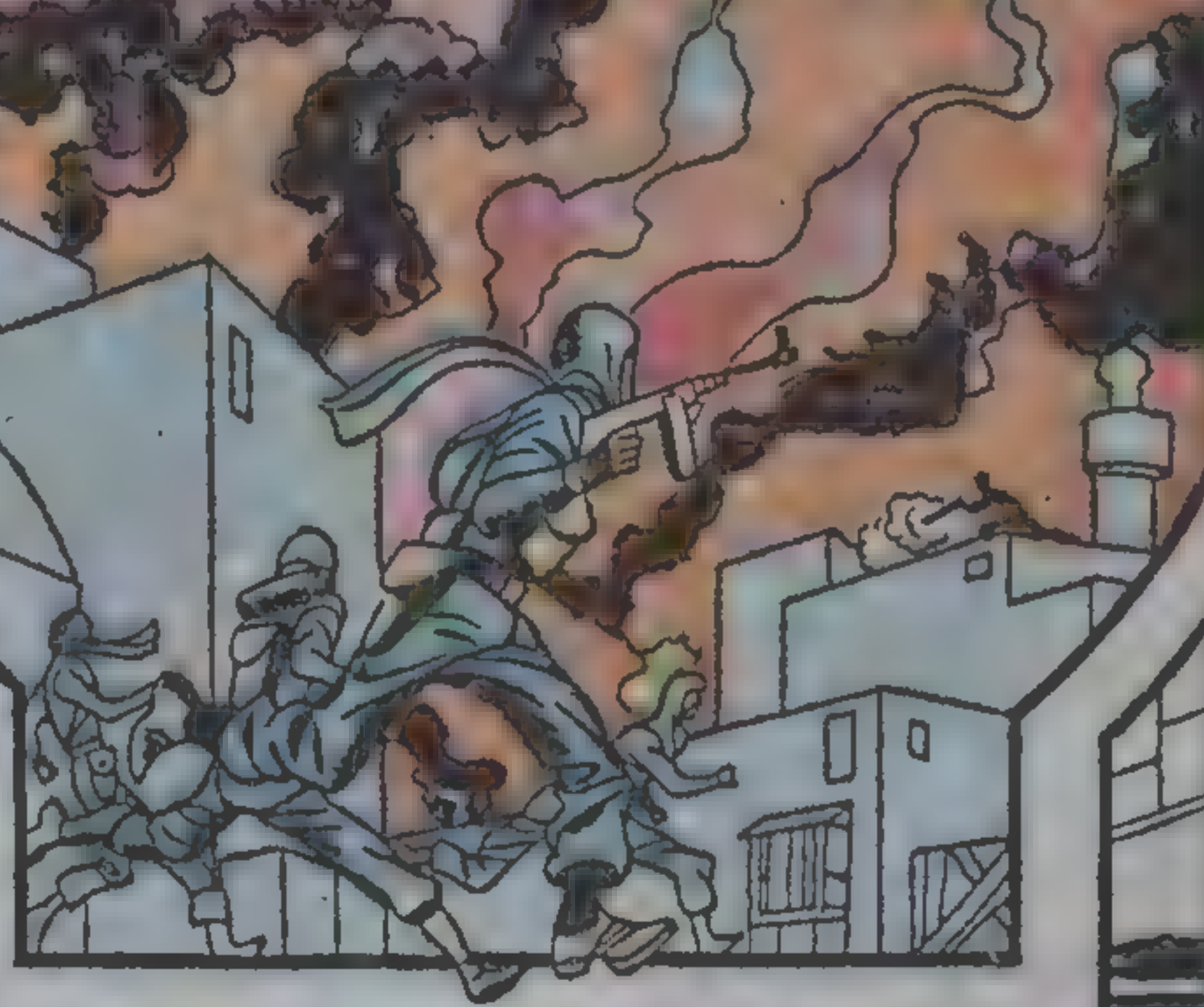
GOOD WORK, UNIT FOUR! TANK REINFORCEMENTS ARE ON THEIR WAY--WILL BRING CONGRATULATIONS IN PERSON--

DELAY YOUR BROADCASTS UNTIL WE ARRIVE...HAVE SPECIAL MESSAGE TO READ FROM THE FUEHRER! EL AKRAB SIGNING OFF...





SHOTS, RIFLE-FIRE AND THE CHATTERING MACHINE GUNS GREET THE COMMANDOS OUTSIDE! THE RUMBLE OF EXPLOSIONS AND THE FLAMING SKY-LINE GIVE EVIDENCE OF THE COMMANDOS' DEVASTATING WORK!



RACING THROUGH THE STREETS, THE COMMANDOS LOOK FOR AN AVENUE OF ESCAPE...



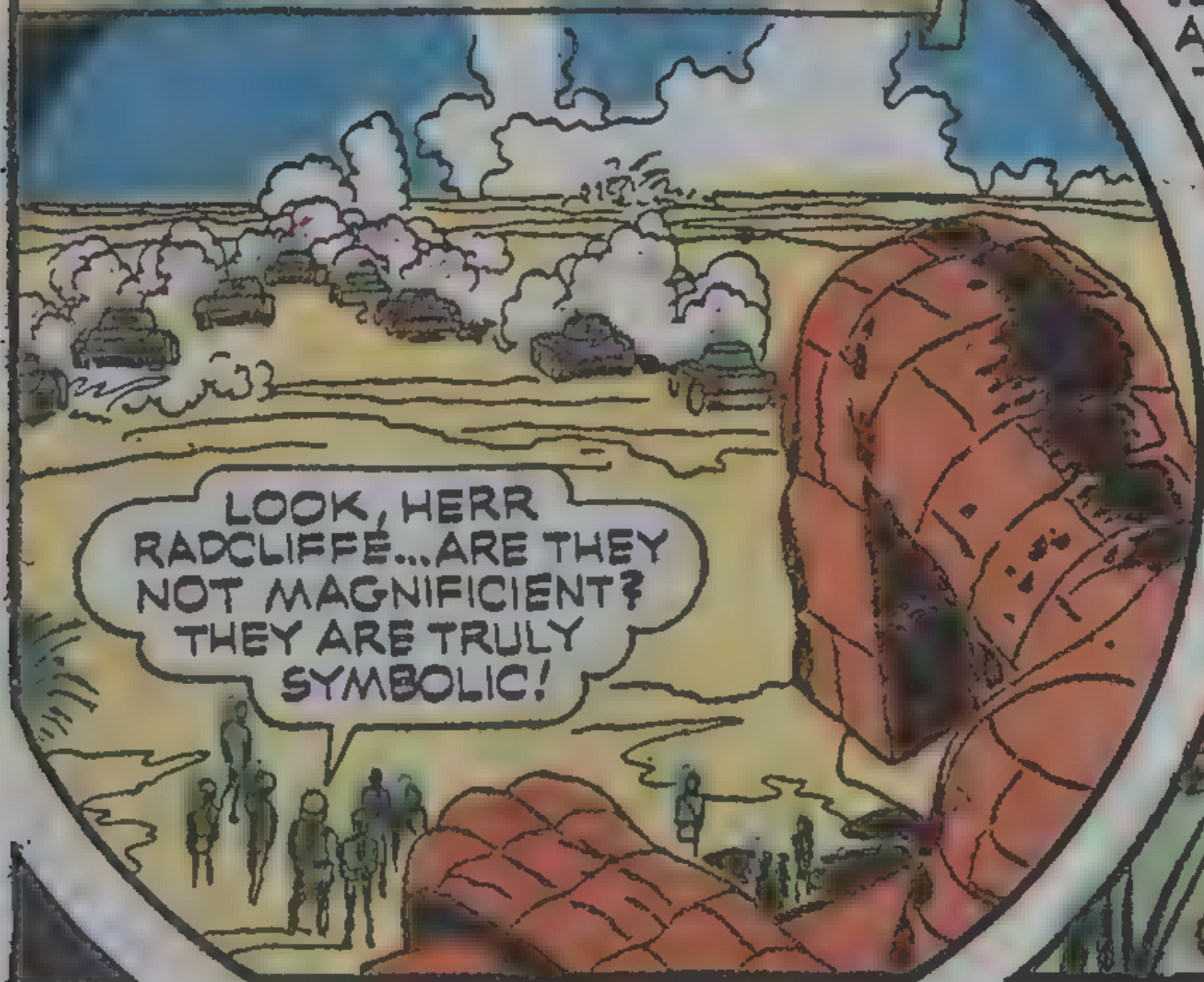
OVERCOMING THE TANK CREWS, THE COMMANDOS TAKE OVER THE IRON MONSTERS!



HEADING THROUGH A STORM OF FLYING STEEL, THE COMMANDO-CONTROLLED TANKS CRASH THEIR WAY TO THE OPEN DESERT!



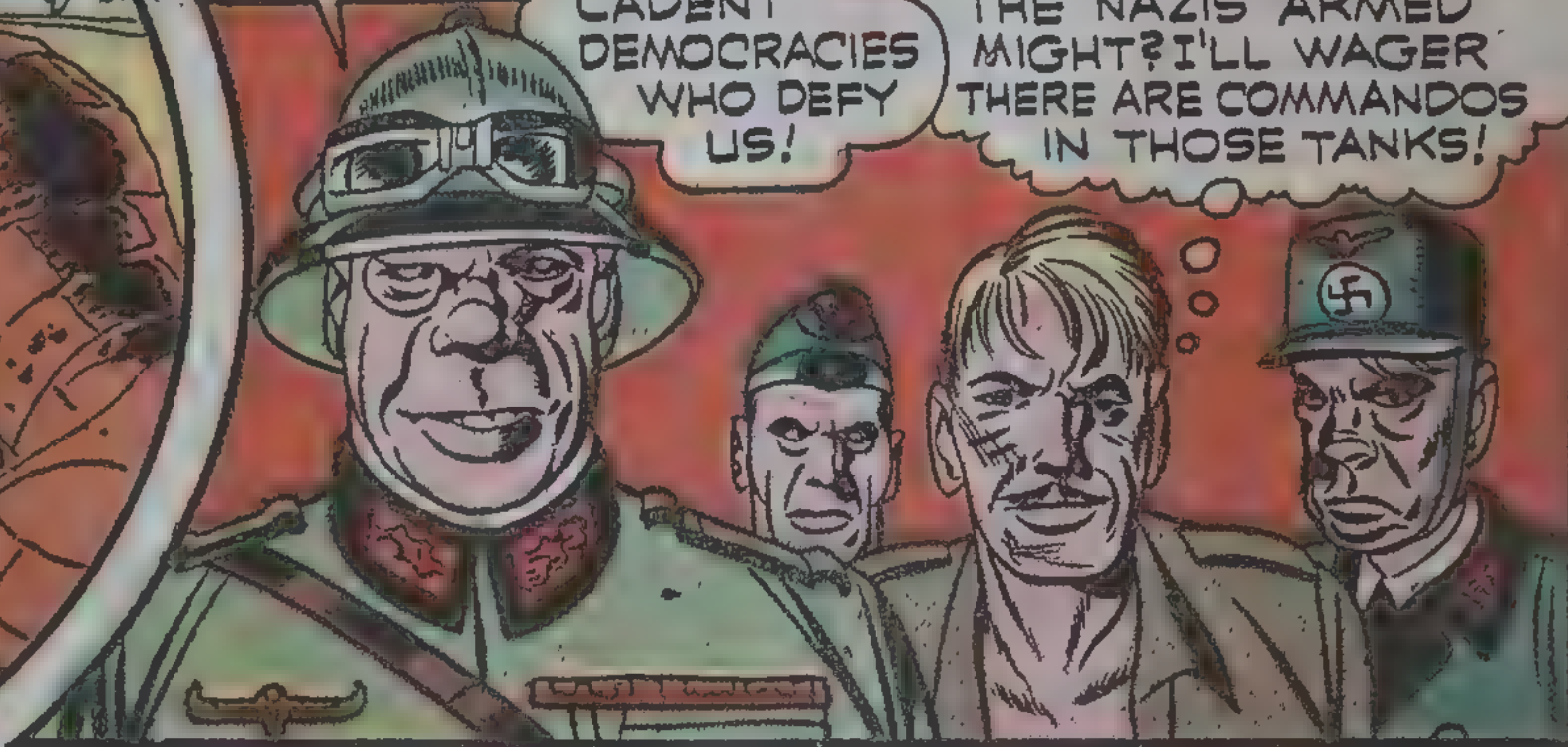
MINUTES LATER...AT THE SPHINX...



LOOK, HERR RADCLIFFE...ARE THEY NOT MAGNIFICENT? THEY ARE TRULY SYMBOLIC!

YES...SYMBOLIC OF THE ARMED MIGHT OF THE THIRD REICH THAT WILL SOON CRUSH THE DECADENT DEMOCRACIES WHO DEFEY US!

IT SEEMS TO ME I'VE SEEN THAT "V" FORMATION BEFORE! CAN THERE BE FREE MEN CONTROLLING THE NAZIS ARMED MIGHT? I'LL WAGER THERE ARE COMMANDOS IN THOSE TANKS!



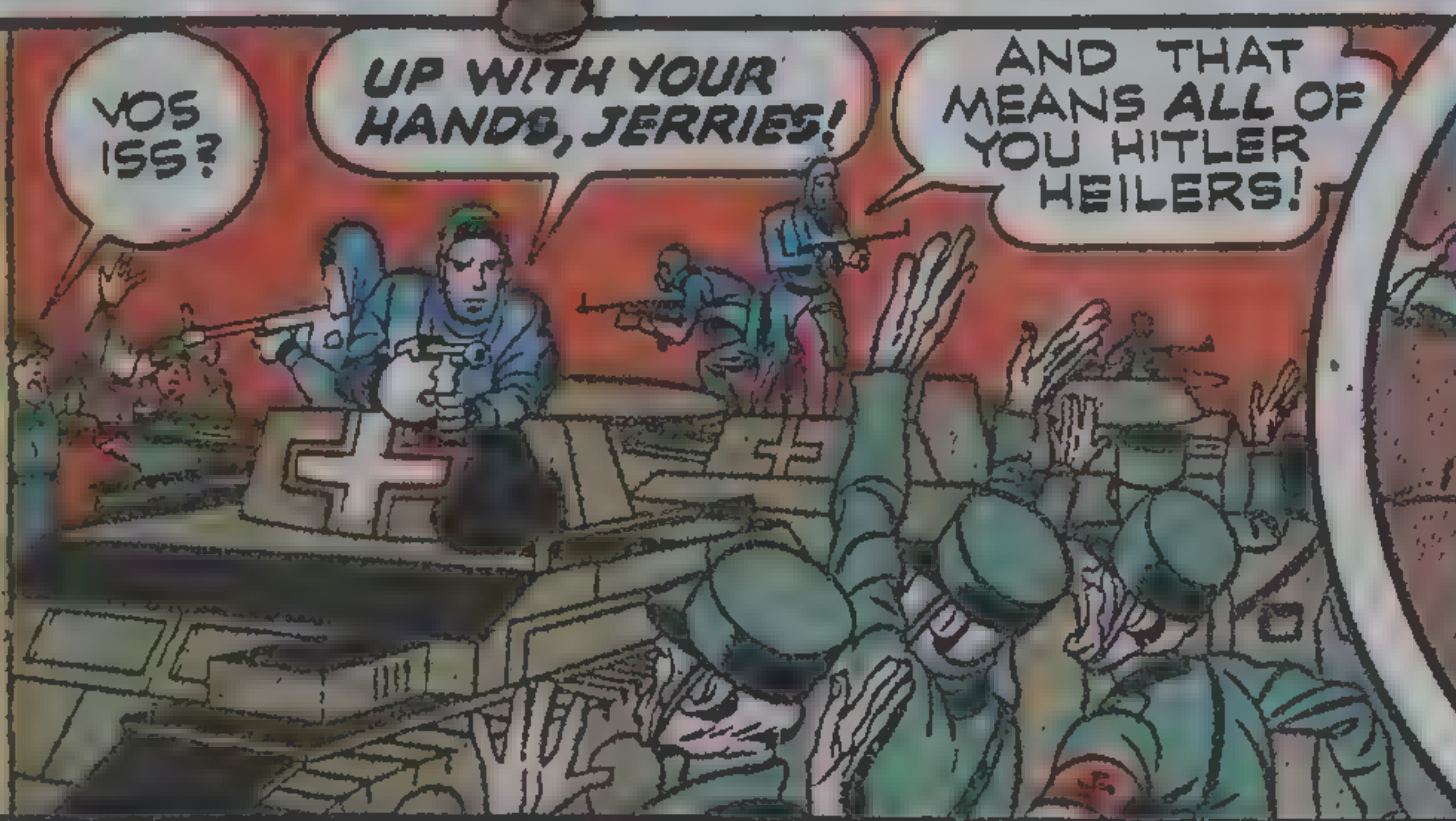
THERE MAY BE OFFICIALS INSIDE THOSE TANKS! EVEN GENERAL ROMMEL...

I UNDERSTAND, HERR MAJOR! VE VILL FORM AN HONOR GUARD AT VUNTZ!

ALWAYS TAKING FULL ADVANTAGE OF A SITUATION WHICH LEANS IN THEIR FAVOR, THE COMMANDOS MANEUVER THEIR TANKS BETWEEN THE TWO LINES OF RIGID NAZI INFANTRY!



SUDDENLY, THE TANKS' METAL HATCHWAYS CLANG OPEN SIMULTANEOUSLY AND THE STARTLED NAZIS LOOK INTO THE GRIM MUZZLES OF COMMANDO GUNS!



VOS ISS?

UP WITH YOUR HANDS, JERRIES!

AND THAT MEANS ALL OF YOU HITLER HEILERS!



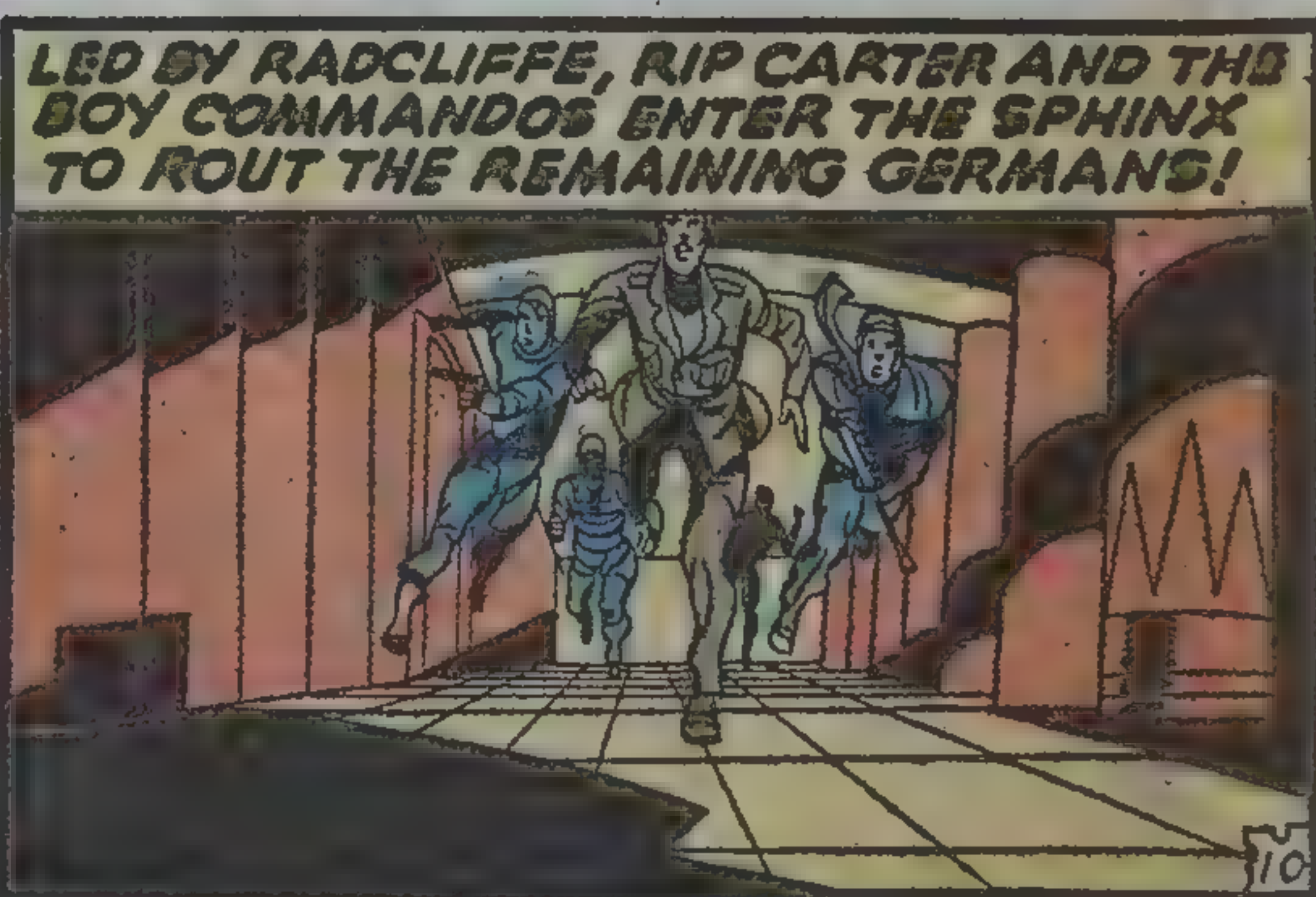
COMMANDOS! WE'VE BEEN TRICKED!!



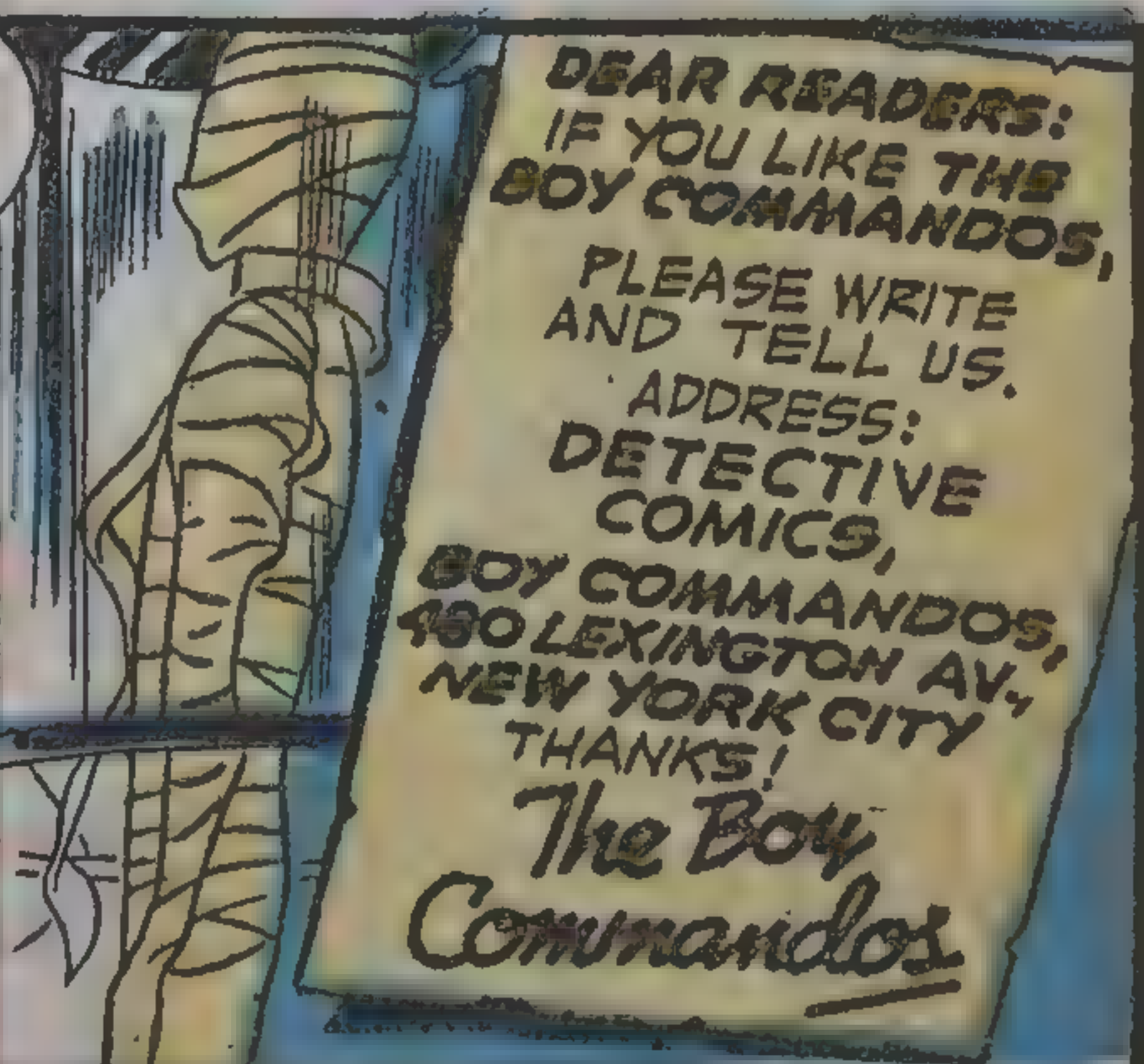
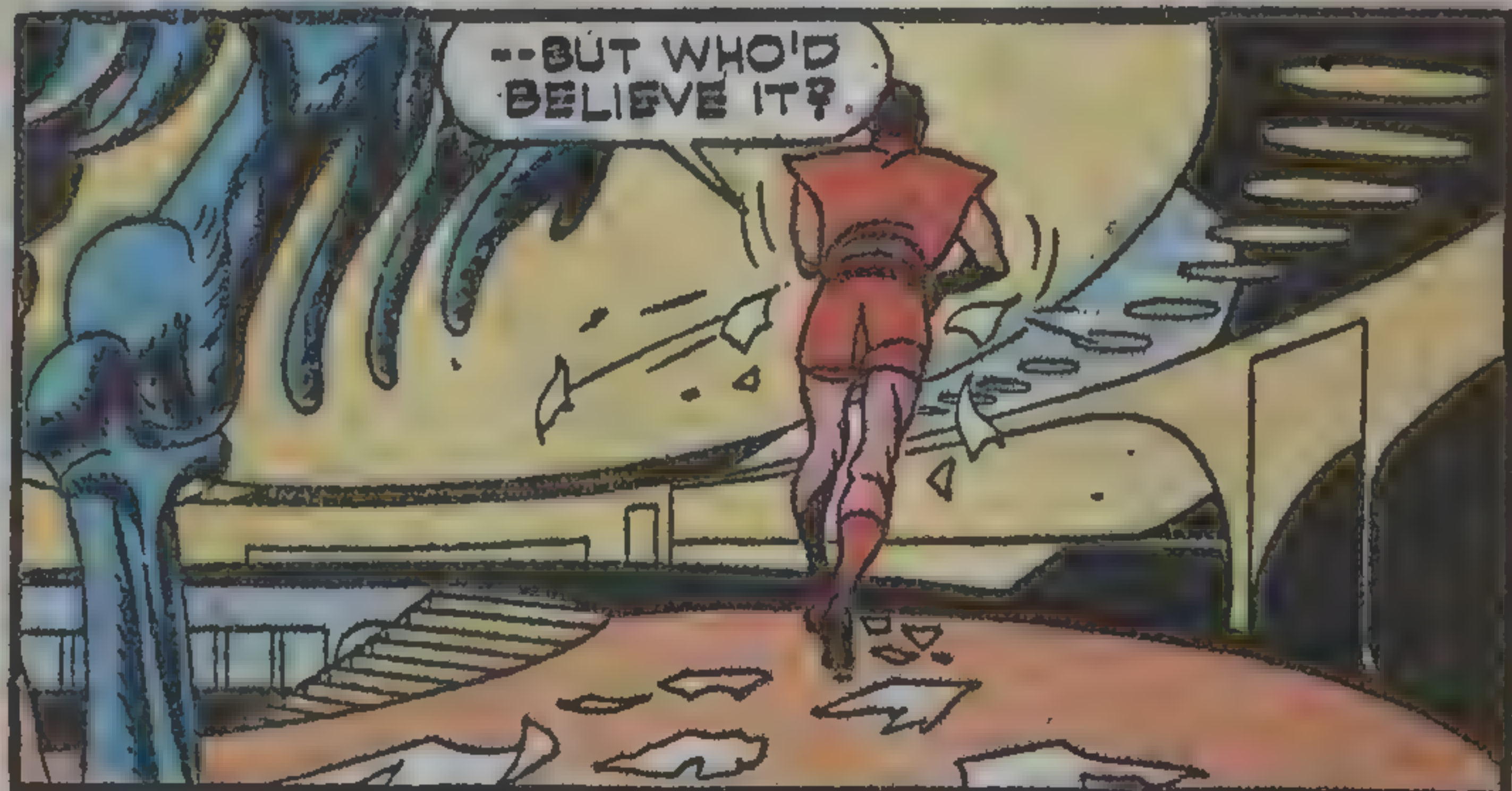
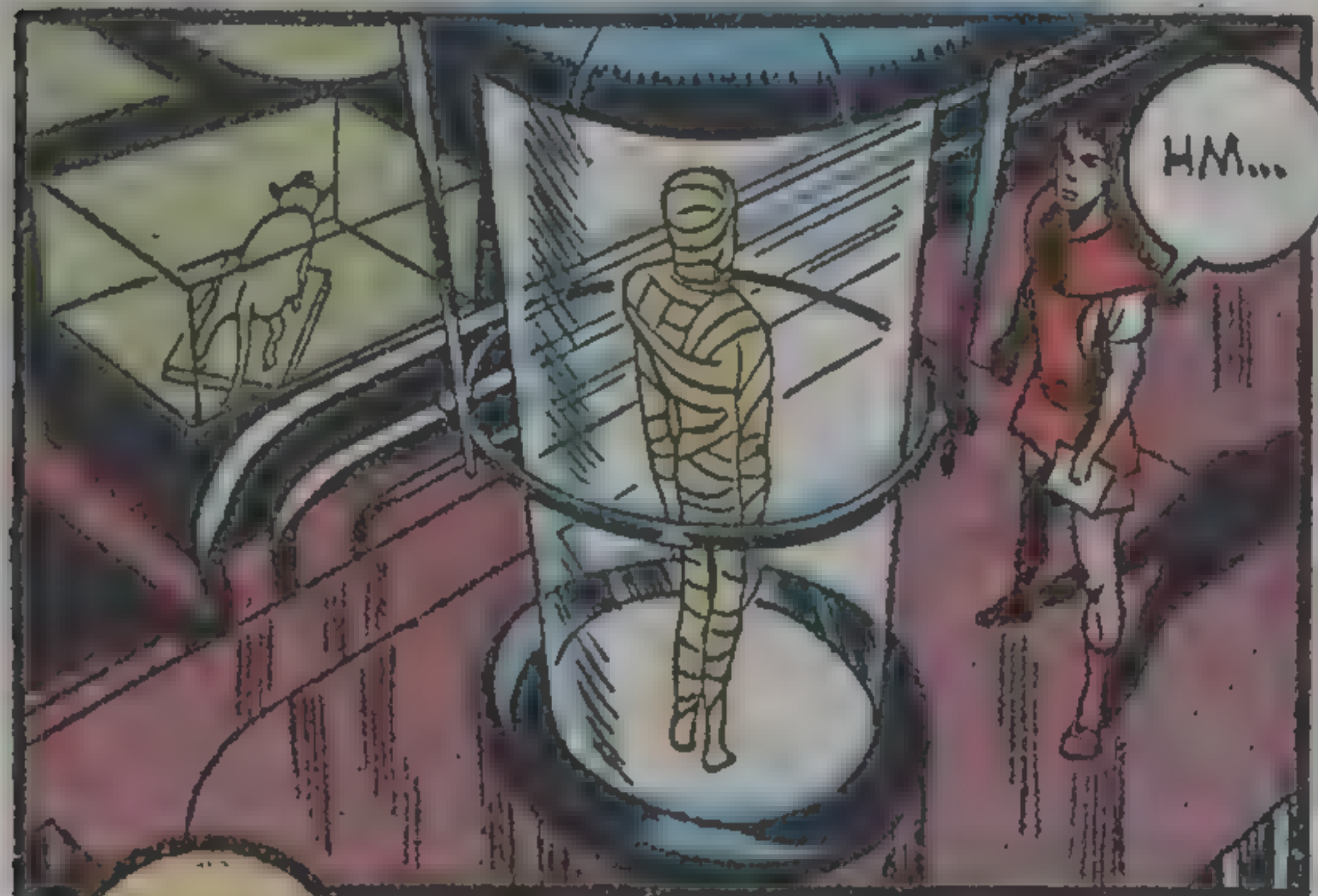
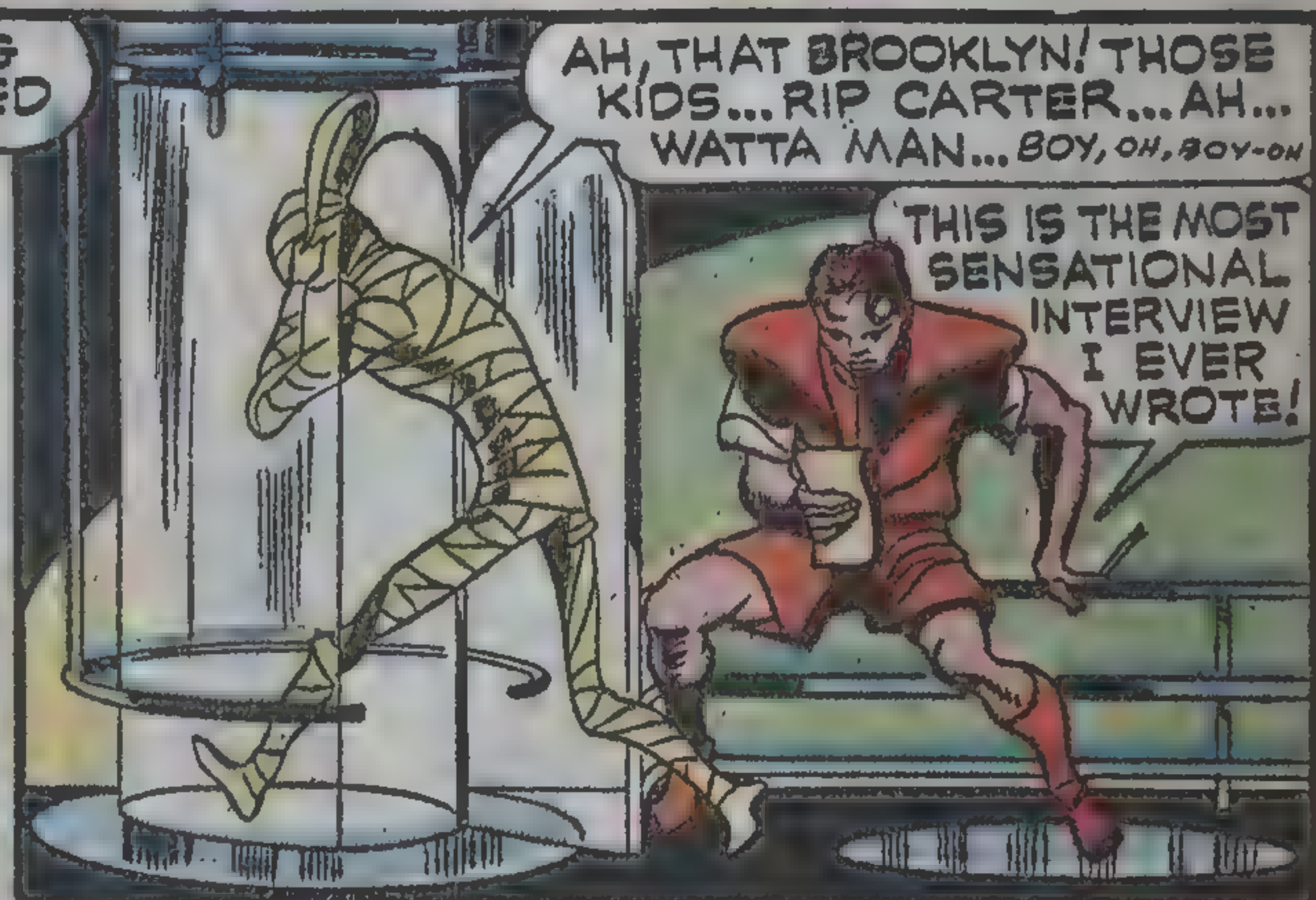
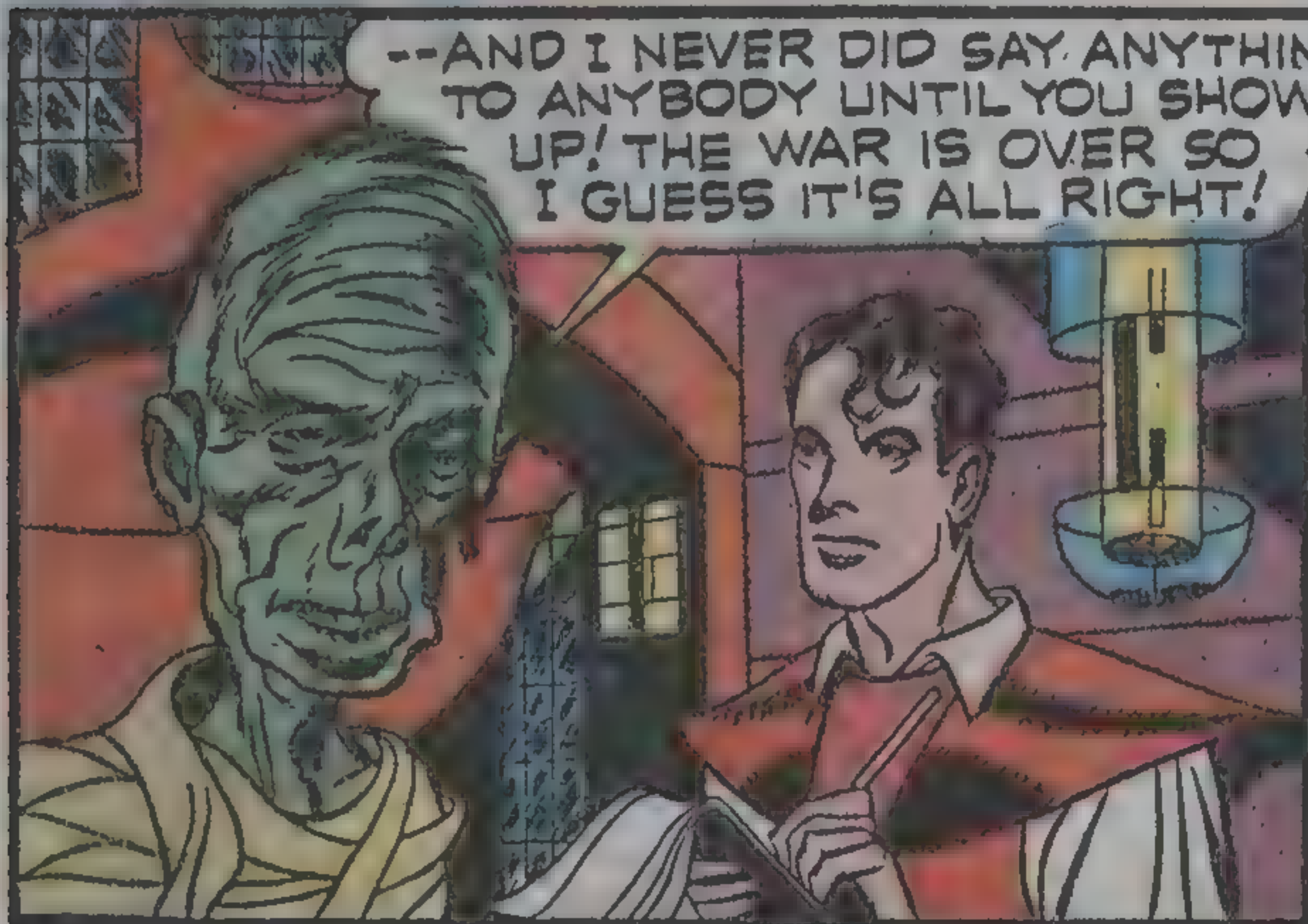
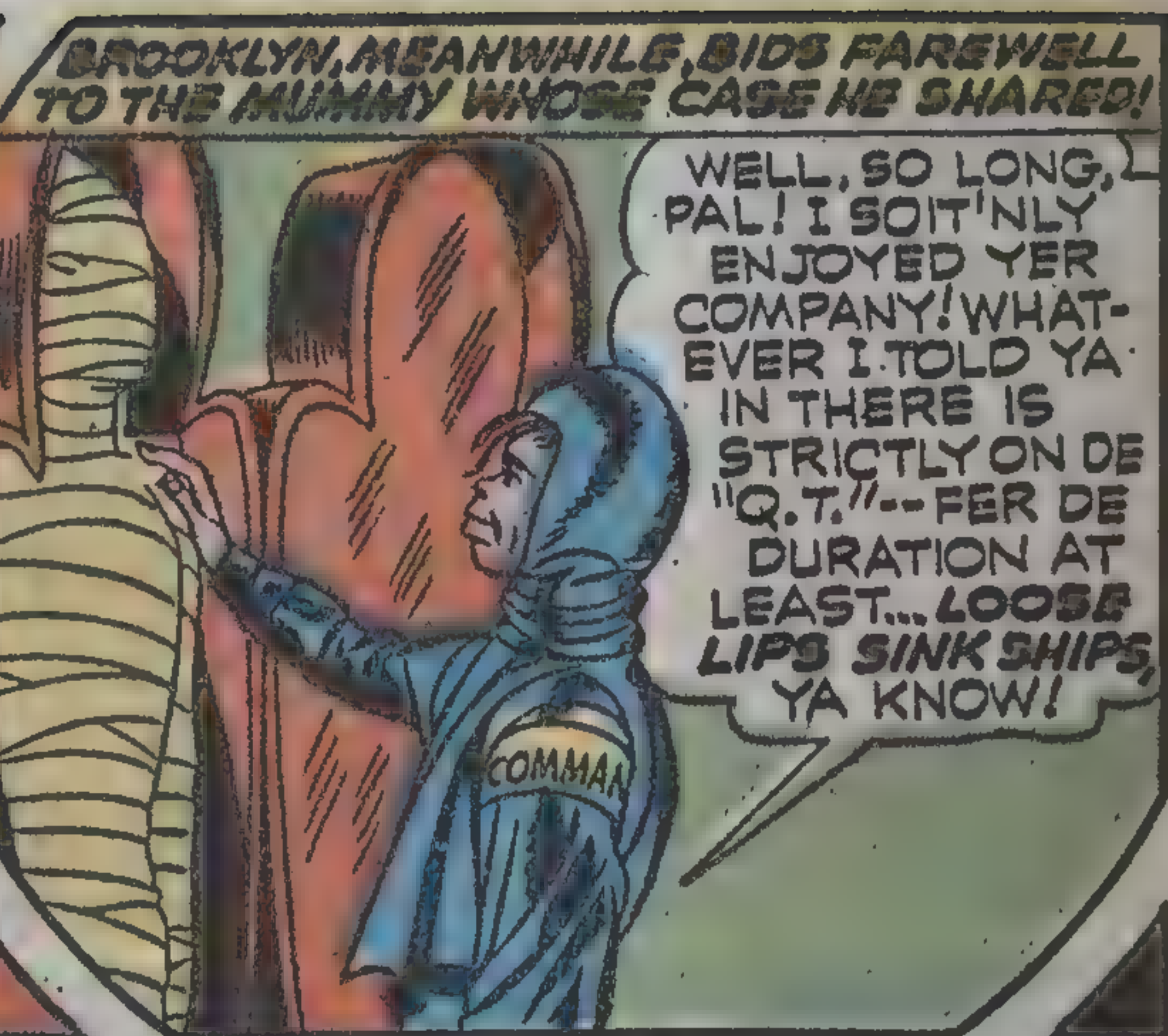
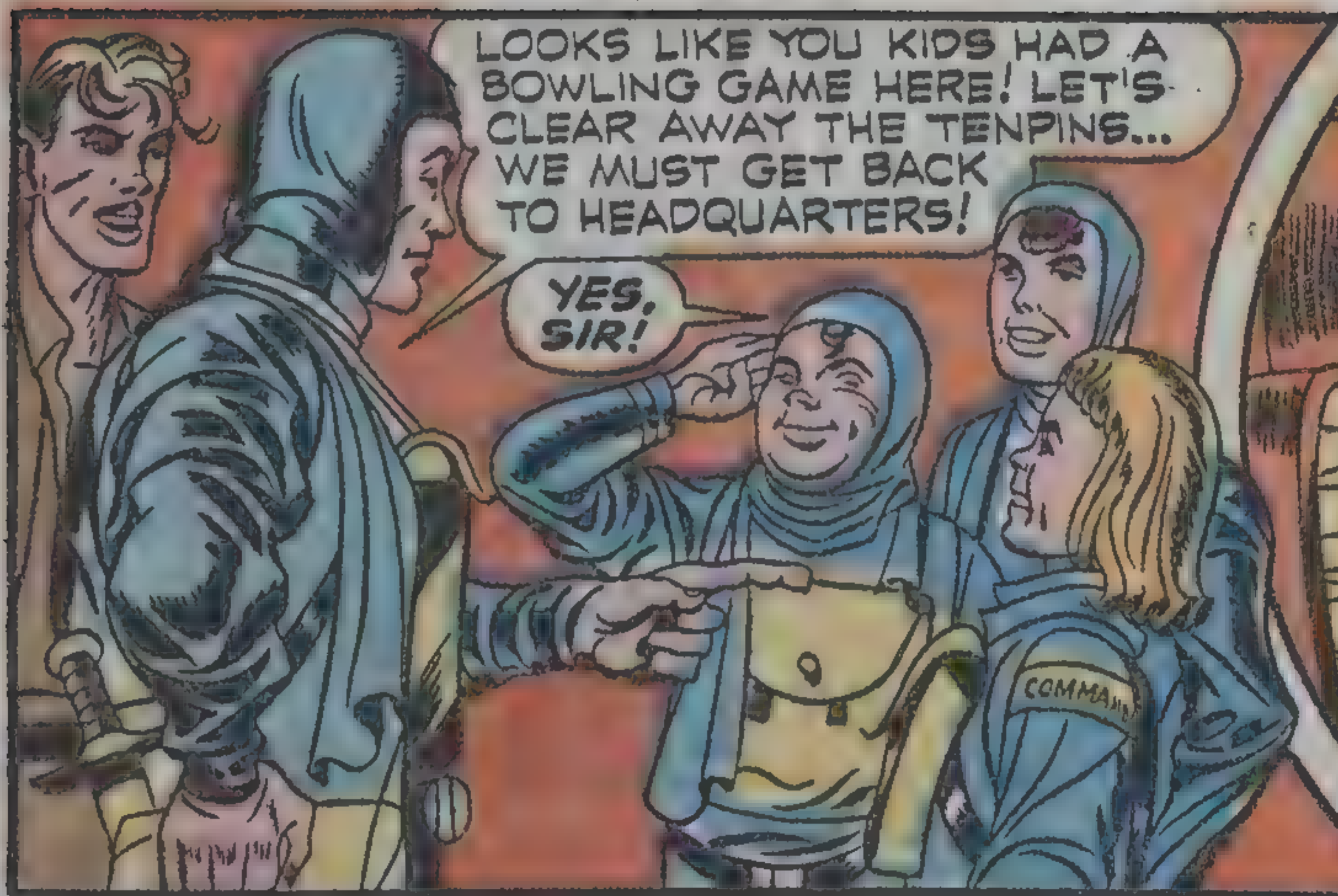
GLAD TO SEE YOU ALIVE, RADCLIFFE! I'LL HAVE YOU FREE IN A JIFFY!

HURRY, OLD MAN! VON BRUHE HAS GONE TO WARN THE OTHER NAZI CHAPS IN THE SPHINX!

VE VILL CATCH DEM!



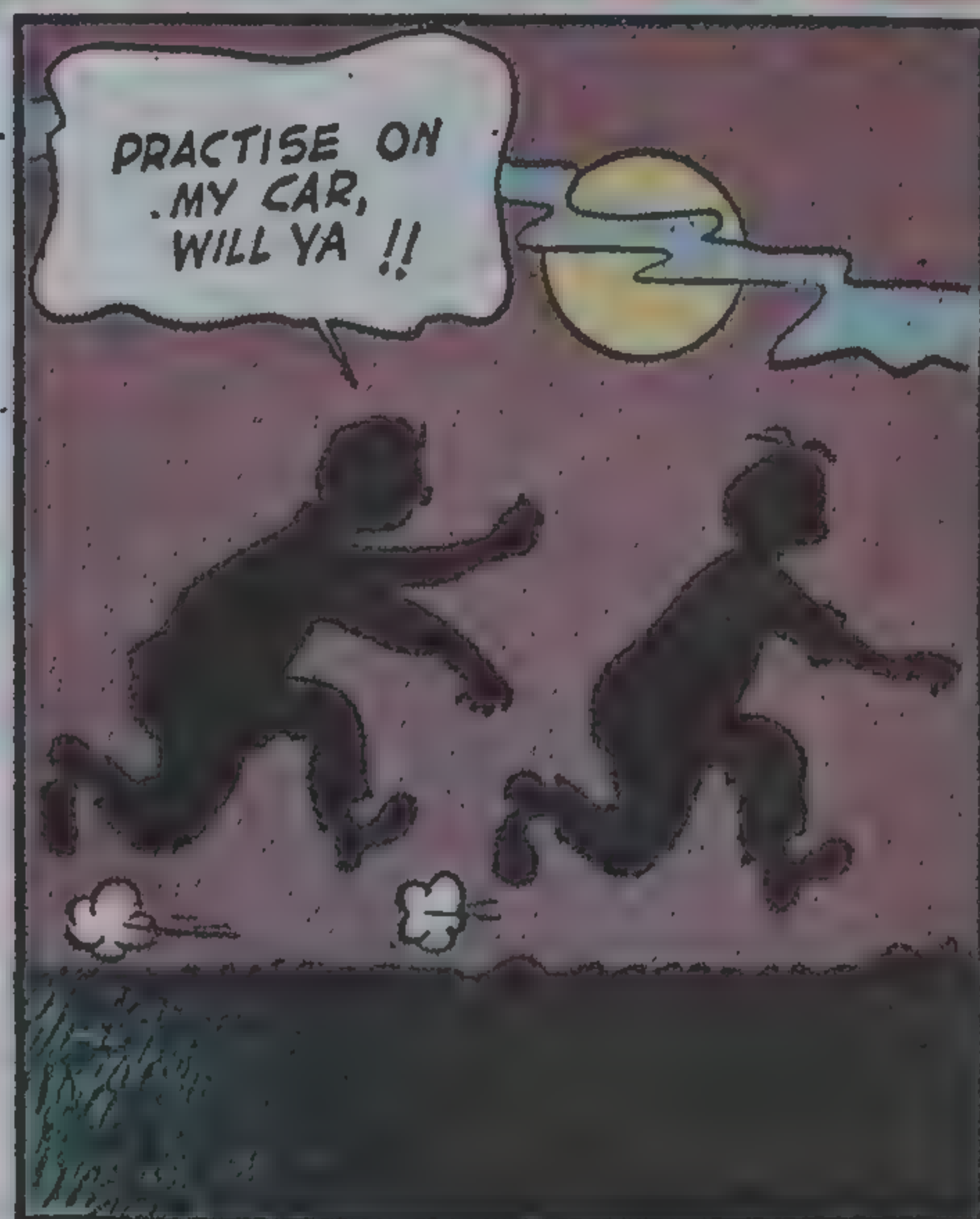
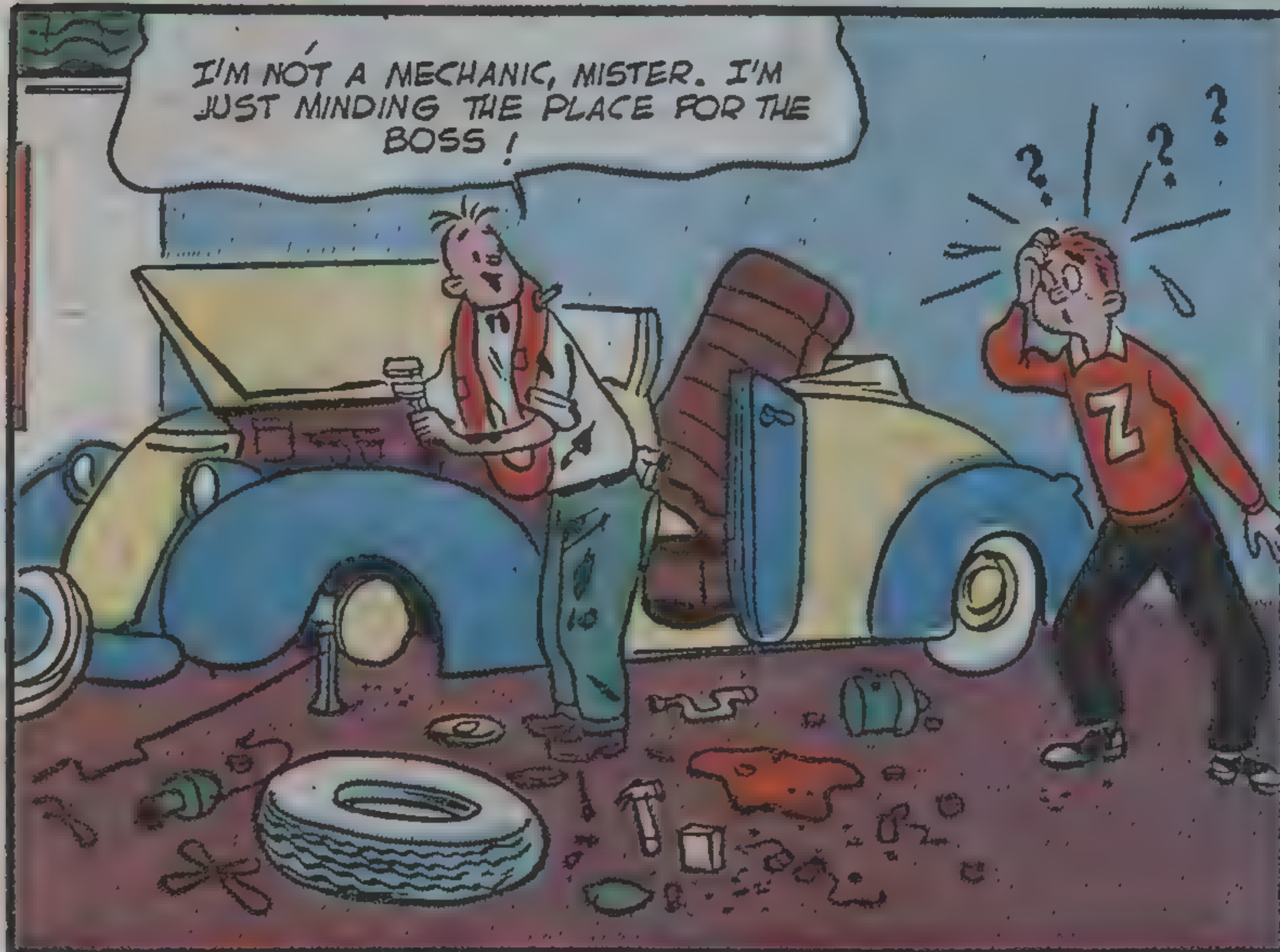
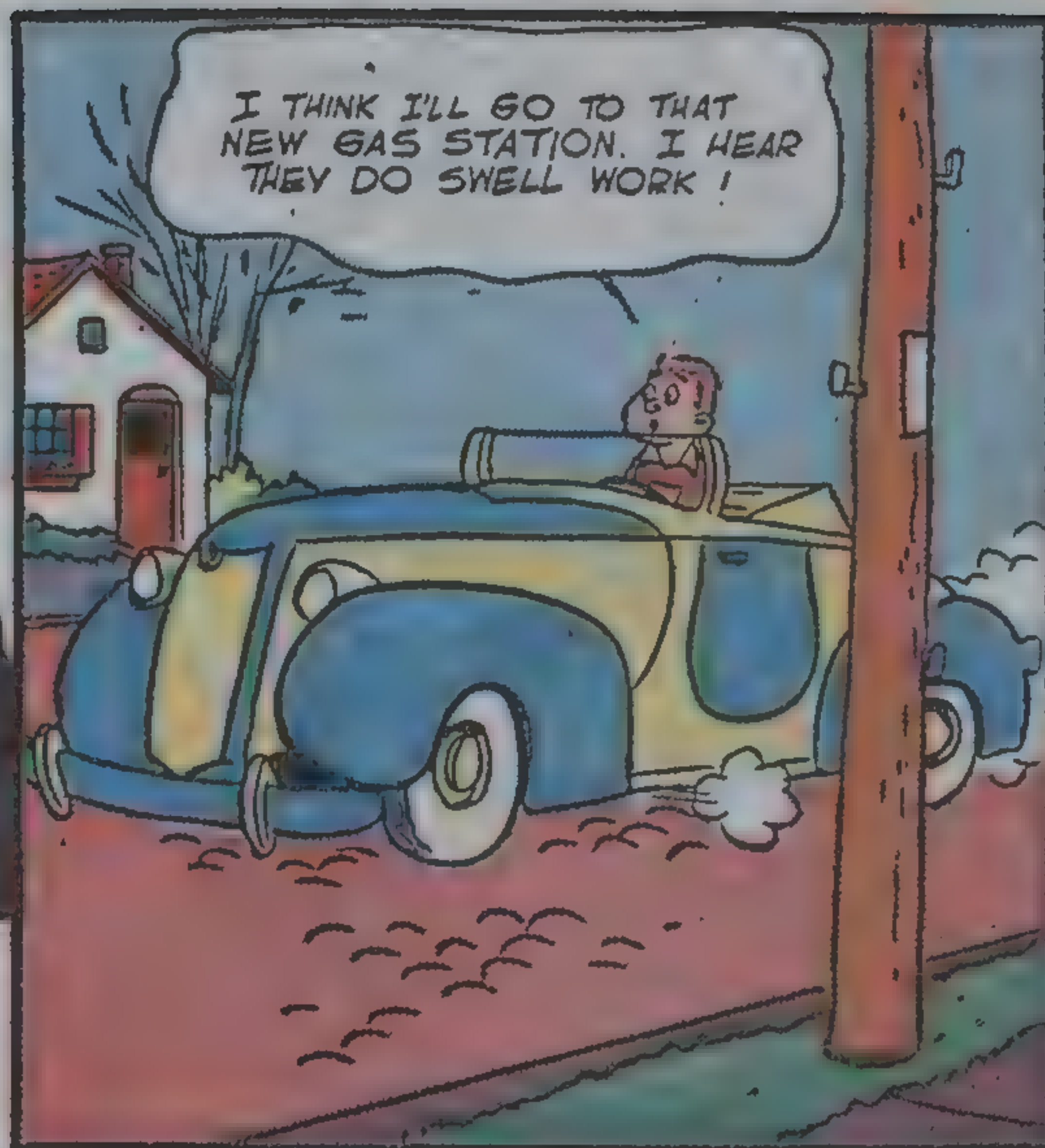
LED BY RADCLIFFE, RIP CARTER AND THE BOY COMMANDOS ENTER THE SPHINX TO ROUT THE REMAINING GERMANS!



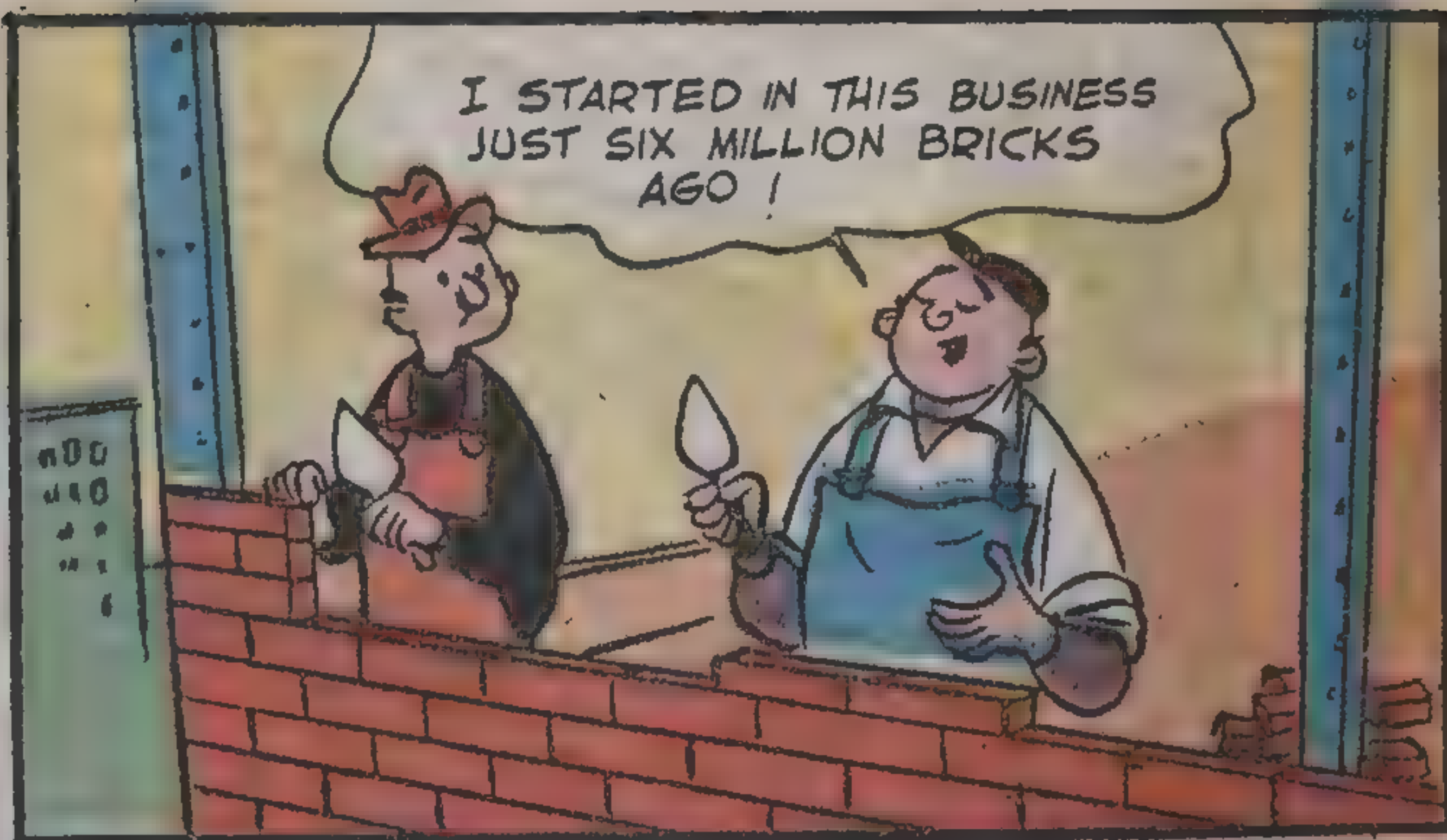
JERRY

THE JITTERBUG

HENRY ROSTOFF



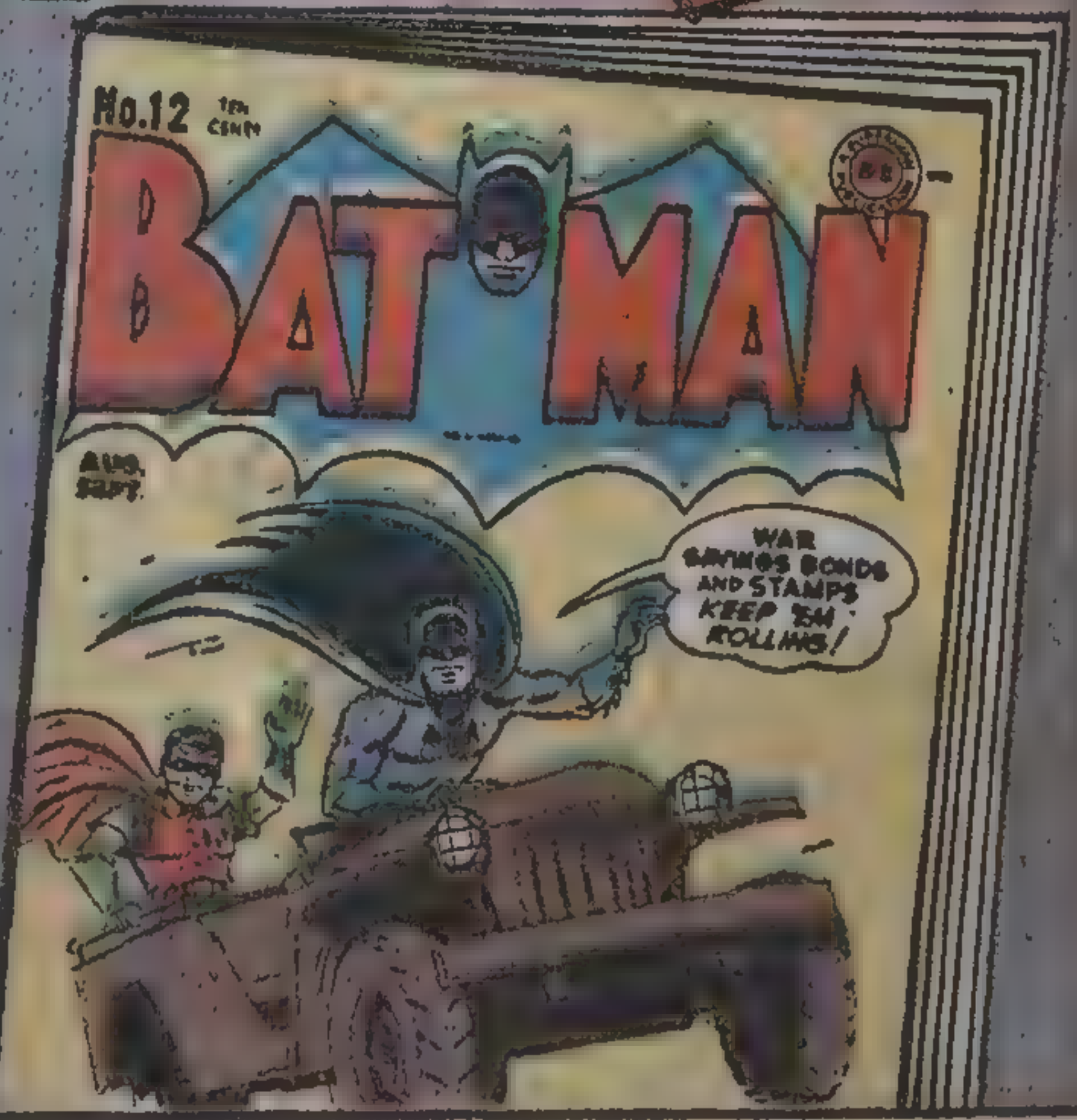
LAFFS



THE WINNING TEAM!

THERE COULDN'T BE A BETTER NAME FOR **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN**?--AND THEY PROVE THEY'RE THE WINNING TEAM BY THEIR STAR PERFORMANCES IN THE FOUR BIG ACTION-STORIES IN **BATMAN No. 12!**

ON NOW SALE



BY JACK LEWIS

**MURDER
WILL OUT!**
BY JOE HENRY
Po 11

WILL OUT
BY JOE HENDERSON
Police #1

NO. 435
FINAL SPORTS
RACES

METROPOLIS.

GLOBE

JULY 27, 1942

69 MAIN + 38 SUBURBAN PAGES

PLEASE

CHICAGO POLIS.

DE

JULY 27, 1942

69 MAIN + 38 SUBURBAN PAGES

3 CE

ARTHUR TROOPS LAND-RIP LINES TO RETAKE JAP-HELD BASES NORTH

Pacific. October, 14. I.T.T.; Traveling under the dark of night General
liant troops invaded more than a score of Jap held islands
itself. First reports indicate that the fighting was
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New York, Oct. 15: It was a tough guy that strolled
ke's. But and Grill
week and mild
was soaked in
over was broken

...ELD BASES NORTH LINES

...traveling under the dark of night General
...more than a score of Jap held islands not
...ports indicate that the fighting was short

New York, Oct. 15: It was a tough guy that strolled
...and Grill who
...socked in
...was broken
...however, it was not so very
...ident that the thief
...quick swing as Pat Riley
...conked him at his
...this is what the ho
...so the police did
...but Pat Riley
...This

But n
can't
too sa
on the b

A torn piece of paper with fragments of text visible through the holes. The text is partially obscured and difficult to read, but some words like "titles", "medal", "trick", "over", "not", "so", "and", "the", "pat", "break", "hospital", "when", "he", "not", "one", "can", "not", "then", "is", "ne" are visible.

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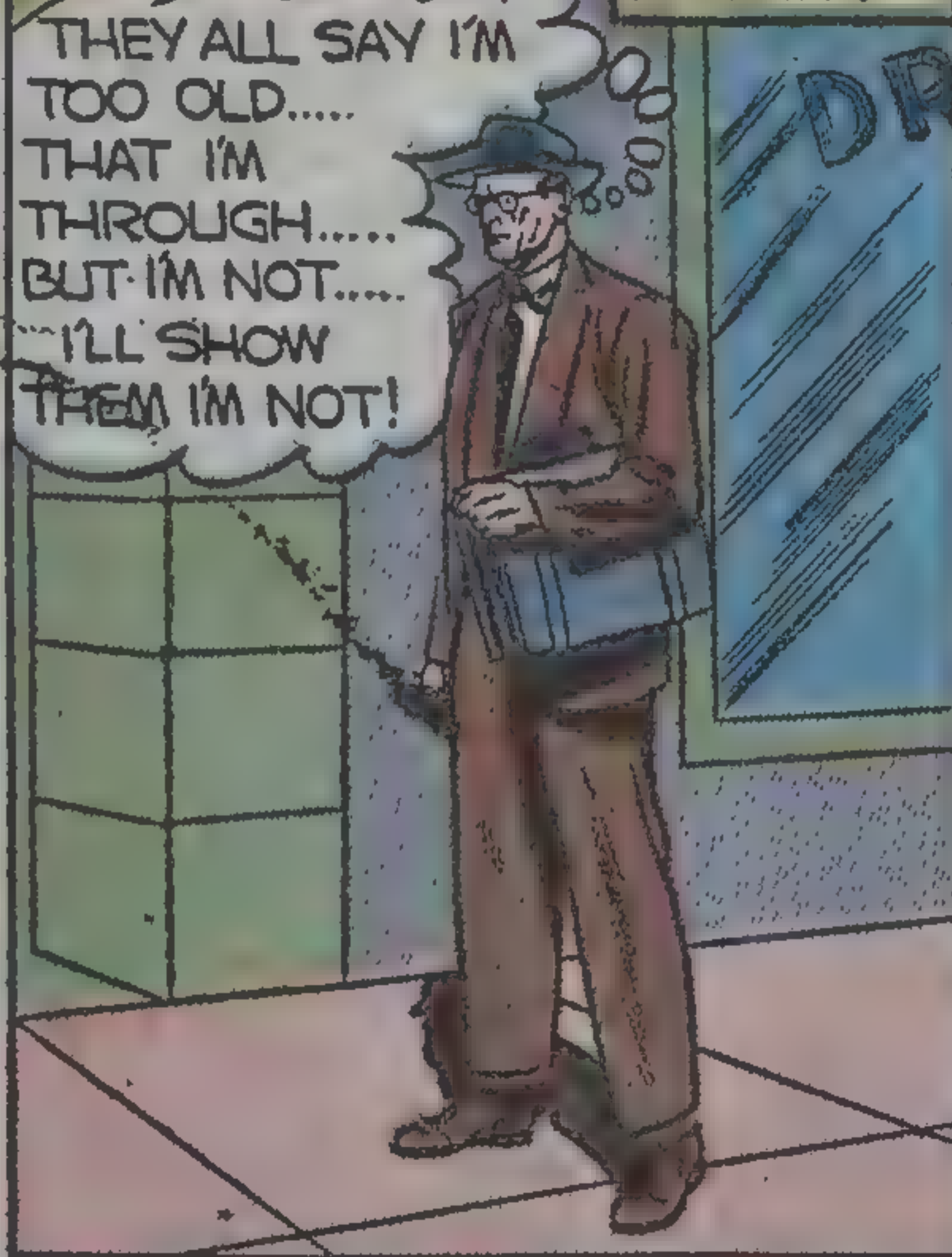
[illegible]

WHEN A DOWN-AND-OUT CRIME
REPORTER MAKES AN ASTOUND-
ING COMEBACK—AND CROSSES
SWORDS WITH A RUTHLESS GANG-
STER WHO LITERALLY HAS "GOTTEN
AWAY WITH MURDER"!...
WHEN A NEWSPAPER COLUMN
TOUCHES OFF A TRAIN OF MYSTERY
KILLINGS!...
WHEN THE CRIMSON AVENGER
FOLLOWS A BURNING TRAIL OF
MENACE, MURDER AND DYNAMO-
POWERED ACTION!...
YOU HAVE THE RECIPE FOR A
THRILL-A-MINUTE TALE!
YES, WHEN THAT SCARLET-CLAD
BULLET-FISTED CONQUEROR OF
CRIME STIRS THE BREW—YOU
MAY BE CERTAIN THAT—
"MURDER WILL OUT"!!!

MEET JOE HENDERSON—YESTERDAY, AN ACE CRIME REPORTER. TODAY, "TEMPORARILY UNEMPLOYED"....



THEN, OUTSIDE THE GLOBE-LEADER BUILDING!



I'D LIKE TO SEE MR. TRAVIS, PLEASE. MY NAME'S HENDERSON—JOE HENDERSON. HE—HE'S HEARD OF ME....



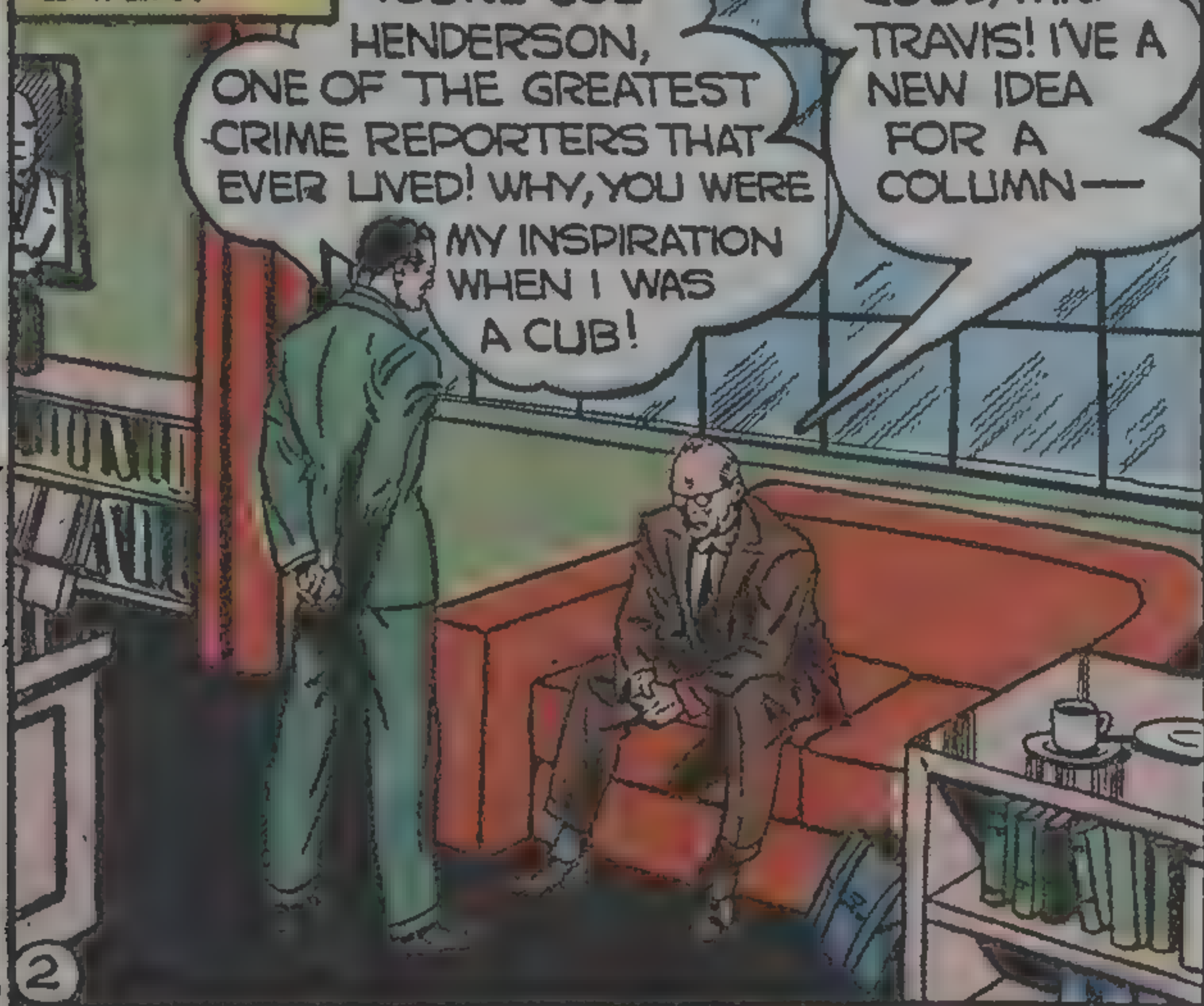
BUT HUNGER AND DISAPPOINTMENT HAVE DONE THEIR WORK. JOE HENDERSON CRUMPLES TO THE FLOOR!



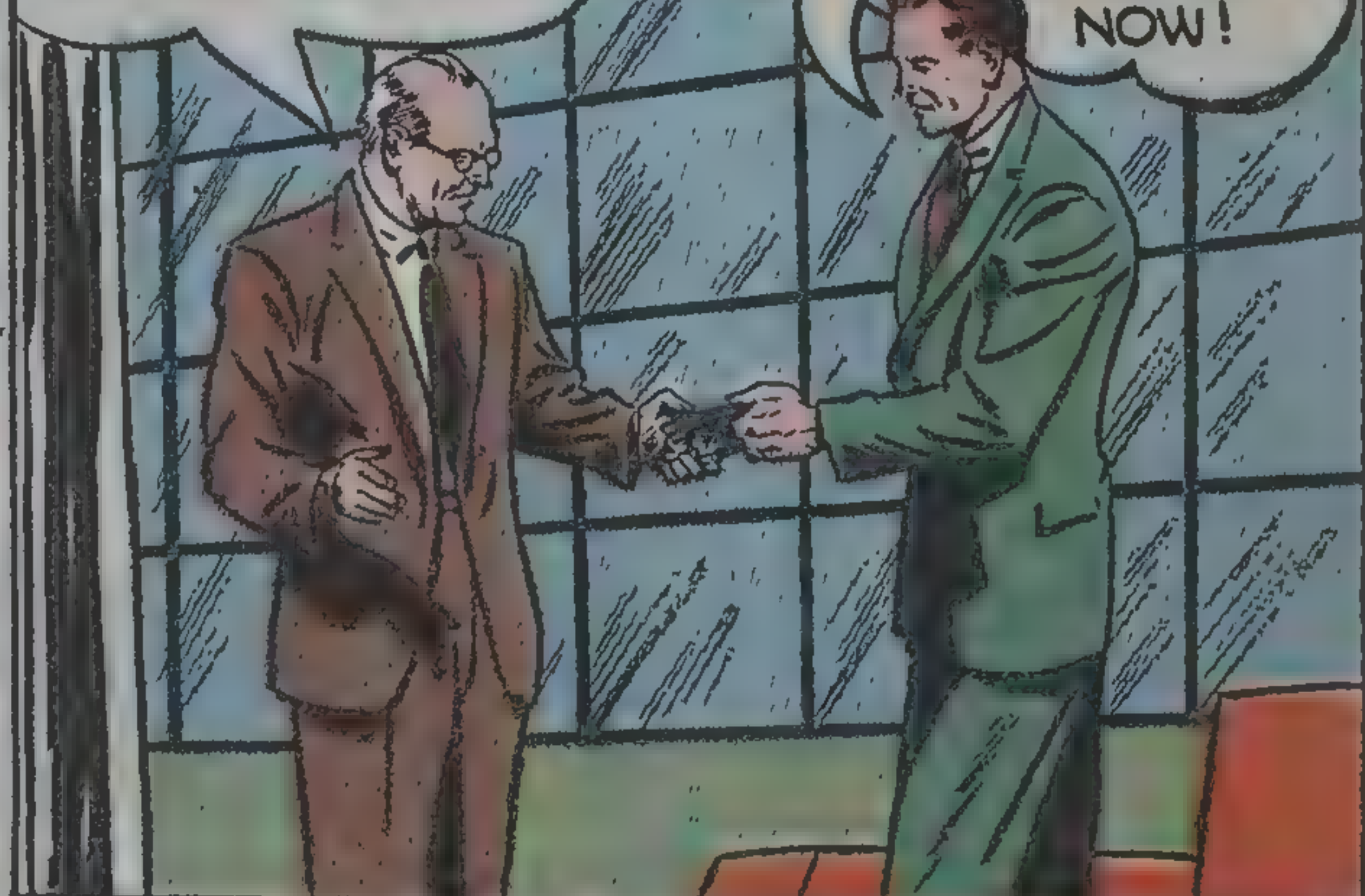
TRAVIS, HEARING THE CONFUSION, COMES OUT OF HIS PRIVATE OFFICE TO INVESTIGATE!



A SHORT TIME LATER!



—UNSOLVED CRIMES THAT MIGHT STILL BE SOLVED! SEE IT? WE COULD CALL IT—"MURDER WILL OUT"! I'D START WITH THE GORDON MURDER!



NEXT DAY...A DAY OF BIRTH
FOR A NEW COLUMN AND—

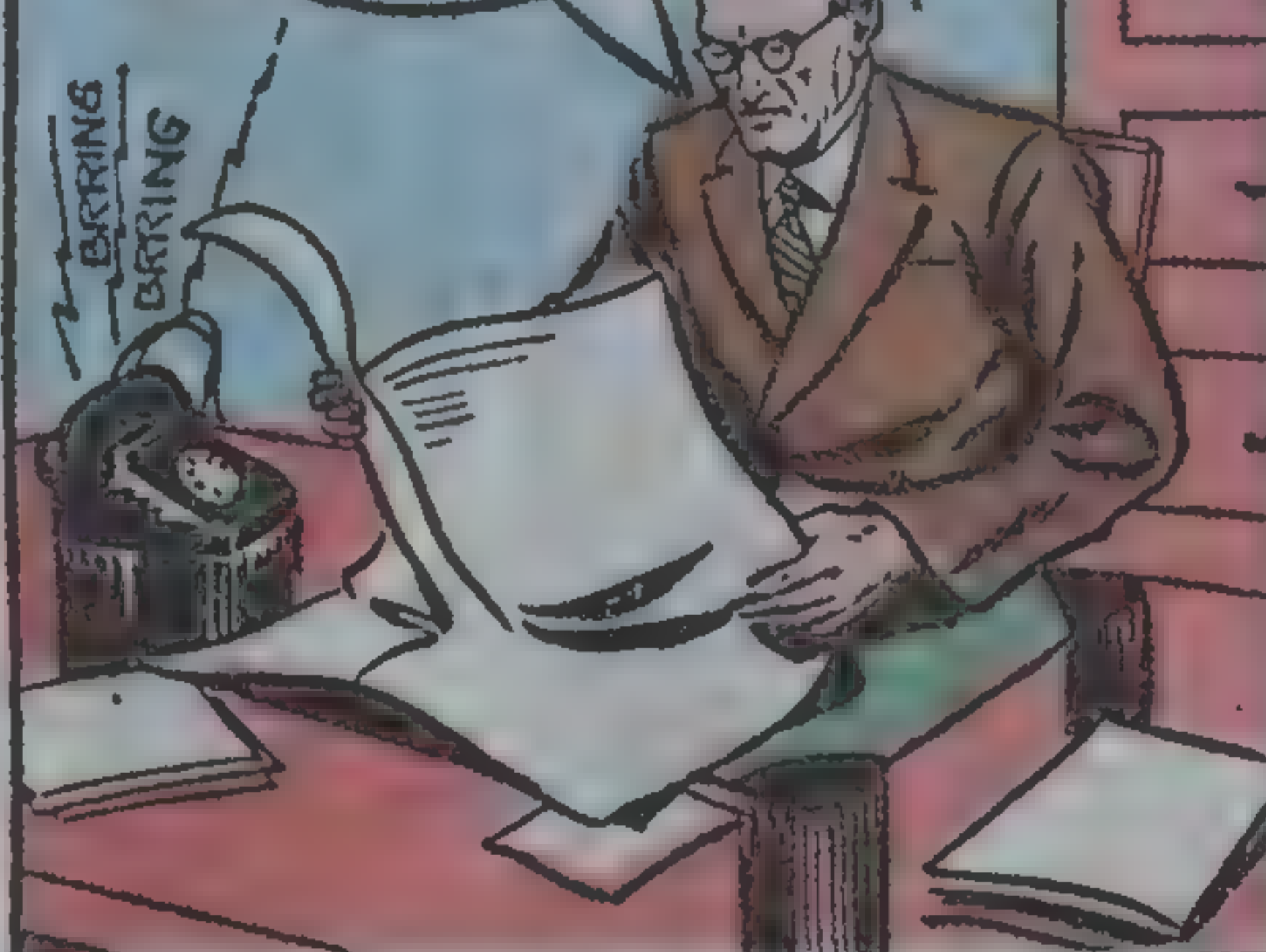
MURDER WILL OUT!

BY JOE HENDERSON.

Three men who could have helped to solve the Gordon Case had the D.A. called as his own witnesses all of the following men: Byers, Maretti, Longstreet. The Gordon Case would not be of the police books as an unsolved crime today! Each was a partner in the Gordon Importing Company and several little things about that business needed a looking into by the law. In fact if police still care to end the mystery of Gordon's death they can do it any day they give the three partners a good grilling down at headquarters. This suggests that they do it soon before OTHER parties that are interested in the same thing get to them first. Down at

—A DAY OF REBIRTH FOR AN OLD
REPORTER!

MY NEW COLUMN
OUGHT TO
MAKE THEM SIT
UP AND TAKE
NOTICE!



JOE, YOUR
COLUMN
TOUCHED OFF
DYNAMITE!
BYERS IS
DEAD—
MURDERED!

WHAT! GREAT GUNS,
MR. TRAVIS! THEN
THAT MEANS THE
OTHER WITNESSES
ARE IN DANGER...
TERRIBLE DANGER!



MARETTI! I'VE GOT
TO WARN HIM...THEY'LL
BE AFTER HIM NEXT!

HEY, HENDERSON!
WATCH OUT WHERE
YOU'RE GOIN',
WILL YUH!



AND AT THAT VERY MOMENT...A CHANGE IS GOING ON—

WING, I'VE A HUNCH THAT WE'RE
EVEN CLOSER TO THE SOLUTION
OF THIS OLD KILLING THAN JOE
SUSPECTS. I'M GOING TO WATCH
MARETTI...
HE MAY BE
NEXT!

VELLY SAD
FOR MIST'
MARETTI—BUT
YOU USUALLY
RIGHT, MIST'
TRAVIS!



FOR THE CHARACTER OF LEE TRAVIS IS BUT A CLOAK
TO MASK THE FAMOUS—CRIMSON AVENGER!

AND AT THIS VERY MOMENT... WITH TREMBLING
FINGERS...MR. MARETTI FRANTICALLY DIALS POLICE
HEADQUARTERS!

MY LIFE'S IN DANGER!
I DEMAND THAT YOU SEND
POLICE PROTECTION OVER
HERE AT ONCE! AT ONCE,
DO YOU HEAR?

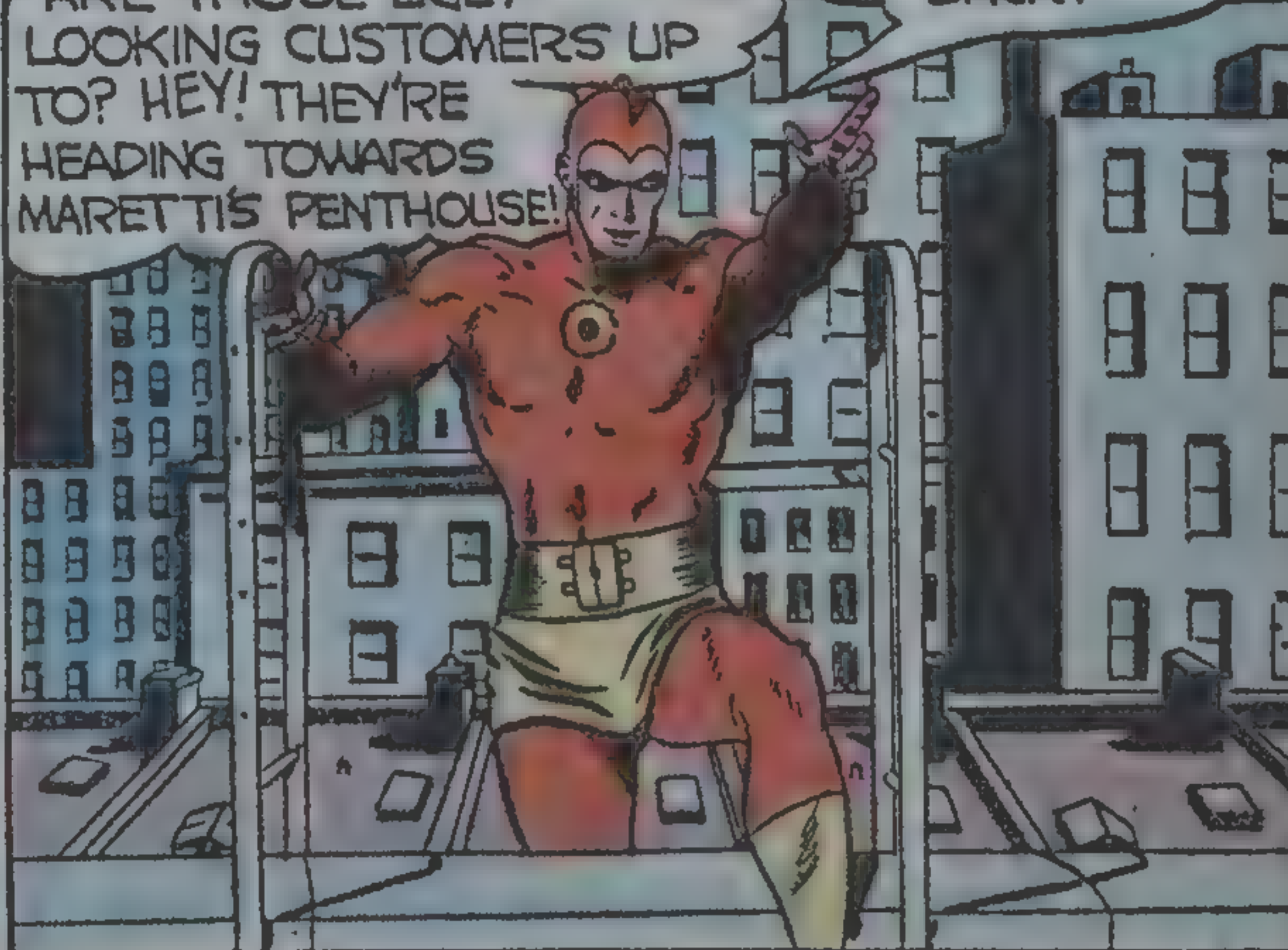
WE'LL HAVE
MEN OVER
IN FIFTEEN
MINUTES, MR.
MARETTI!

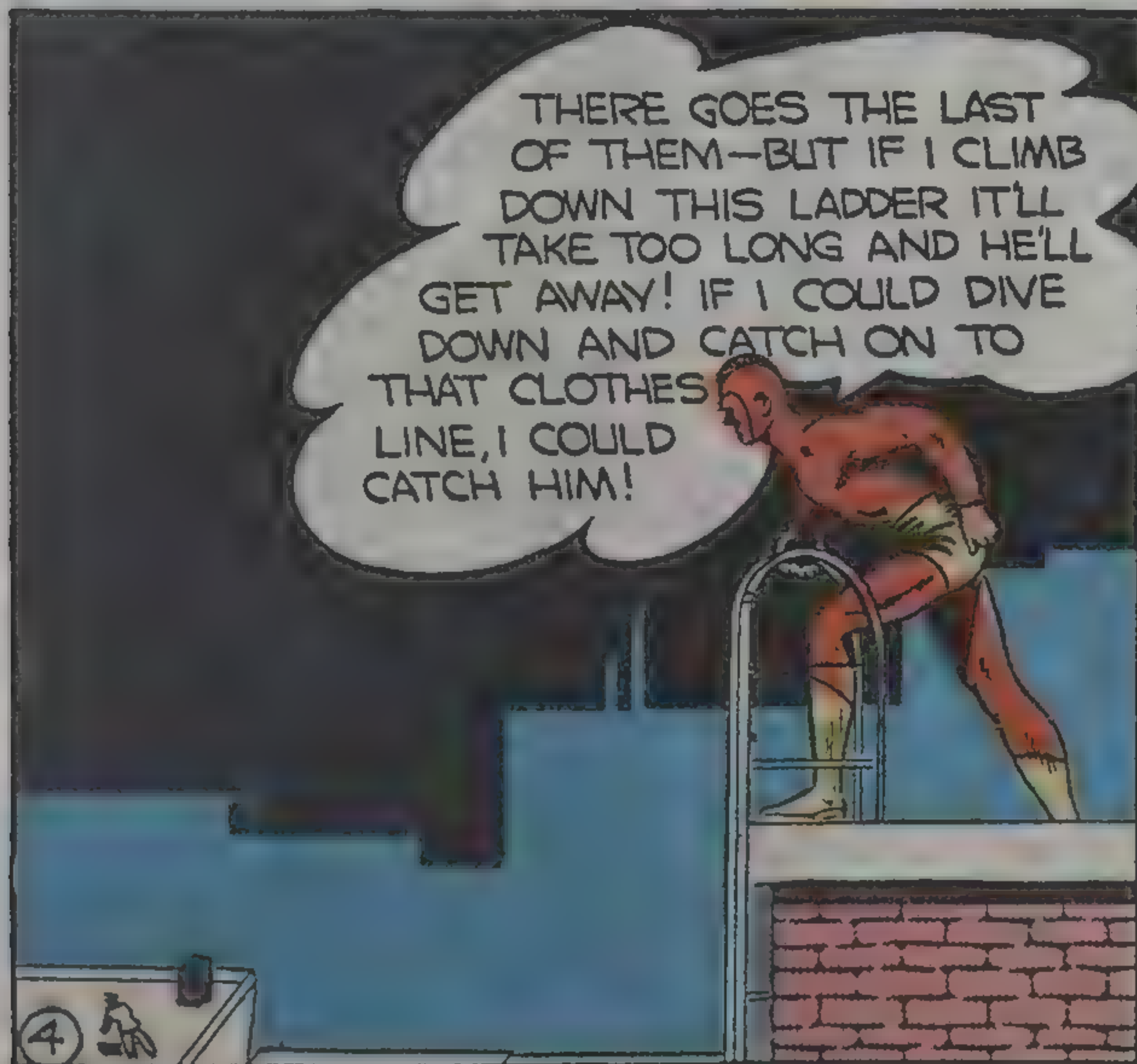
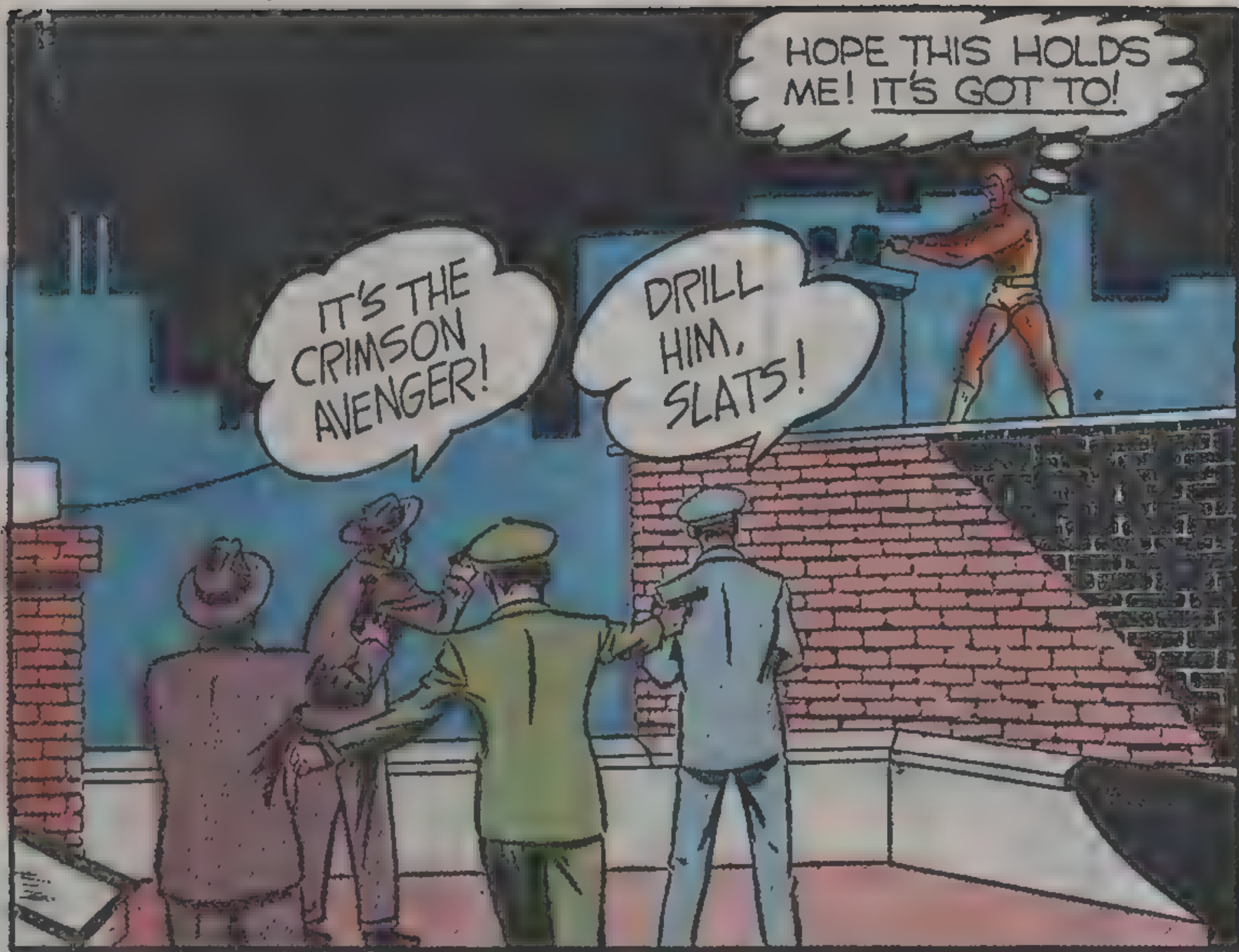


BUT HIGH OVER CITY ROOFTOPS SPEEDS MORE
POWERFUL HELP!

NOW JUST WHAT
ARE THOSE UGLY
LOOKING CUSTOMERS UP
TO? HEY! THEY'RE
HEADING TOWARDS
MARETTI'S PENTHOUSE!

HEY! STOP, YOU
MUGGS! COME
BACK!







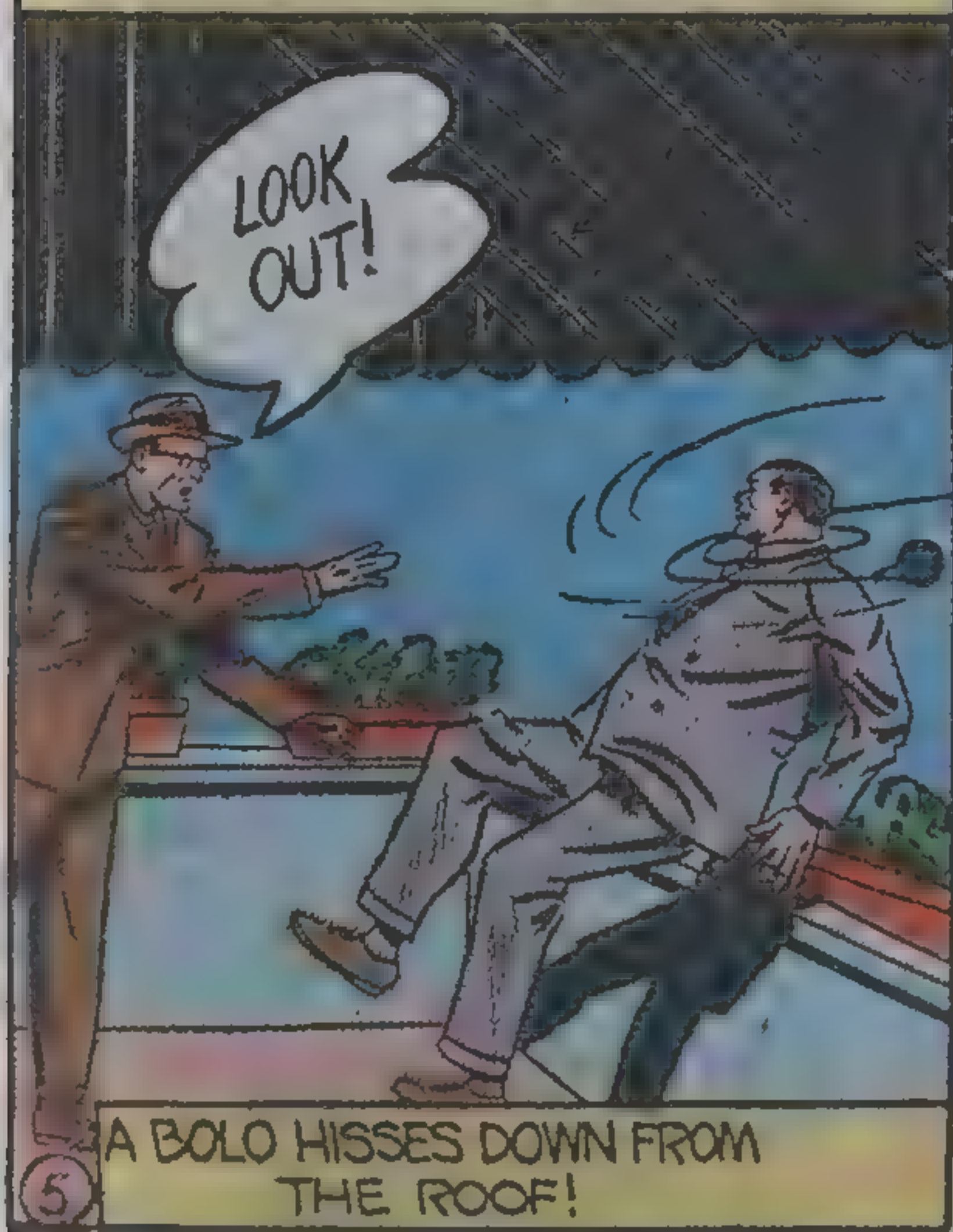
MEANWHILE, HENDERSON REACHES MARETTI'S PENTHOUSE!



THE ARGUMENT CONTINUES ON THE PENTHOUSE BALCONY!

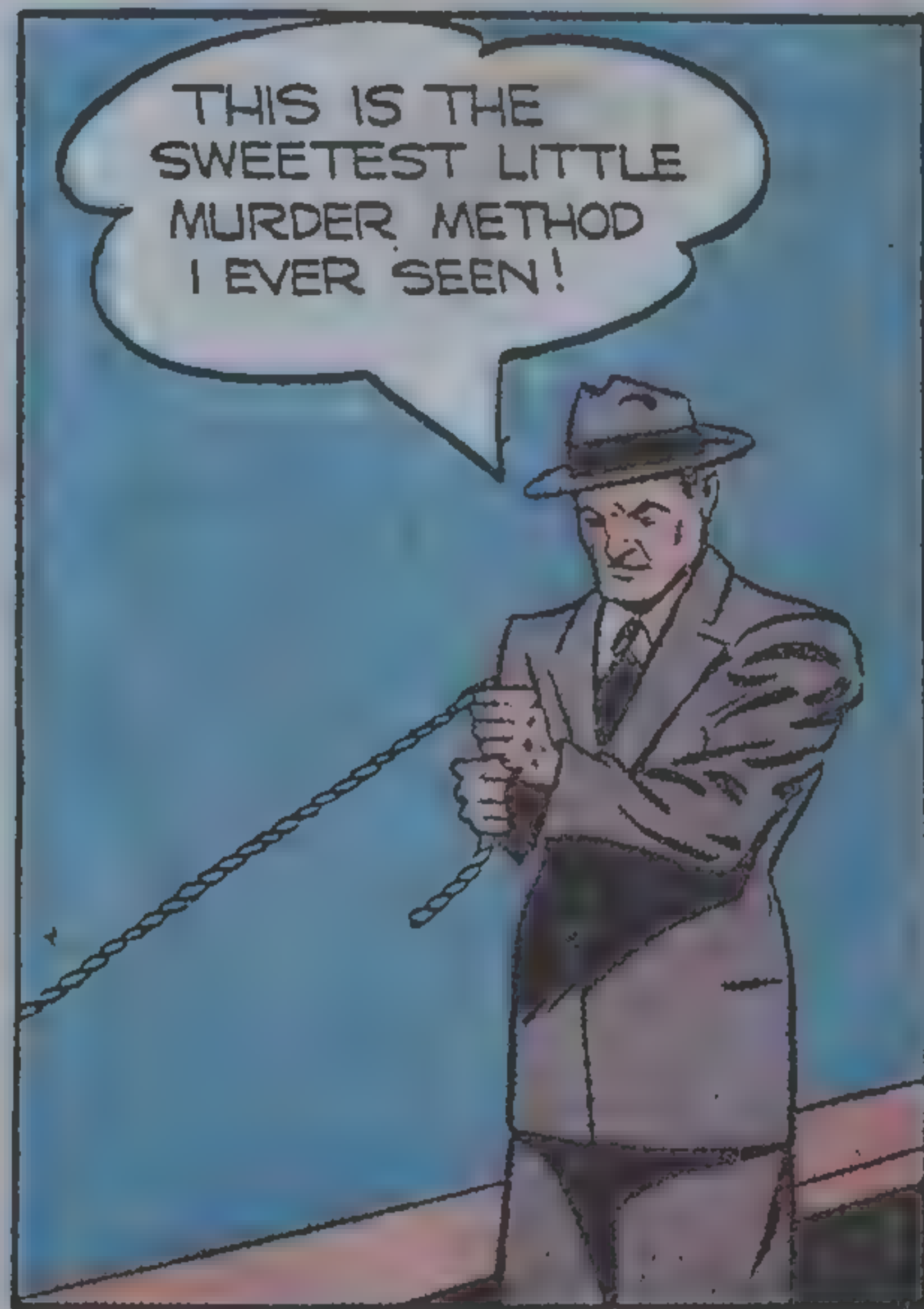
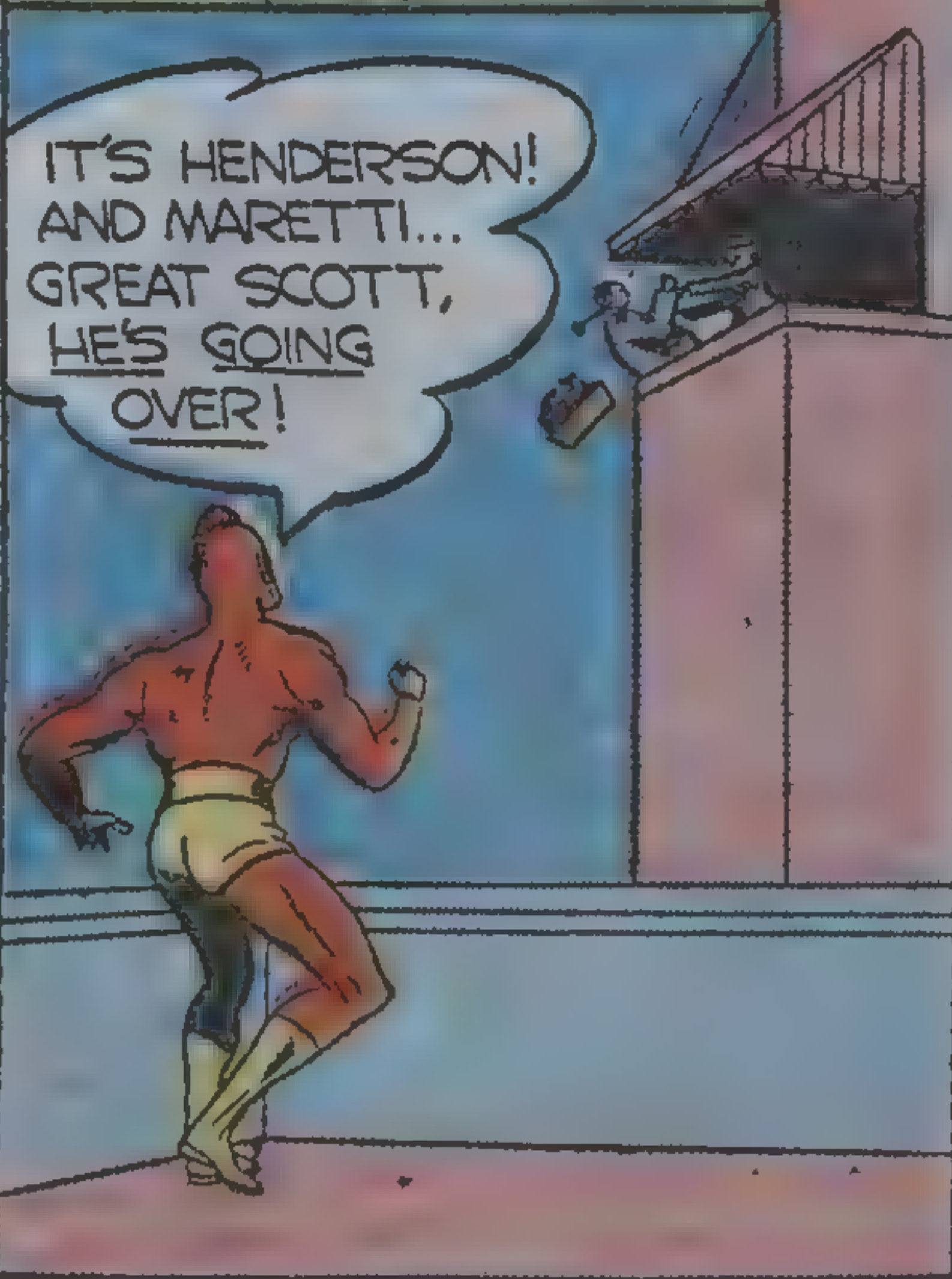


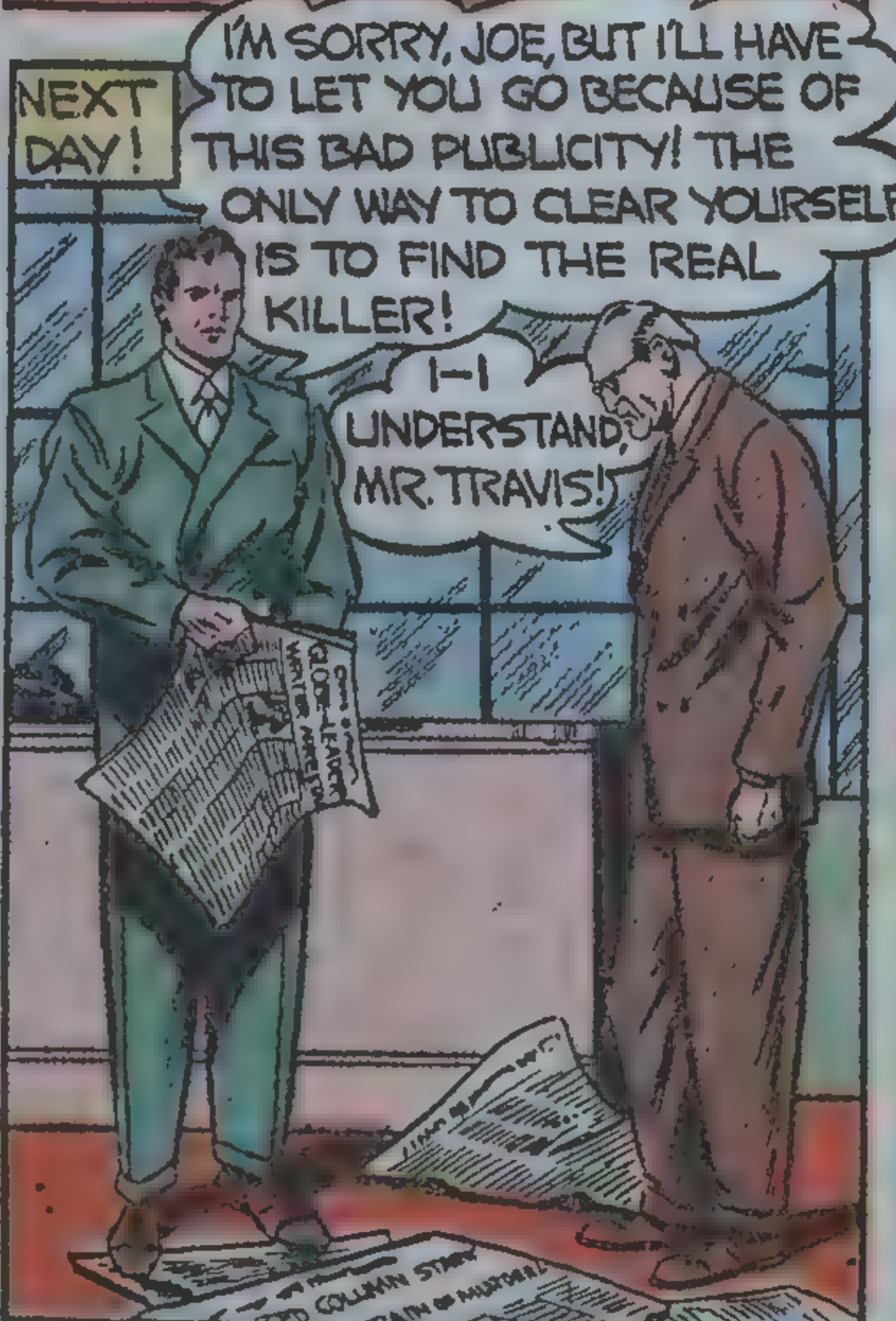
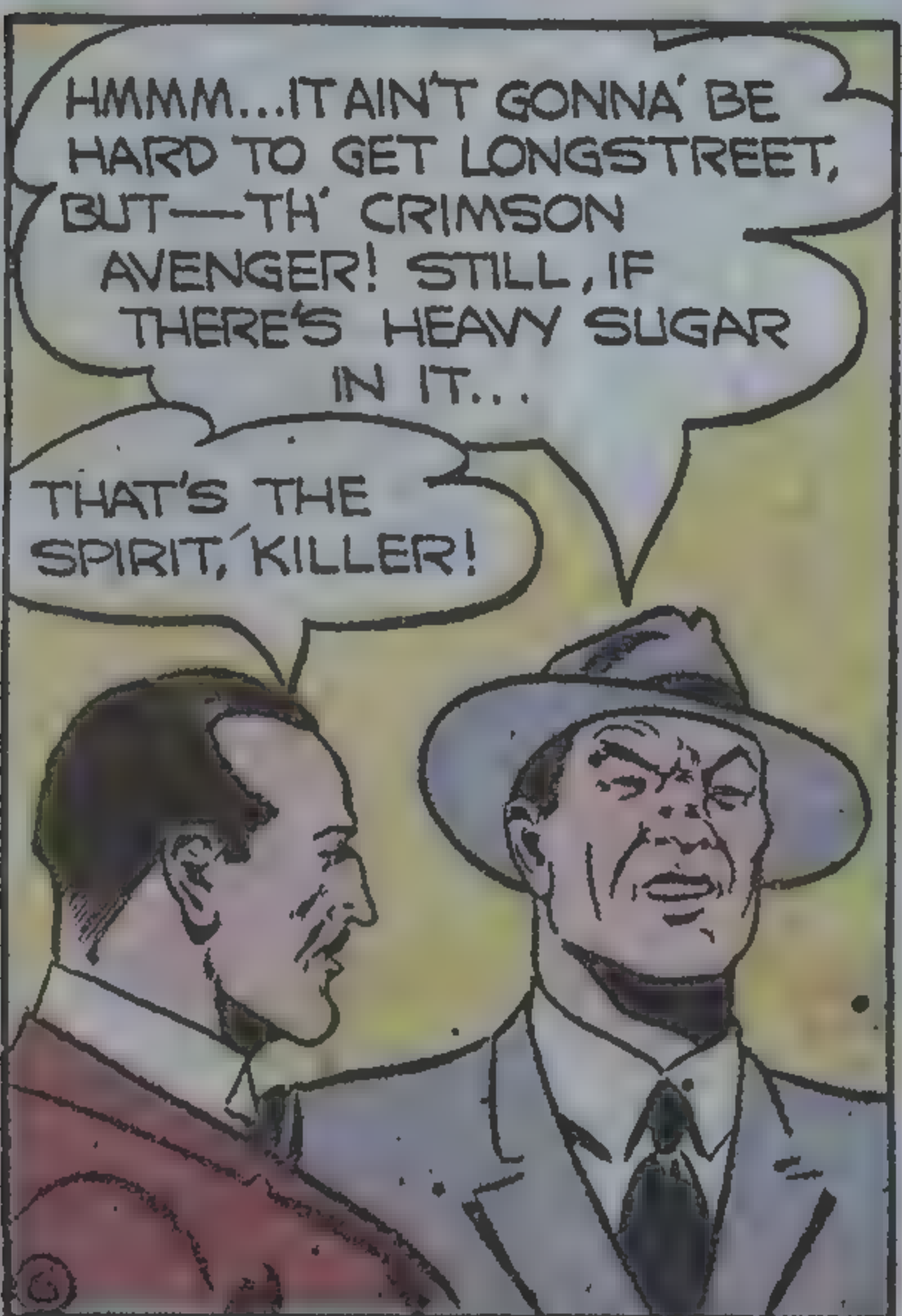
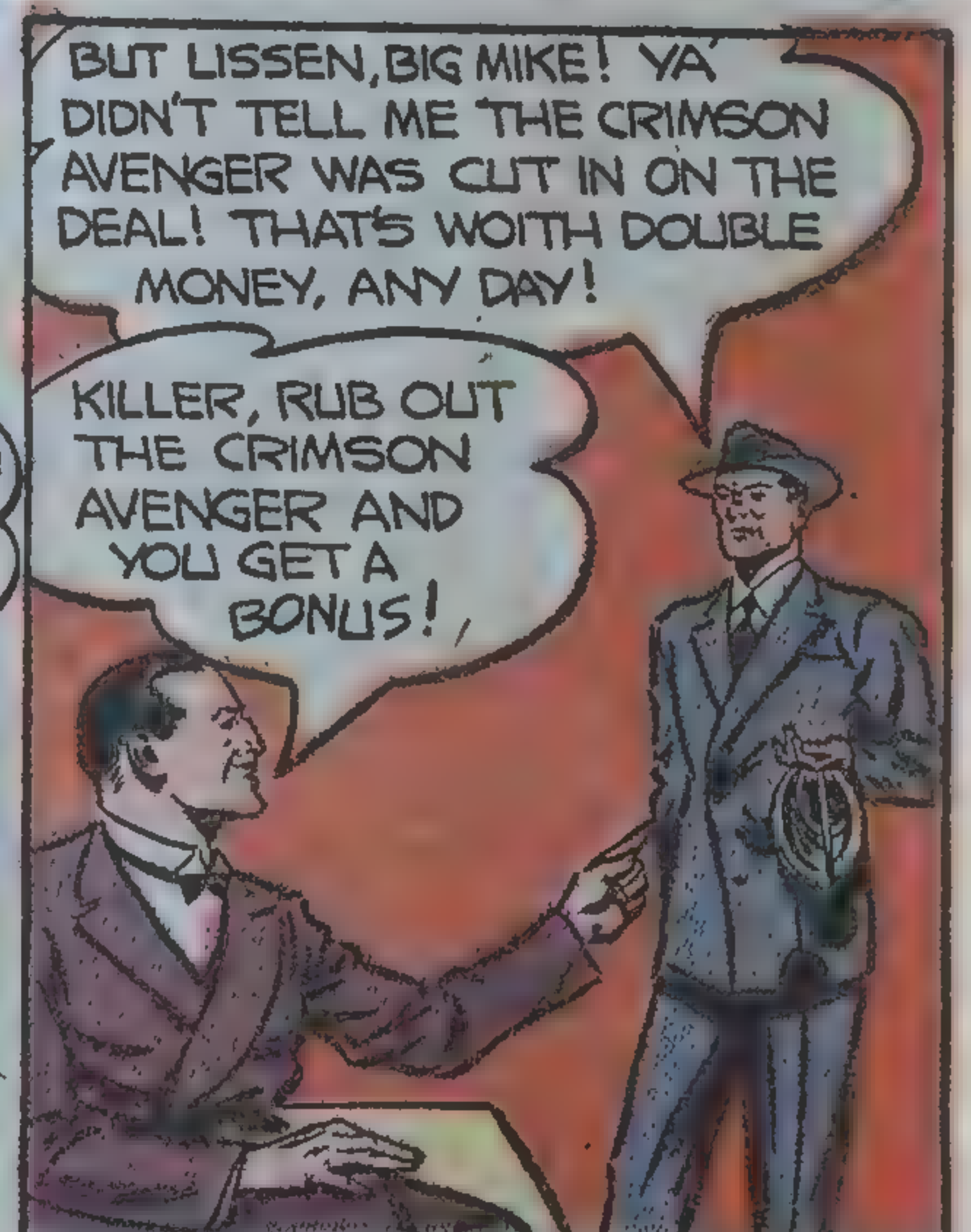
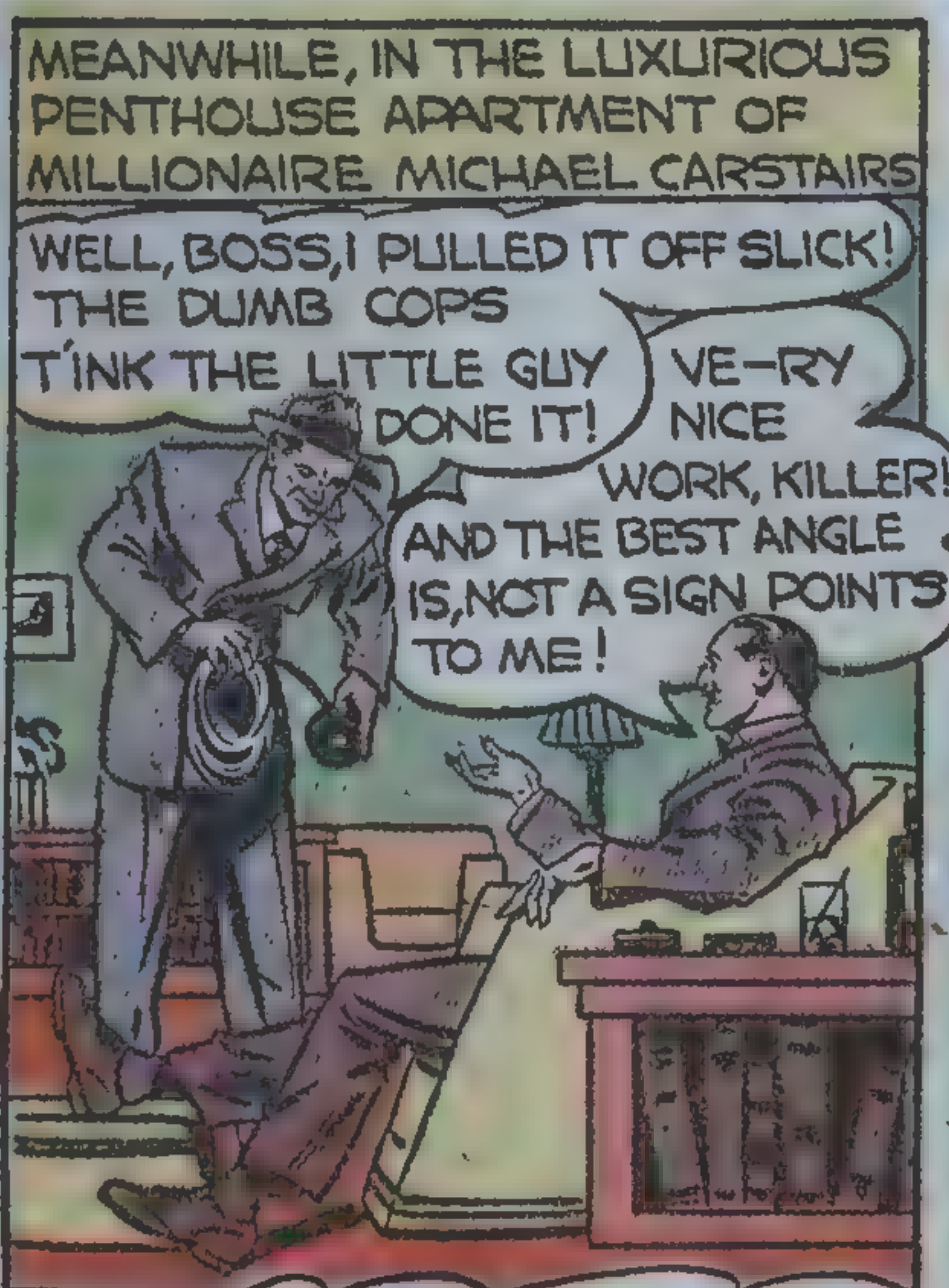
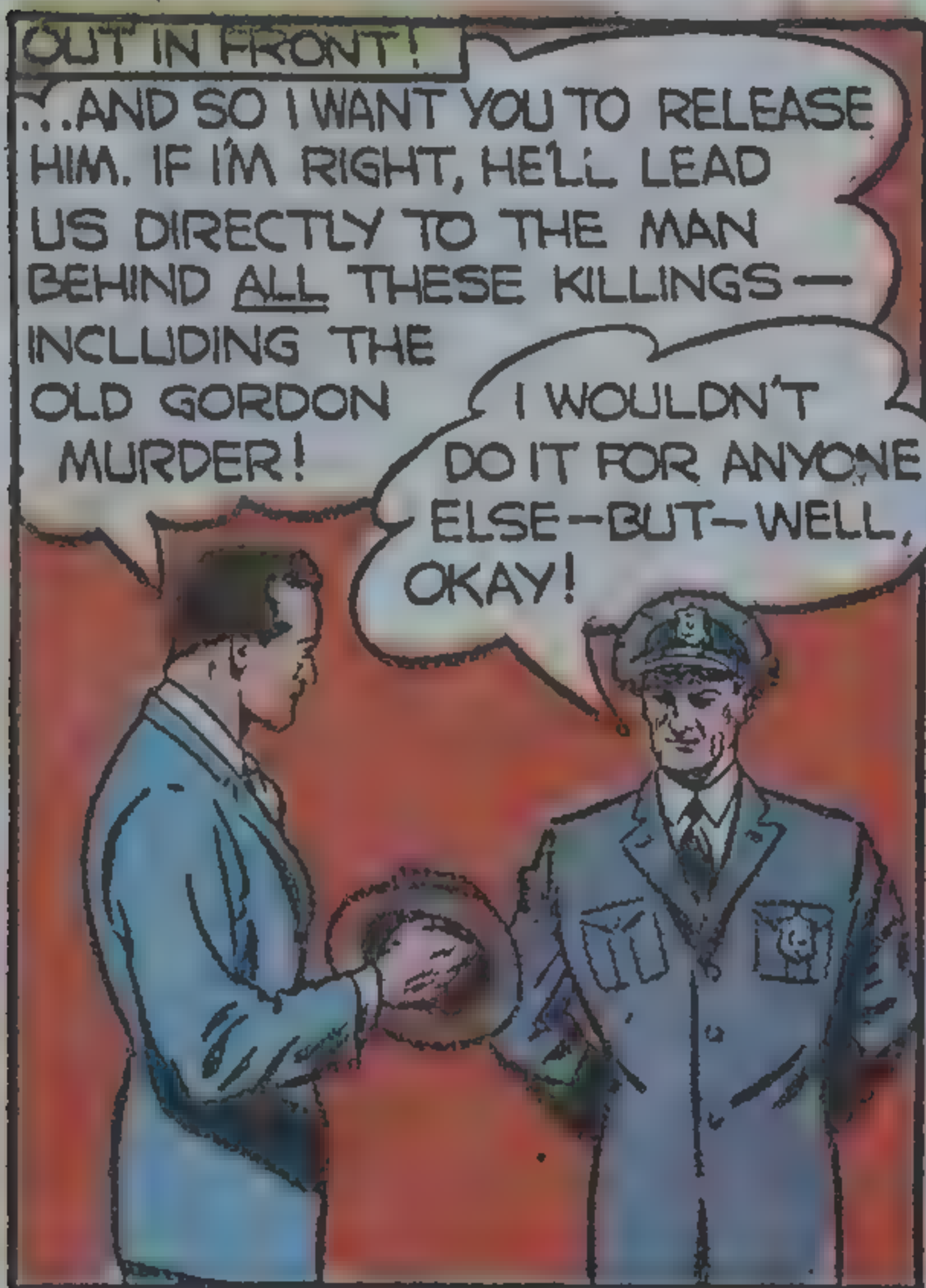
SUDDENLY, WITH THE SWIFTHNESS OF A STRIKING ADDER...



5 A BOLO HISSES DOWN FROM THE ROOF!

TOO LATE! THE SHORT-CUT WAS NOT QUITE SHORT ENOUGH!





TRYING TO CLEAR HIS NAME, HENDERSON COMBS THROUGH DUSTY FILES AND STUMBLES UPON A CLUE TO THE IDENTITY OF THE KILLER!

"BIG MIKE" CARSTAIRS, THE BOOT-LEGGER! SAY, WHAT A WONDERFUL FRONT THE GORDON IMPORTING CO. WOULD HAVE MADE FOR BOOT-LEGGING!... AND WHY DID THAT COMPANY SHOW NO ASSETS AFTER GORDON'S DEATH? AND NEXT YEAR "BIG MIKE" HAD AN EXPENSIVE ESTATE!

I'M GOING OUT THERE!

WHILE IN LEE TRAVIS' APARTMENT—AN AMAZING TRANSFORMATION!

I WARNED LONGSTREET HE'D BE RISKING HIS LIFE BY ATTENDING THE BANQUET TONIGHT... I'M TAKING HIS PLACE! KEEP ON MY TAIL, WING!

OKAY...AND REMEMBER—NO MORE PURSUING ACROSS ROOFS!

THAT NIGHT, TRAVIS' SUPERB ACTING ENABLES HIM TO CARRY OFF THE ROLE OF LONGSTREET!

...AND, ALTHOUGH I KNOW NONE OF YOU NEEDS REMINDING, BUY DEFENSE BONDS!

AFTER THE BANQUET!

GOOD NIGHT! HOME, WILSON!

SPEECH YOU MADE, I HEARD THEM SAY!

GOOD NIGHT, MR LONGSTREET! THAT WAS SURE A FINE

CIVIC CLUB

BUT THREE BLOCKS AWAY... A GRIM AND MURDEROUS UNMASKING!

GET 'EM UP, LONGSTREET! FAST!

SO! I'VE WALKED INTO THE LION'S DEN!

BUT HAVEN'T YOU EVER HEARD OF A WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING?

I'LL SOON HAVE YOU SNUG IN JAIL—RAT!

BUT A SLY HAND FUMBLES FURTIVELY FOR A CERTAIN LEVER, AND —

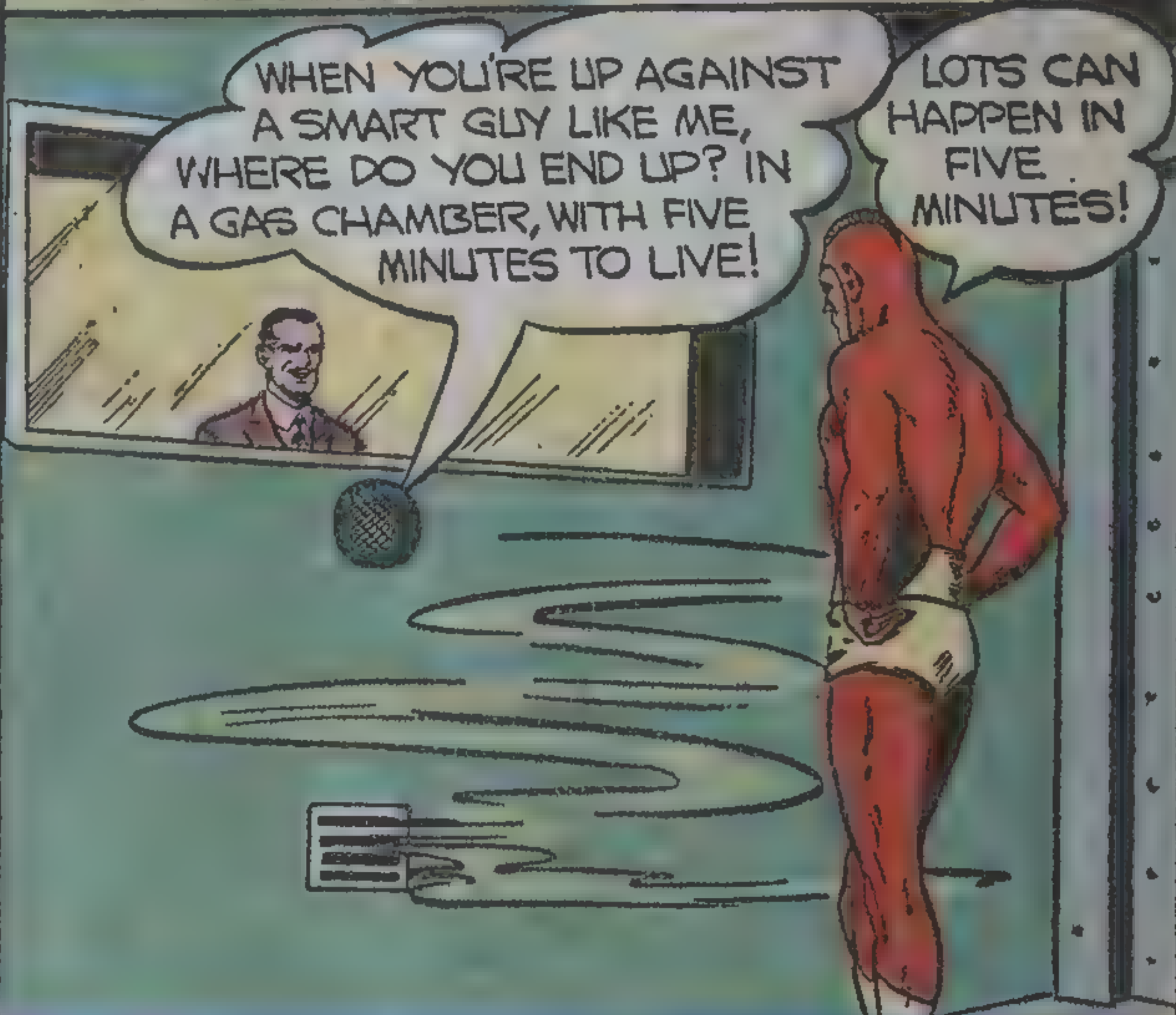
888

-UNLEASHED BY THE LEVER... A WEIGHTED NET ENMESHERS THE CRIMSON AVENGER!



TANKS, AVENGER! BELIEVE IT OR NOT, BUT TO ME YOU'RE "NET PROFIT"!

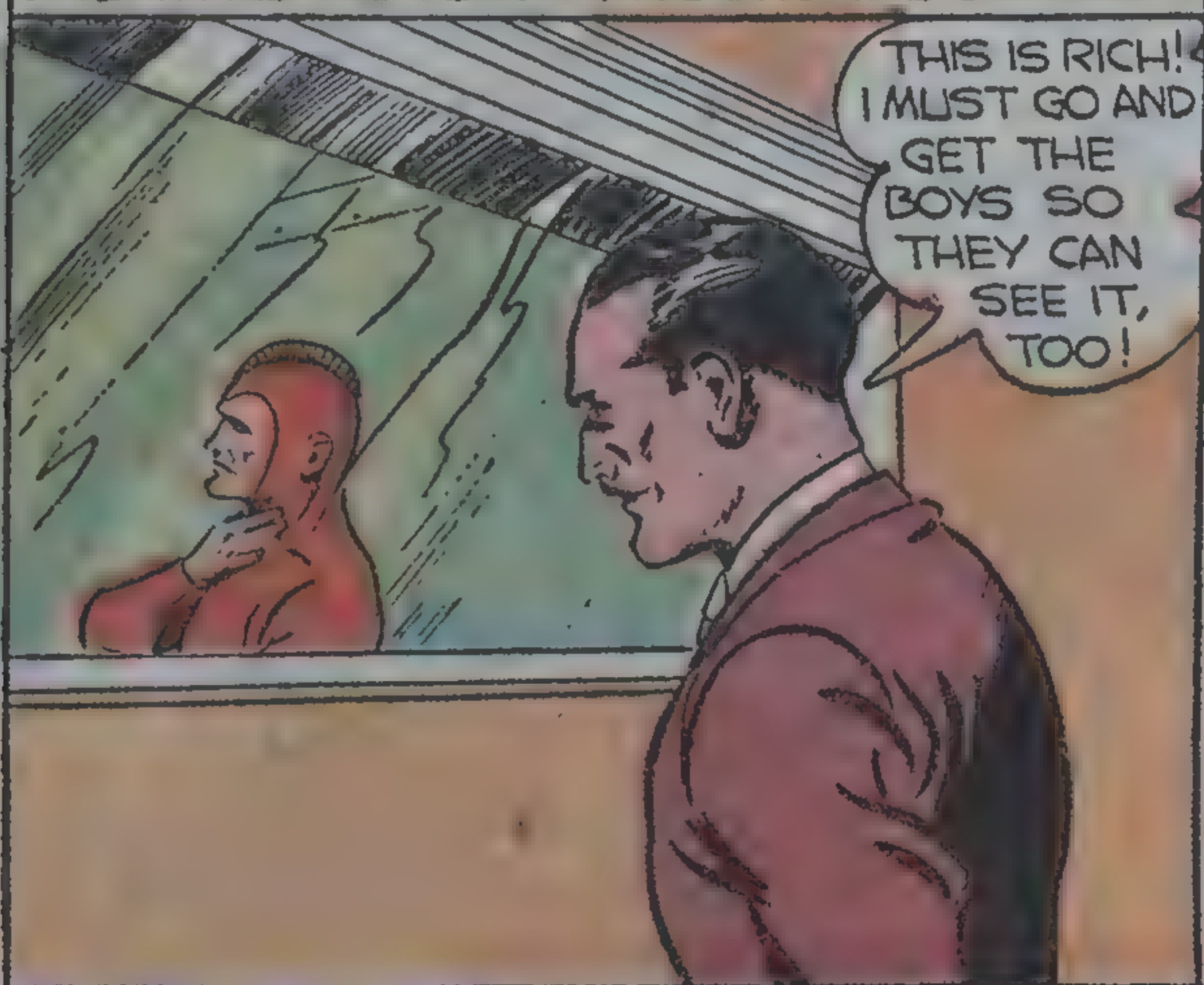
AT MICHAEL CARSTAIRS' COUNTRY ESTATE!



WHEN YOU'RE UP AGAINST A SMART GUY LIKE ME, WHERE DO YOU END UP? IN A GAS CHAMBER, WITH FIVE MINUTES TO LIVE!

LOTS CAN HAPPEN IN FIVE MINUTES!

THE CRIMSON AVENGER FIGHTS VALIANTLY FOR BREATH AS THE FUMES HISS INTO THE CHAMBER!



THIS IS RICH! I MUST GO AND GET THE BOYS SO THEY CAN SEE IT, TOO!

BUT HENDERSON, FOLLOWING THE TRAIL FROM HIS OLD CLIPPINGS, HAS TRACKED THE KILLER TO HIS LAIR!



I MUST GET HIM OUT OF HERE... BUT THE... GAS... IT'S GETTING... ME... TOO...

JUST AS JOE BEGINS TO PASS OUT FROM THE FUMES, WING ARRIVES IN TIME TO SAVE THE DAY!



...UH... CAN'T... BREATHE... GO... GOING... TO... FAINT...

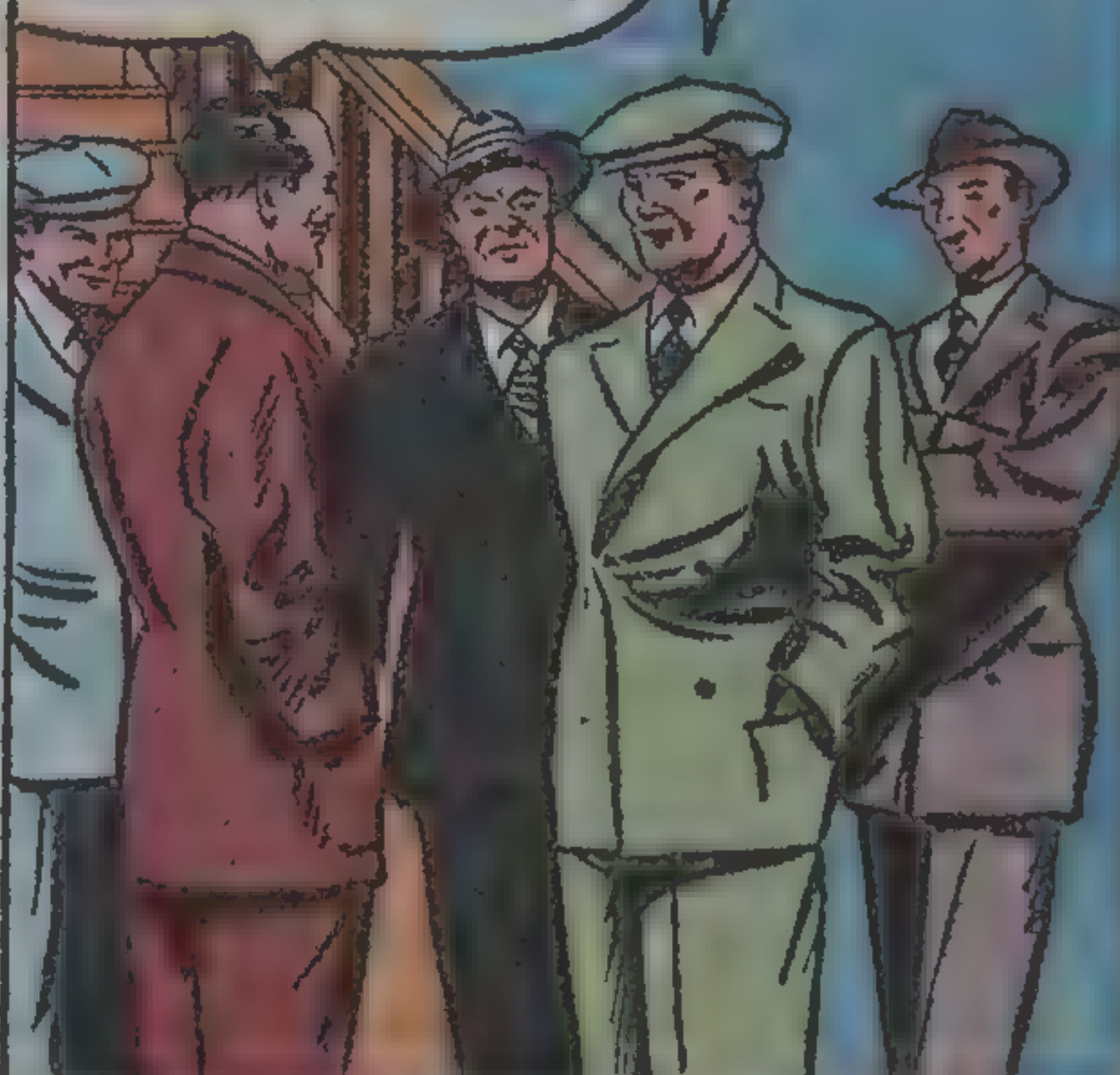
MIST' TLAVIS! MIST' TLAVIS! CLOCKS ALL TOGETHER DOWNSTAIRS! YOU HURRY, MAYBE WE CLEAN UP GANG! MIST' HENDERSON STILL UNCONSCIOUS. WE LEAVE BEFORE HE COME TO!

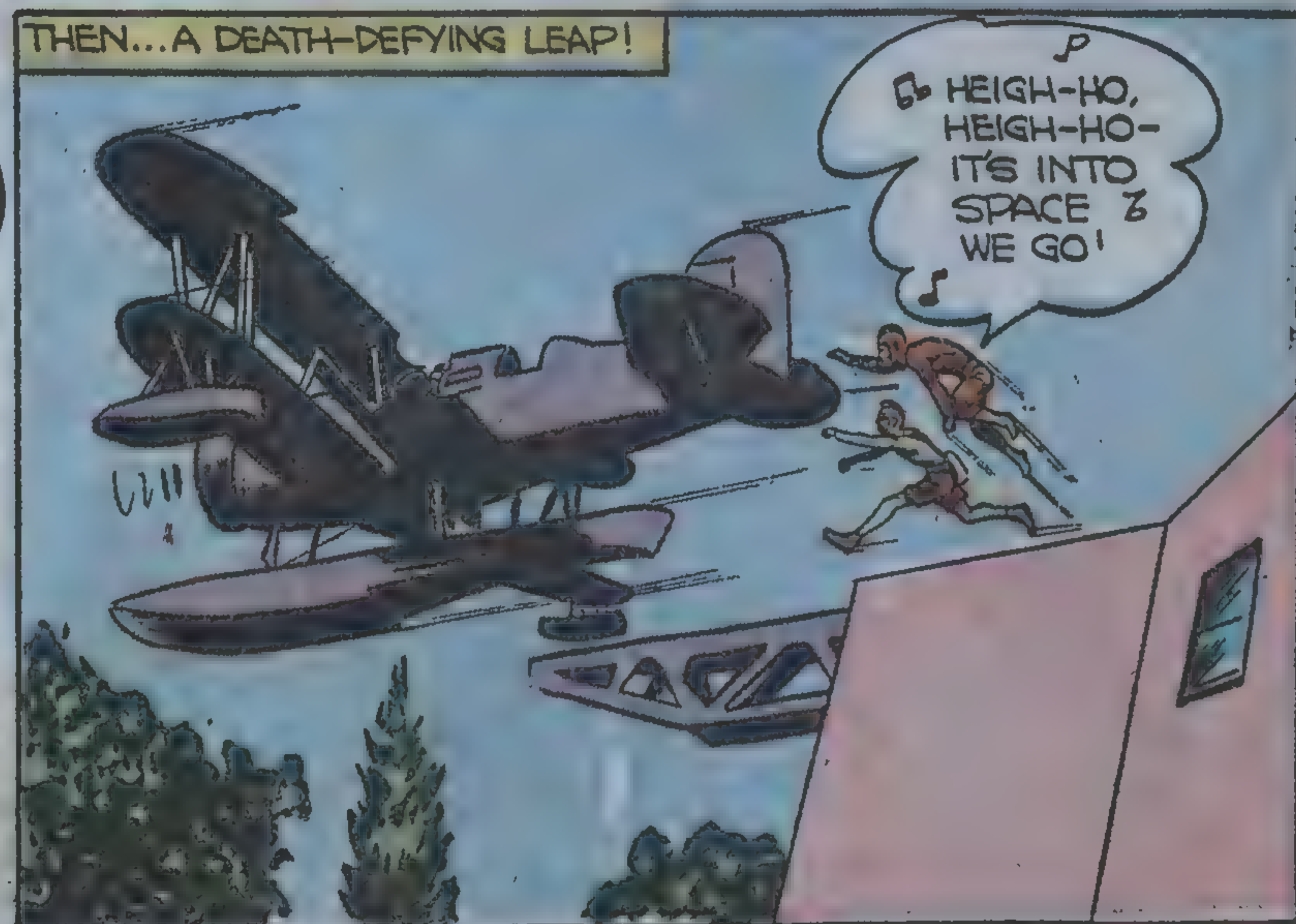
WHAT... WING... ONE SECOND... OKAY... LET'S GO!



MEANWHILE! YOU MEAN TO TELL US YOU GOT THE AVENGER UPSTAIRS IN THE GAS CHAMBER, BOSS?

THAT'S RIGHT—COME ALONG AND SEE!





THOUSANDS OF FEET UP—ON ITS CLOUDY STAGE—THE LAST ACT OF A DESPERATE DRAMA UNFOLDS...

QUICK, WING—
TRY TO GET
INTO THE
COCKPIT FROM
THE OTHER SIDE!
I'LL TAKE IT FROM
HERE!

HA! THIS TIME
IT IS YOUR
FINISH, YOU
FOOL!

FIRE—!!

THIS IS IT,
WING! I HOPE
YOUR IDEA
WORKS—

ATTA
BOY, WING!
BIG SHOT—
BAD SHOT!

A FLAMING FUNERAL PYRE, THE PLANE
SCREAMS EARTHWARD!

WELL, WING,
I'M GLAD YOU
GOT WORRIED
AND STARTED
WEARING A
CHUTE WHEN
I TOLD YOU
ABOUT MY
LEAP FROM
THE ROOF!

WING
GLAD IDEA
WORKED—IF
UNSUCCESSFUL,
WING LOSE
GOOD JOB!

NEXT DAY!

I KNEW GORDON'S PARTNERS
WERE HONEST—BUT I KNEW
THEY WERE FRIGHTENED!
IN "MURDER WILL OUT", I
HINTED THEY KNEW MORE
THAN THEY TOLD—BIG
MIKE GOT
PANKKY
THEN!

SPLENDID WORK, HENDERSON! LONGSTREET
TOLD US THE WHOLE STORY. BYERS,
MARETTI AND HE
WERE ON GORDON'S
YACHT WHEN BIG
MIKE SHOT GORDON!
THEY WERE FORCED
INTO BIG MIKE'S
BOOTLEGGING
BUSINESS...SO THEY
DIDN'T DARE TALK.
YOUR COLUMN DID
A GOOD JOB FOR
THE LAW, JOE!

FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF THE MEN BEHIND THE HEAD-
LINES, AS THE CRIMSON AVENGER BRINGS BACK THE SCOOP
OF HIS CAREER IN THE NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE!

10) SUDDENLY—A PARACHUTE REPRIEVE!

HONEST INJUN!



UGH! IS MUCH TRUE THAT
 SUPER-BIG 96-PAGE
 WORLD'S FINEST COMICS
 IS WORLD'S FINEST BUY!
 HAS IN IT SUPERMAN
 AND BATMAN BOTH
 --AND MUCH OTHERS!
 CATCHUM ALSO
 ALL STORIES
 BRAND-NEW
 --NO CHEATUM
 PUBLIC WITH
 REPRINTS!

NOW ON
 SALE!



SURE-FIRE FORMULA!

MIX EQUAL PARTS OF YOUR
 FIVE FAVORITE FEATURES---
 GREEN ARROW, VIGILANTE,
 STAR-SPANGLED KID,
 CRIMSON AVENGER AND
 SHINING KNIGHT---AND

WOW! LOOK
 WHAT YOU
 GET!!



NOW ON SALE!

SPY

"FOLLOW THAT MAN!" SUCH AN ORDER SENDS THE SECRET SERVICE ONTO A TRAIL THAT LEADS THEY KNOW NOT WHERE! IN THE CASE OF ACE AGENT **BART REGAN**, THE TRAIL LED TO MURDER WHEN THE WRONG MAN BOUGHT A NICKEL'S WORTH OF ...

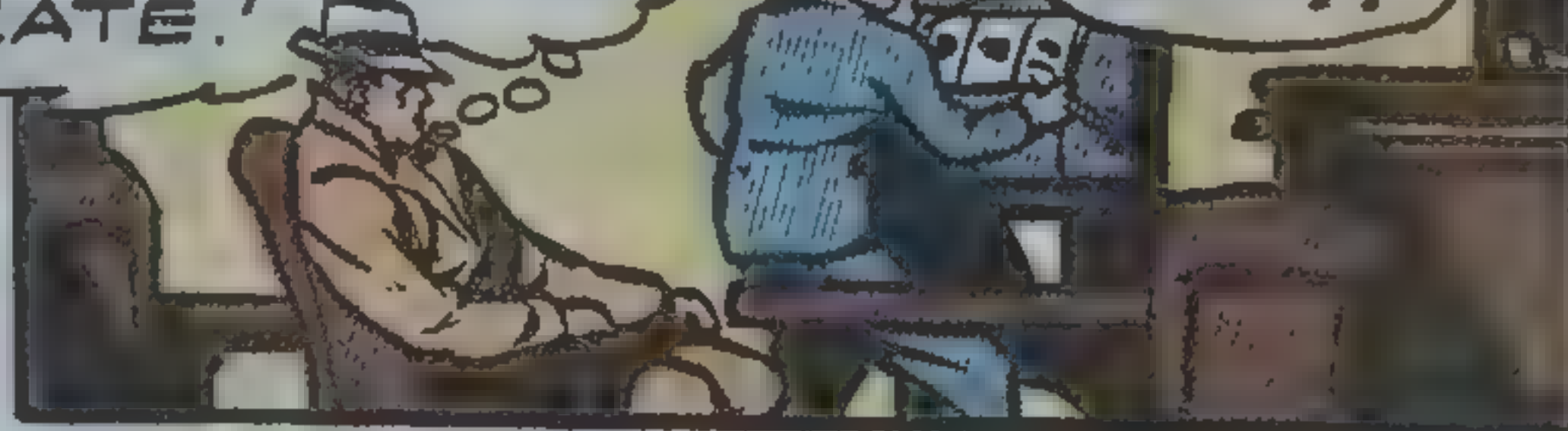
"LITTLE DISCS OF DEATH!!"



THE TRAIL OF A SPY SUSPECT IS BEGINNING TO WEAR ON BART REGAN'S NERVES...

PHOOEY!! FOR THREE DAYS, ALL MY MAN HAS DONE IS WANDER AROUND AND PLAY SLOT MACHINES. I'LL NEVER GET TO THE SPY-MASTER AT THIS RATE.

HEY, BARKEEP!! DON'T THIS CRACKERBOX NEVER PAY OFF??



I BEEN PLAYING THIS AN HOUR WIT'OUT HITTIN'!

TRY THAT ONE BACK THERE! MEBBE IT'LL BRING YUH LUCK!

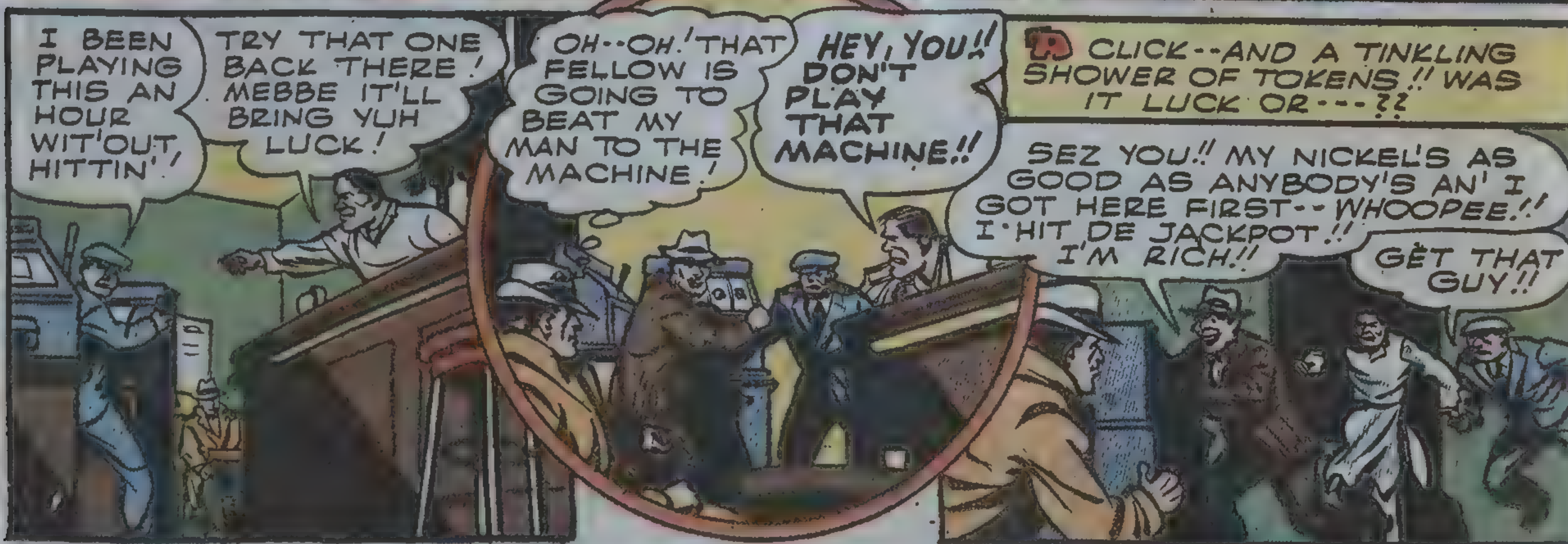
OH--OH! THAT FELLOW IS GOING TO BEAT MY MAN TO THE MACHINE!

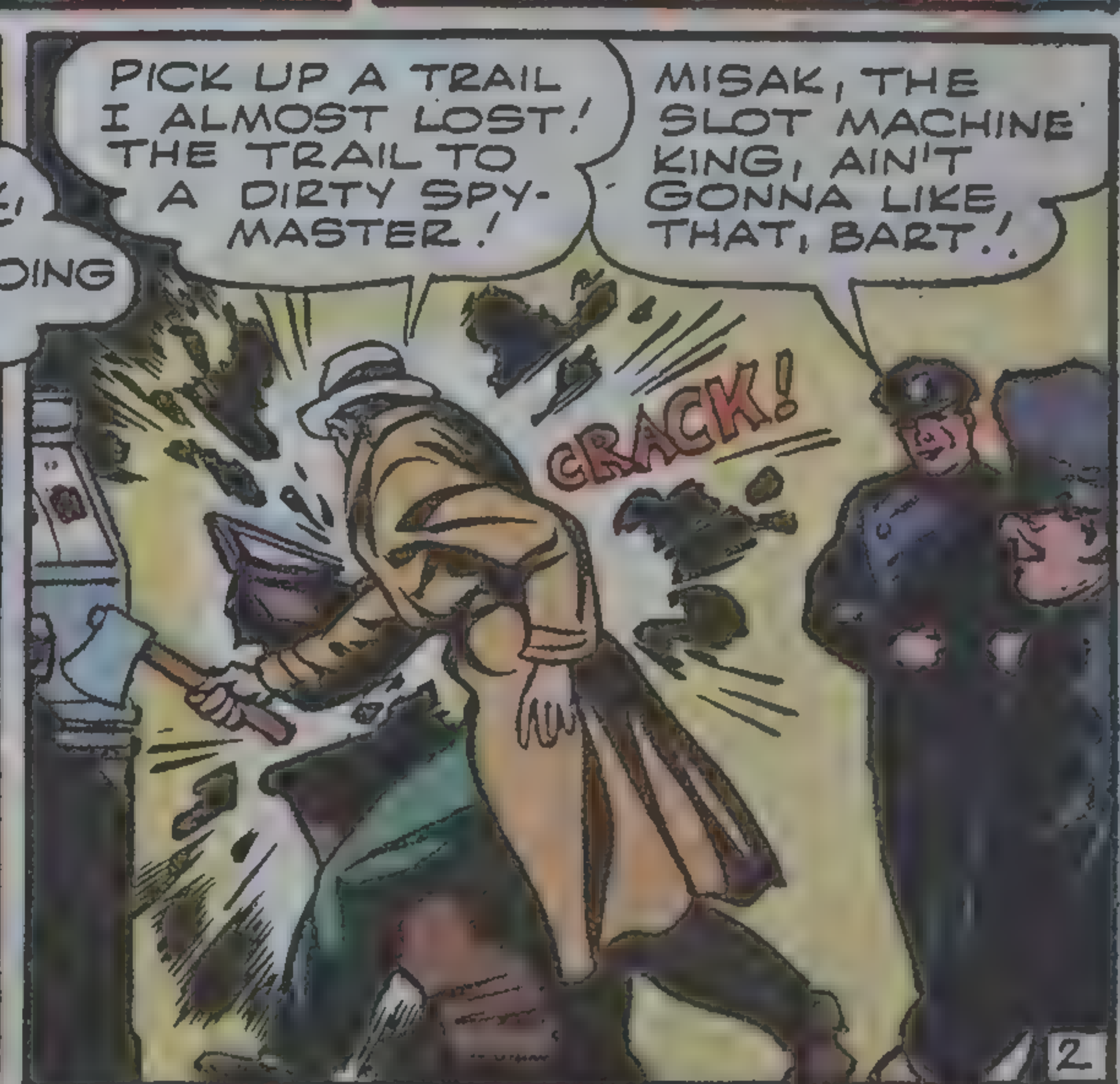
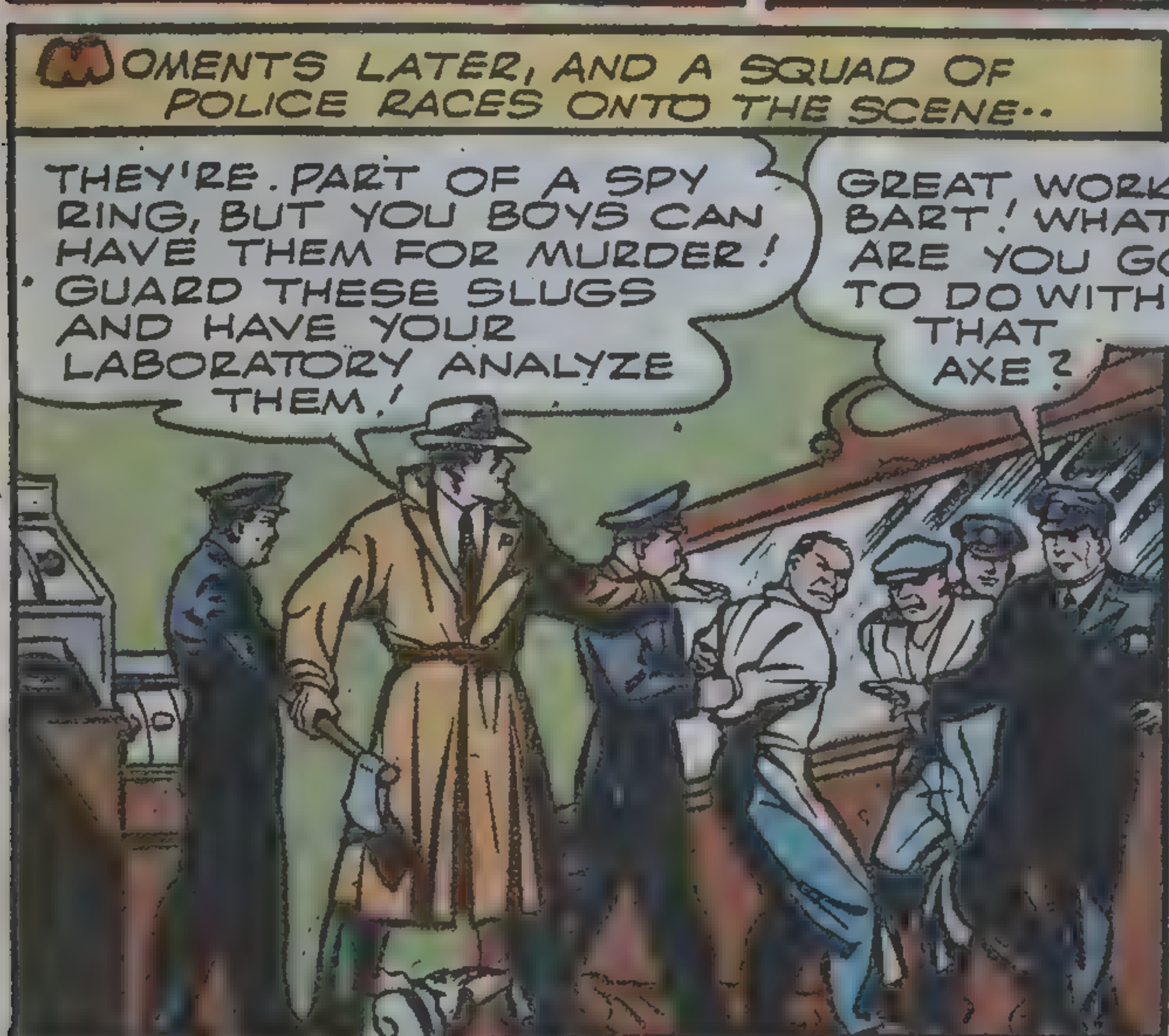
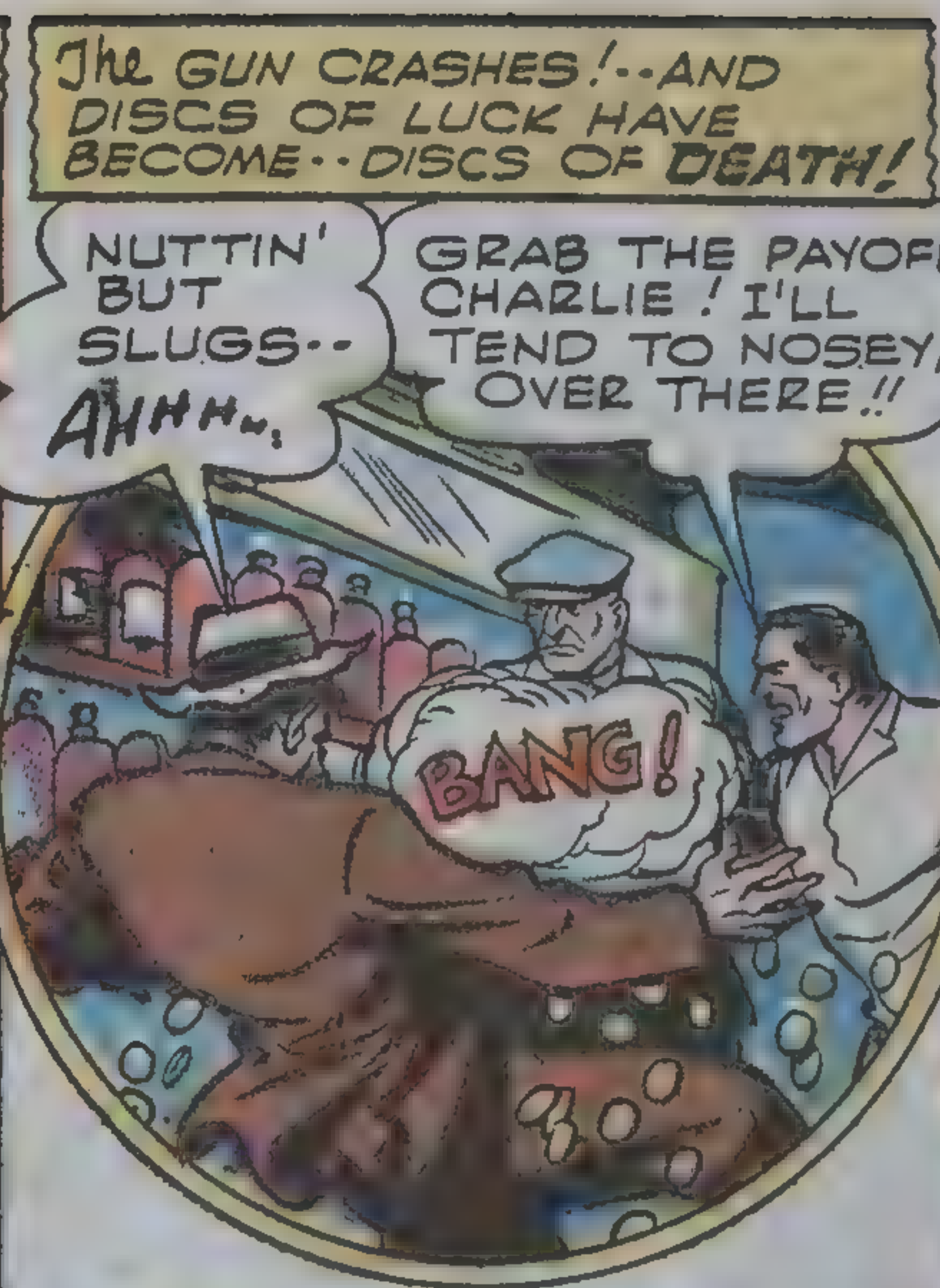
HEY, YOU!! DON'T PLAY THAT MACHINE!!

CLICK--AND A TINKLING SHOWER OF TOKENS!! WAS IT LUCK OR---??

SEZ YOU!! MY NICKEL'S AS GOOD AS ANYBODY'S AN' I GOT HERE FIRST--WHOOPEE!! I HIT DE JACKPOT!! I'M RICH!!

GET THAT GUY!!

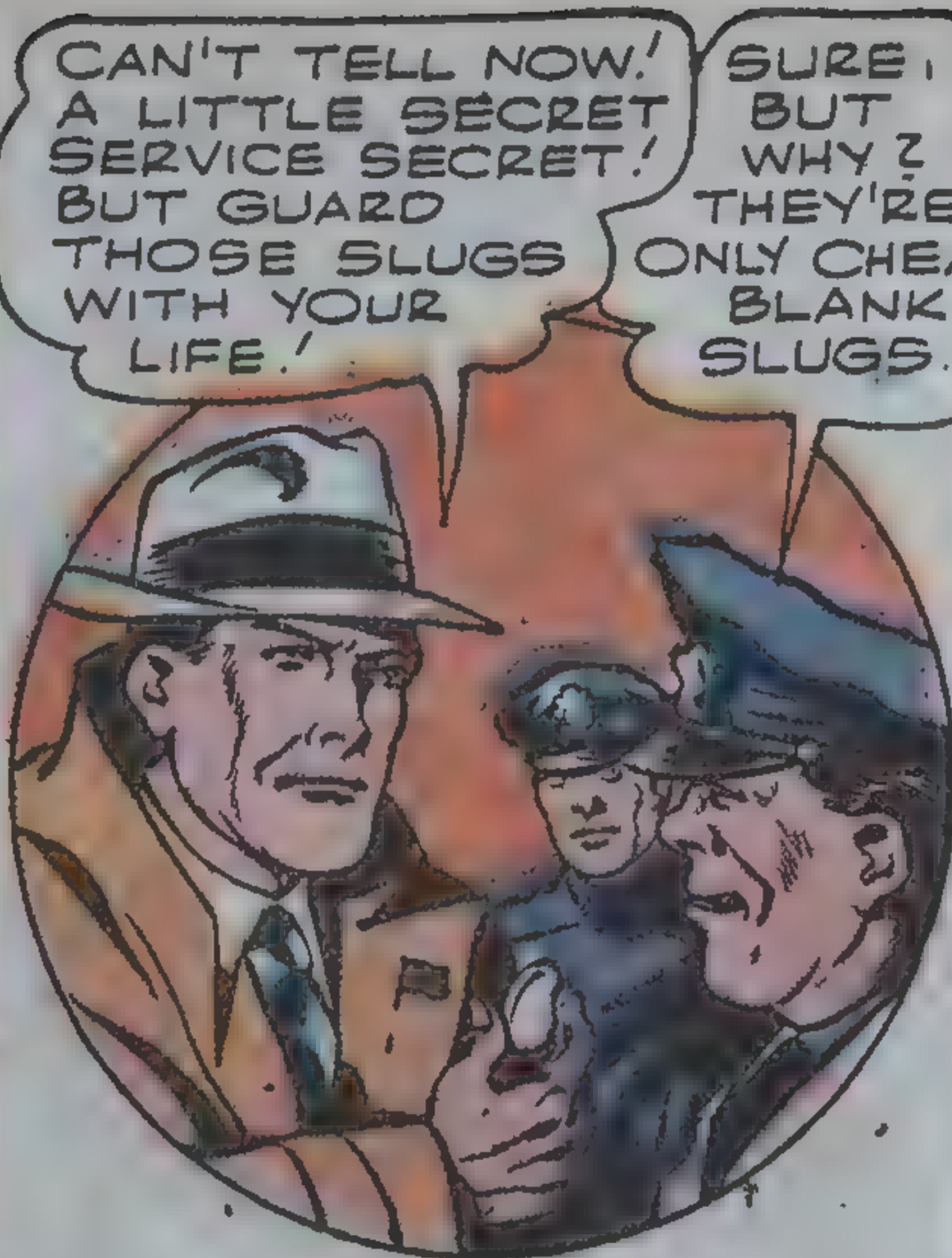






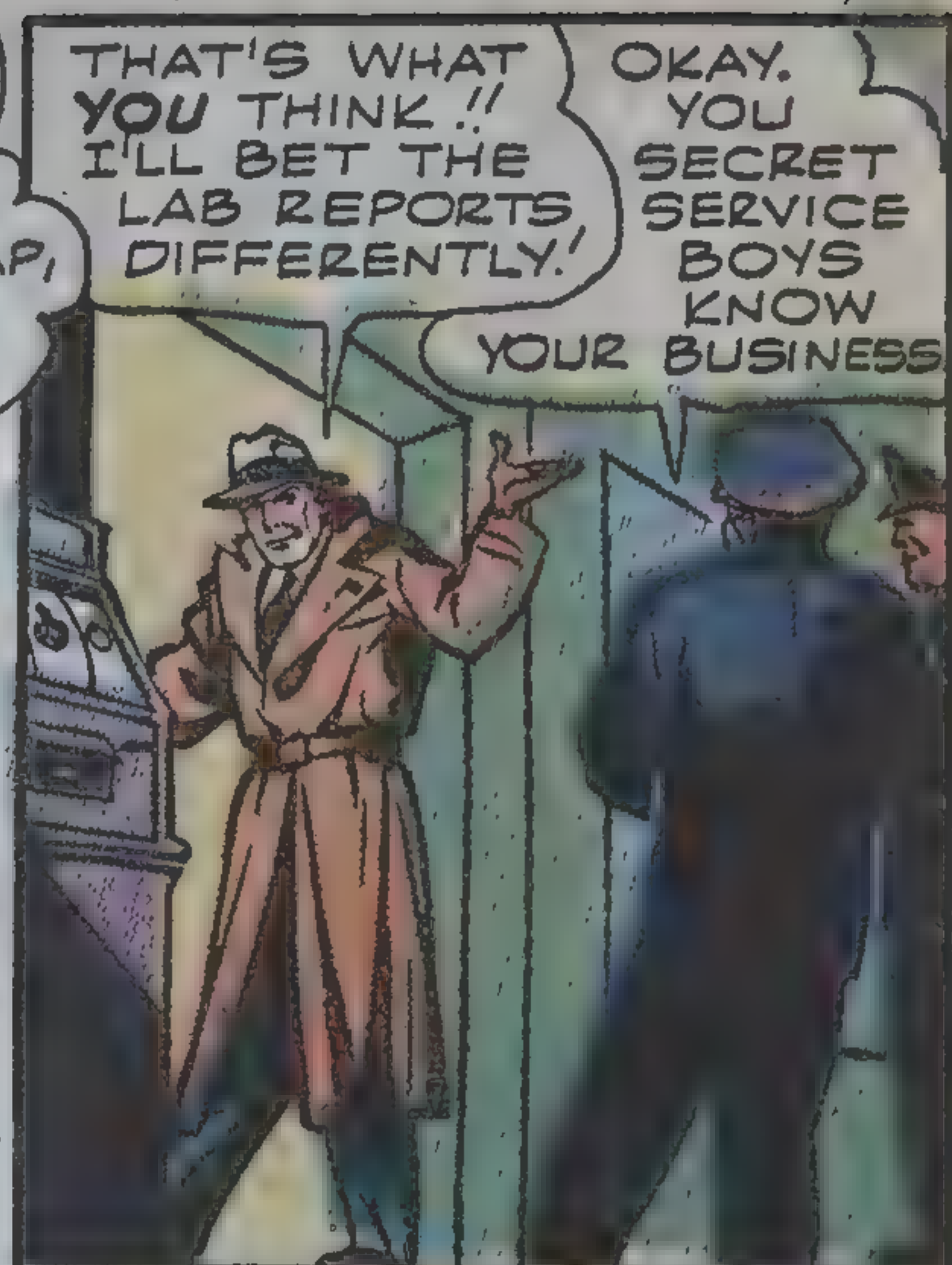
MAYBE I'LL GIVE HIM A CHANCE TO SUE ME! AH, JUST AS I FIGURED!

WHAT IS IT?



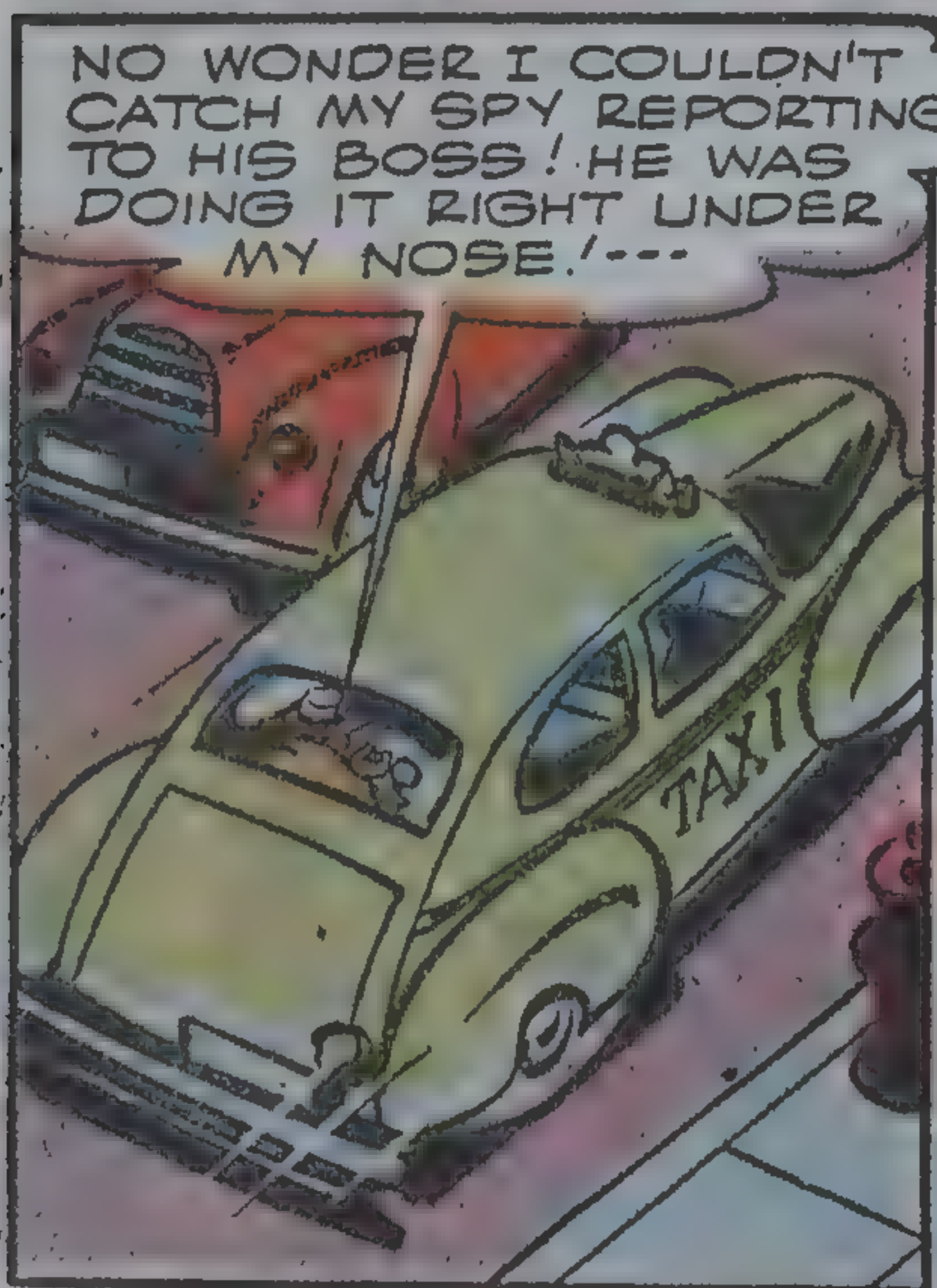
CAN'T TELL NOW! A LITTLE SECRET SERVICE SECRET! BUT GUARD THOSE SLUGS WITH YOUR LIFE!

SURE! BUT WHY? THEY'RE ONLY CHEAP, BLANK SLUGS!

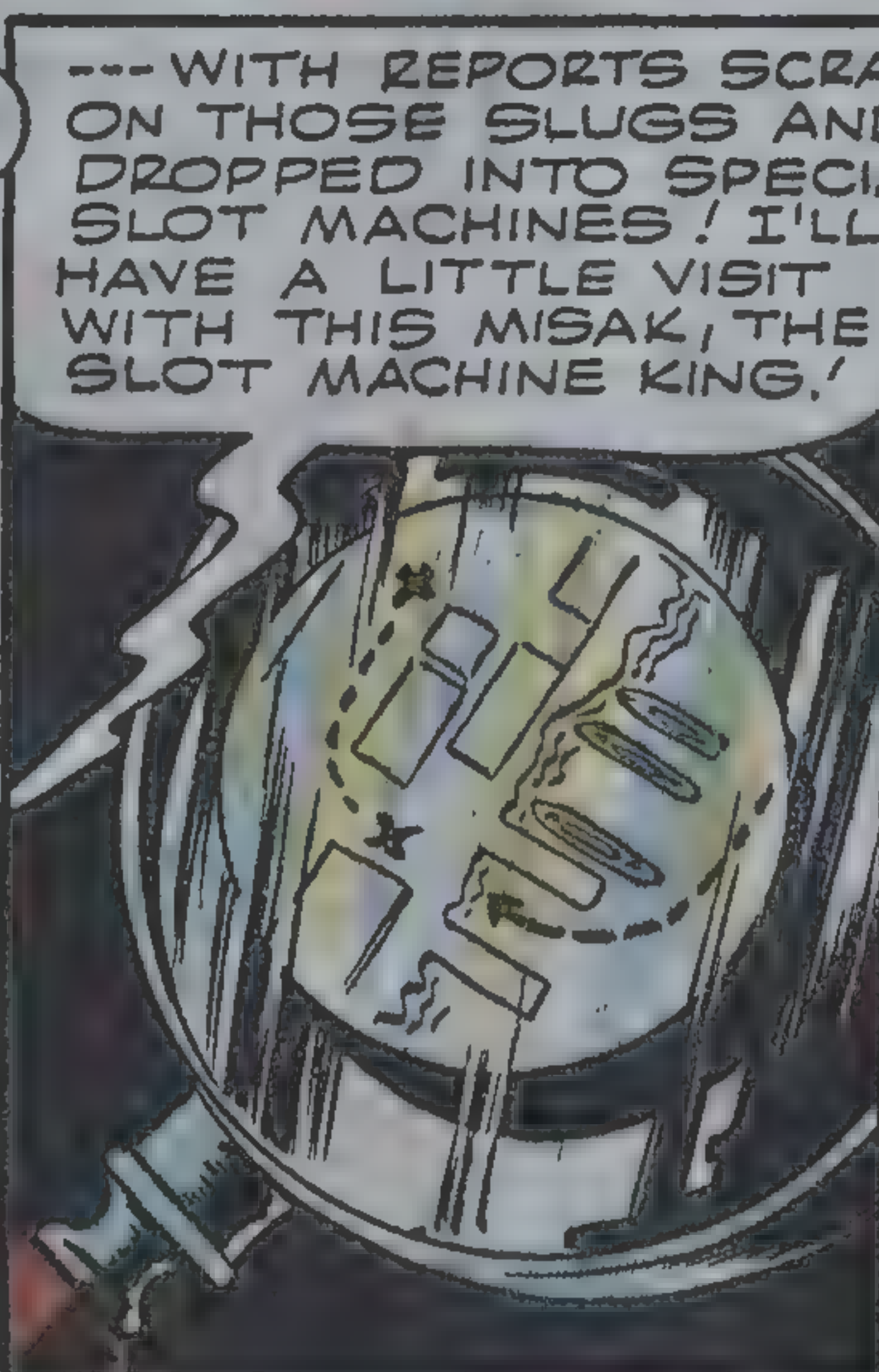


THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!! I'LL BET THE LAB REPORTS DIFFERENTLY!

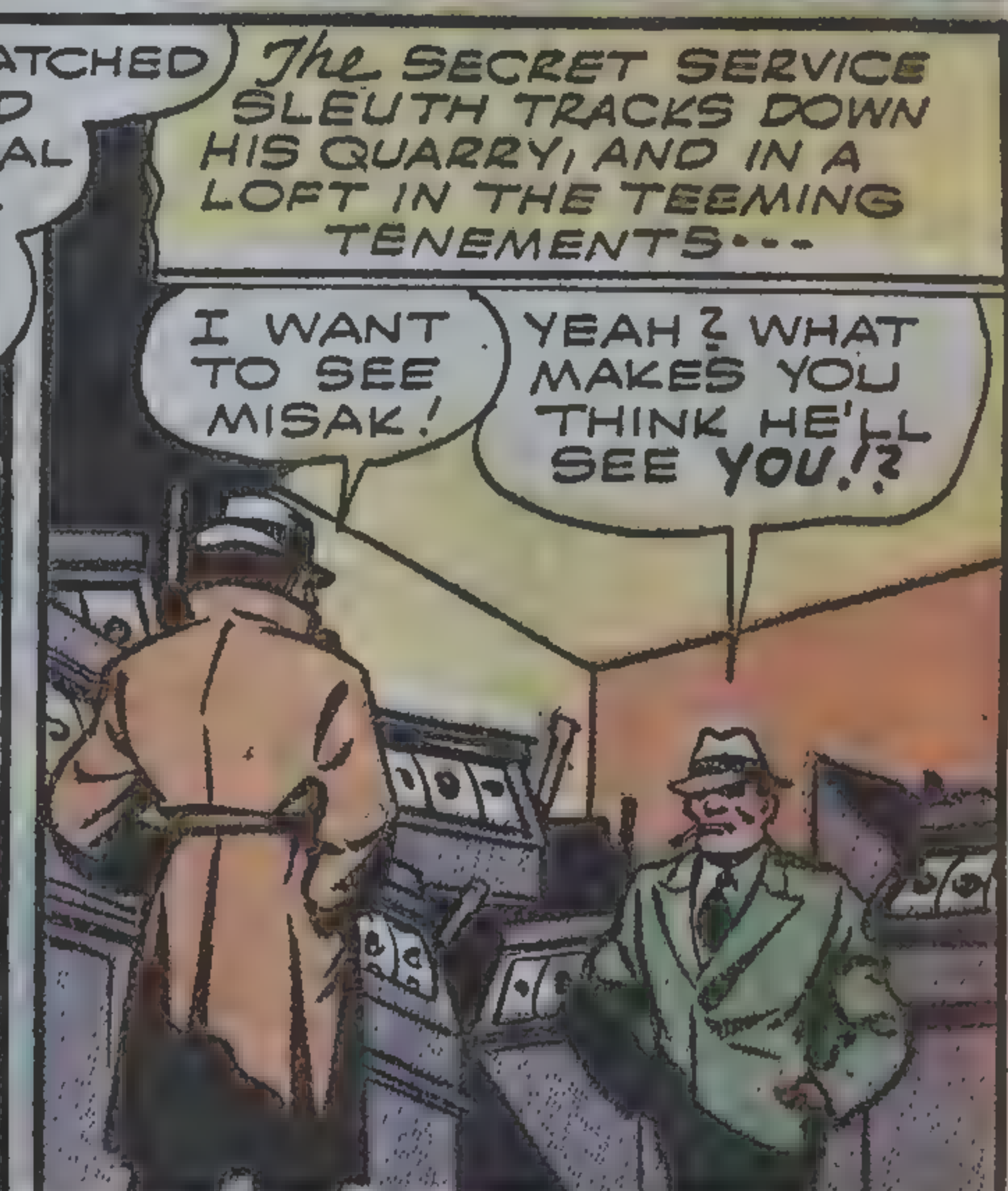
OKAY. YOU SECRET SERVICE BOYS KNOW YOUR BUSINESS



NO WONDER I COULDN'T CATCH MY SPY REPORTING TO HIS BOSS! HE WAS DOING IT RIGHT UNDER MY NOSE!----



--- WITH REPORTS SCRATCHED ON THOSE SLUGS AND DROPPED INTO SPECIAL SLOT MACHINES! I'LL HAVE A LITTLE VISIT WITH THIS MISAK, THE SLOT MACHINE KING!



The SECRET SERVICE SLEUTH TRACKS DOWN HIS QUARRY, AND IN A LOFT IN THE TEEMING TENEMENTS---

I WANT TO SEE MISAK!

YEAH? WHAT MAKES YOU THINK HE'LL SEE YOU!?



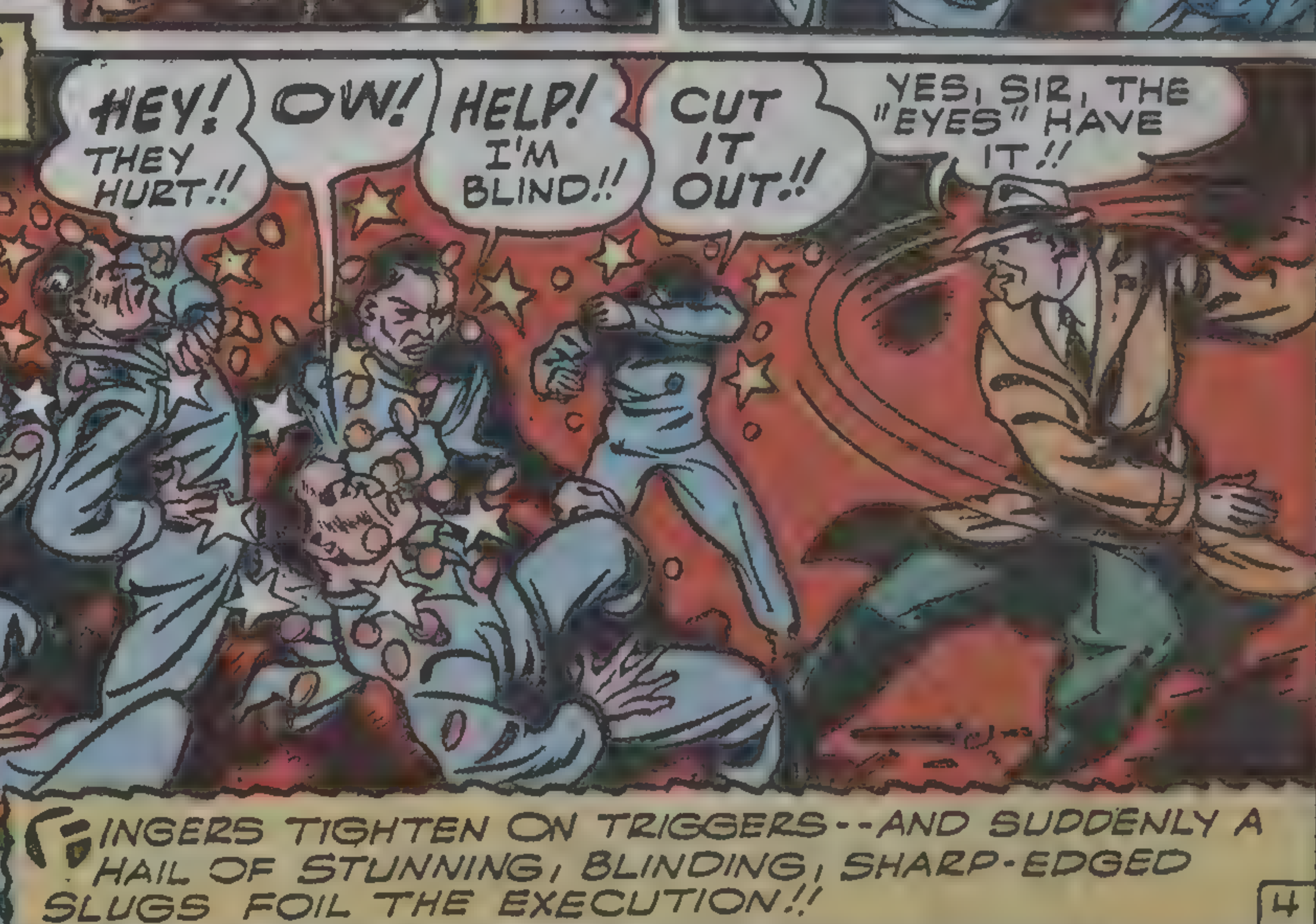
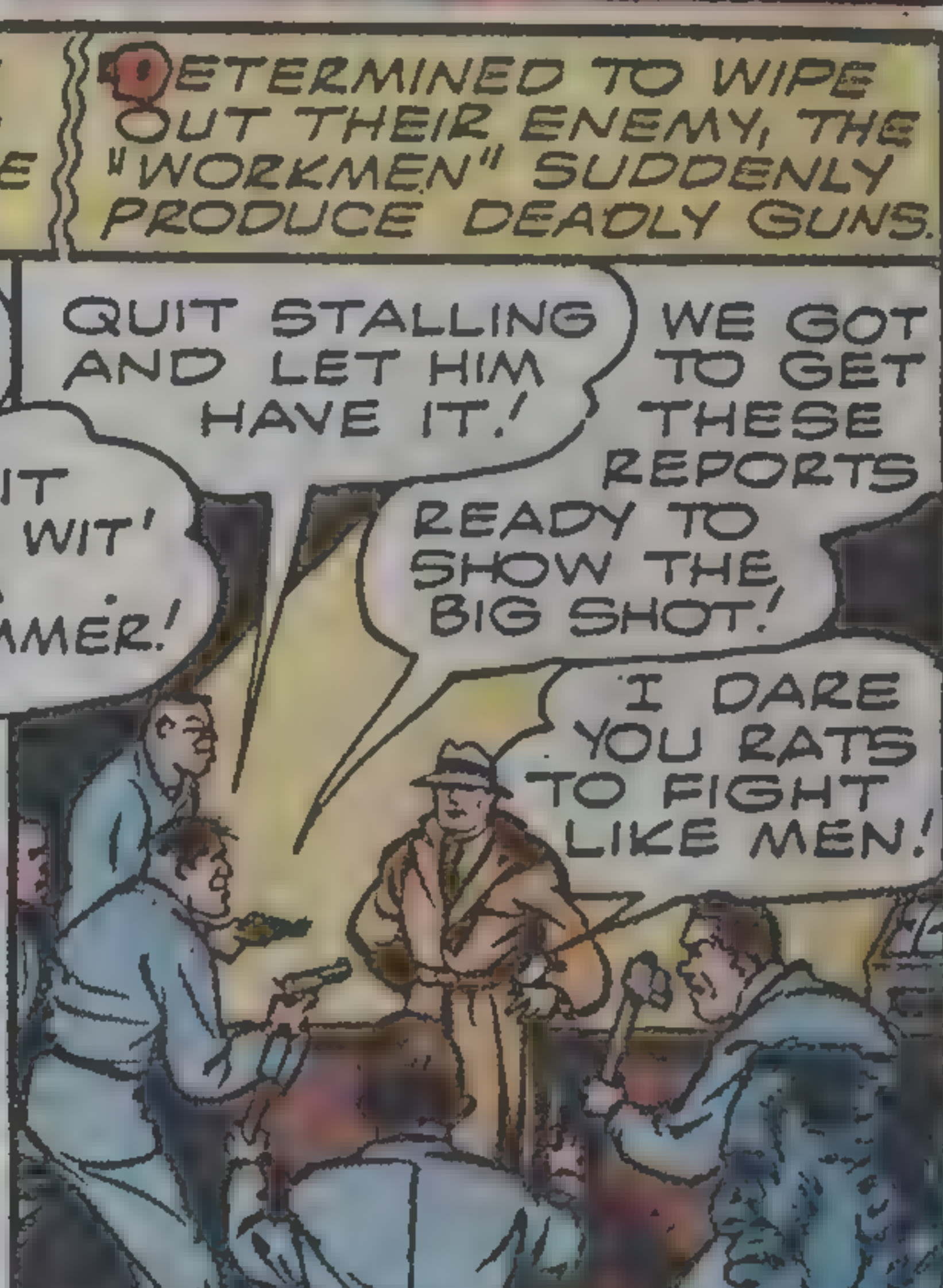
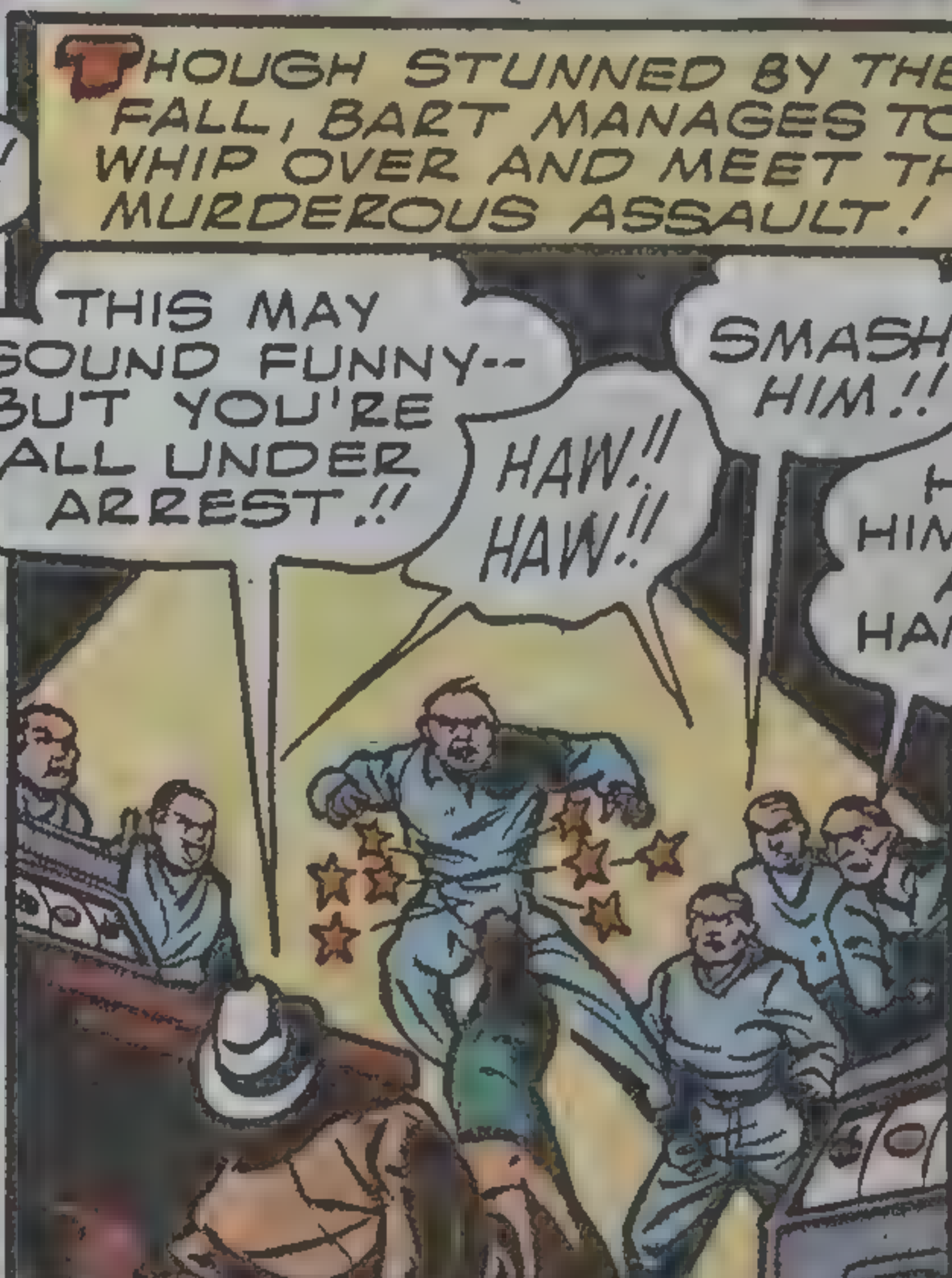
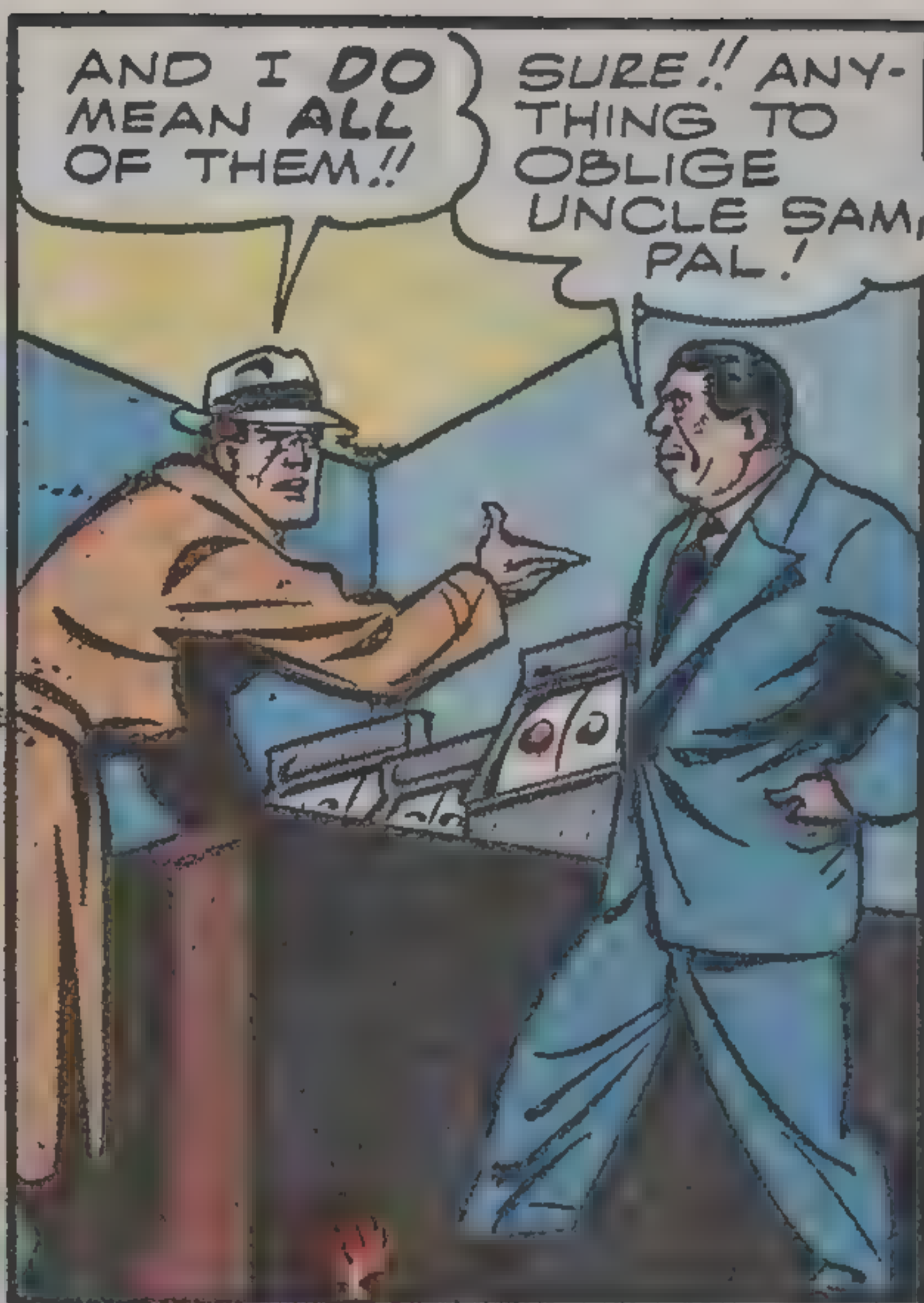
THIS MAKES ME THINK SO, TOUGH GUY!! DO WE GO IN?

S--SURE WE GO IN, MISTER! RIGHT THIS WAY!! BUT TAKE AWAY THAT GAT! I GOT A SENSITIVE STOMACH!!

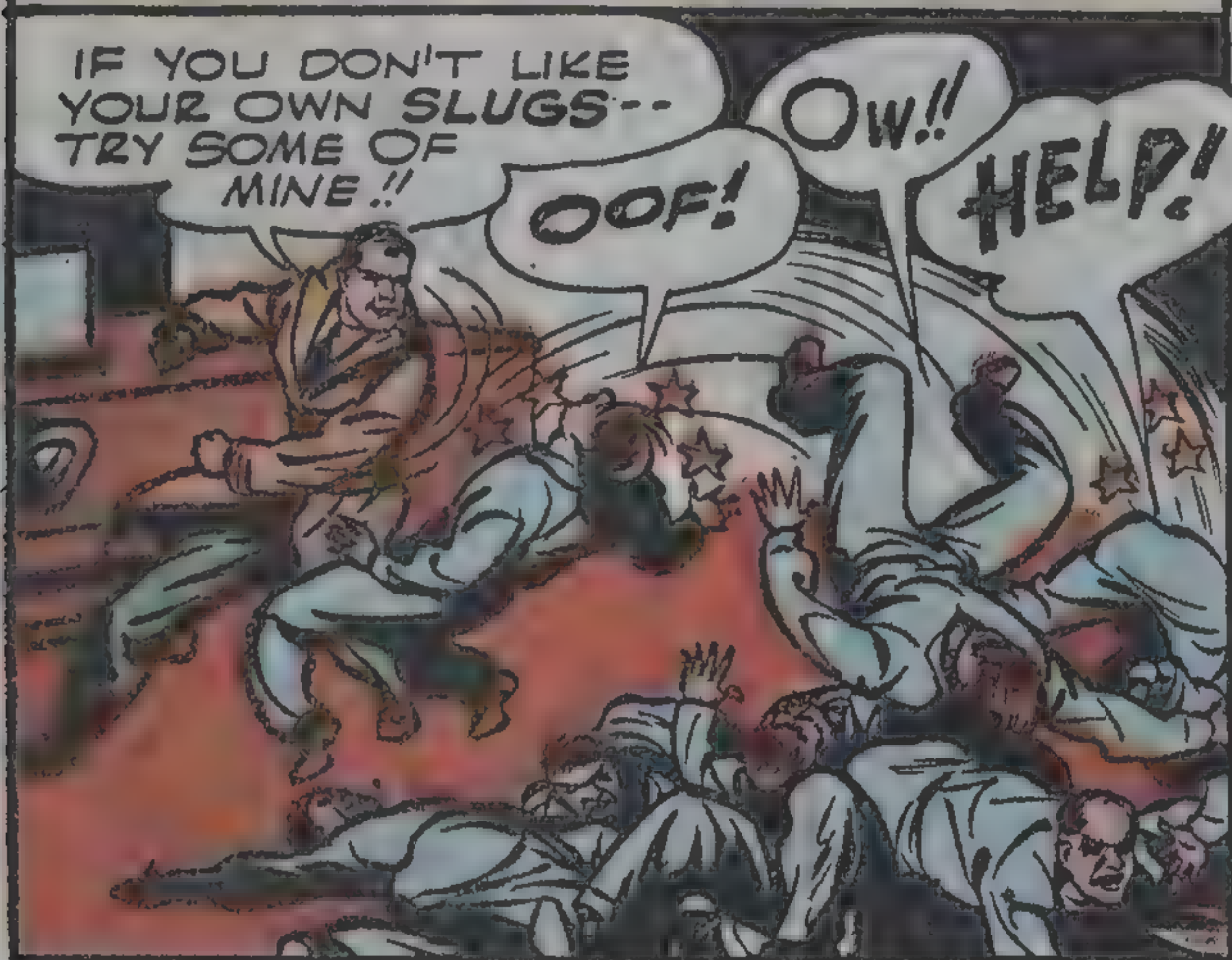


HEY, BOSS!! HERE'S A GUY THAT'S A COP OR JUST PLAIN TOUGH!!

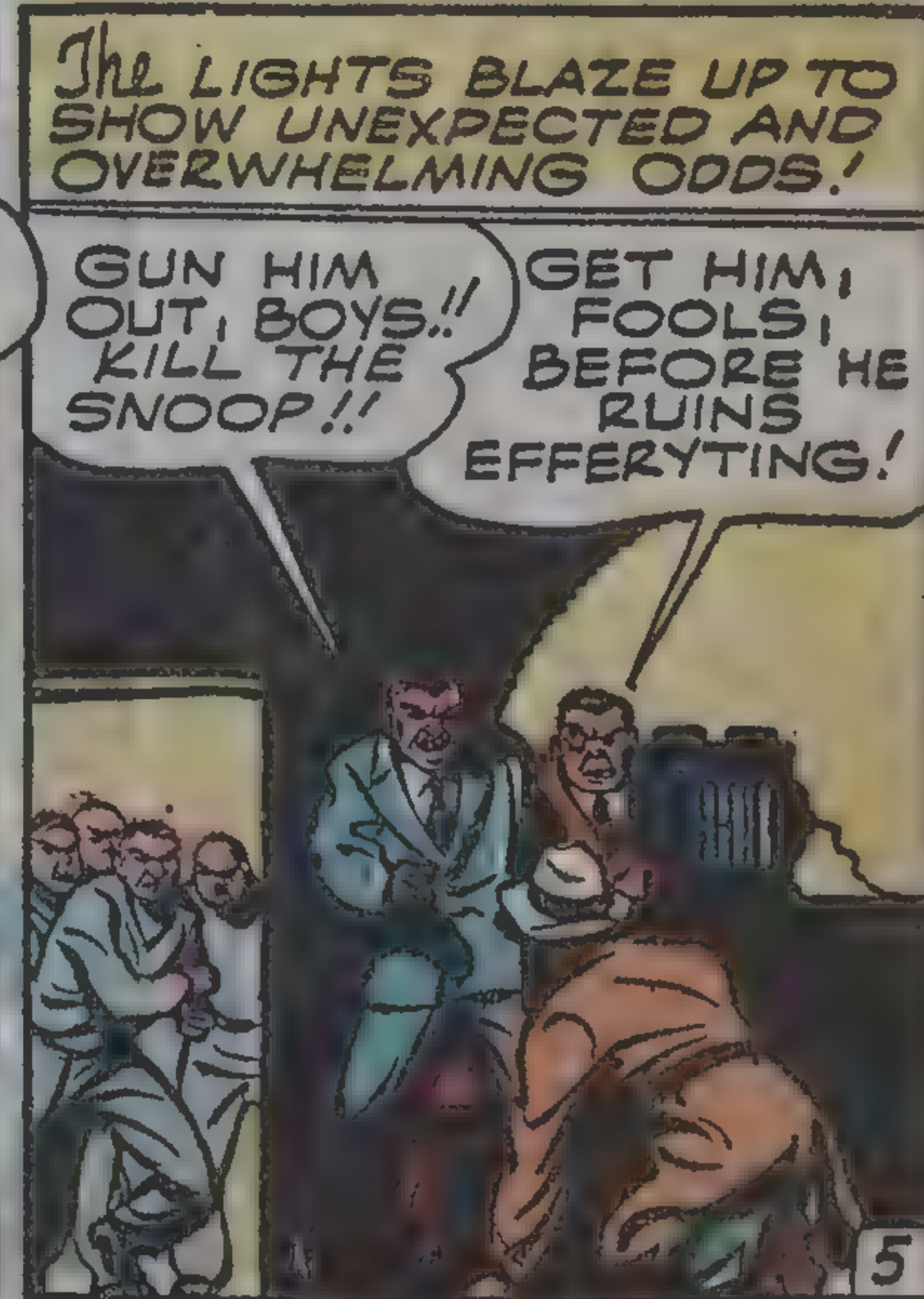
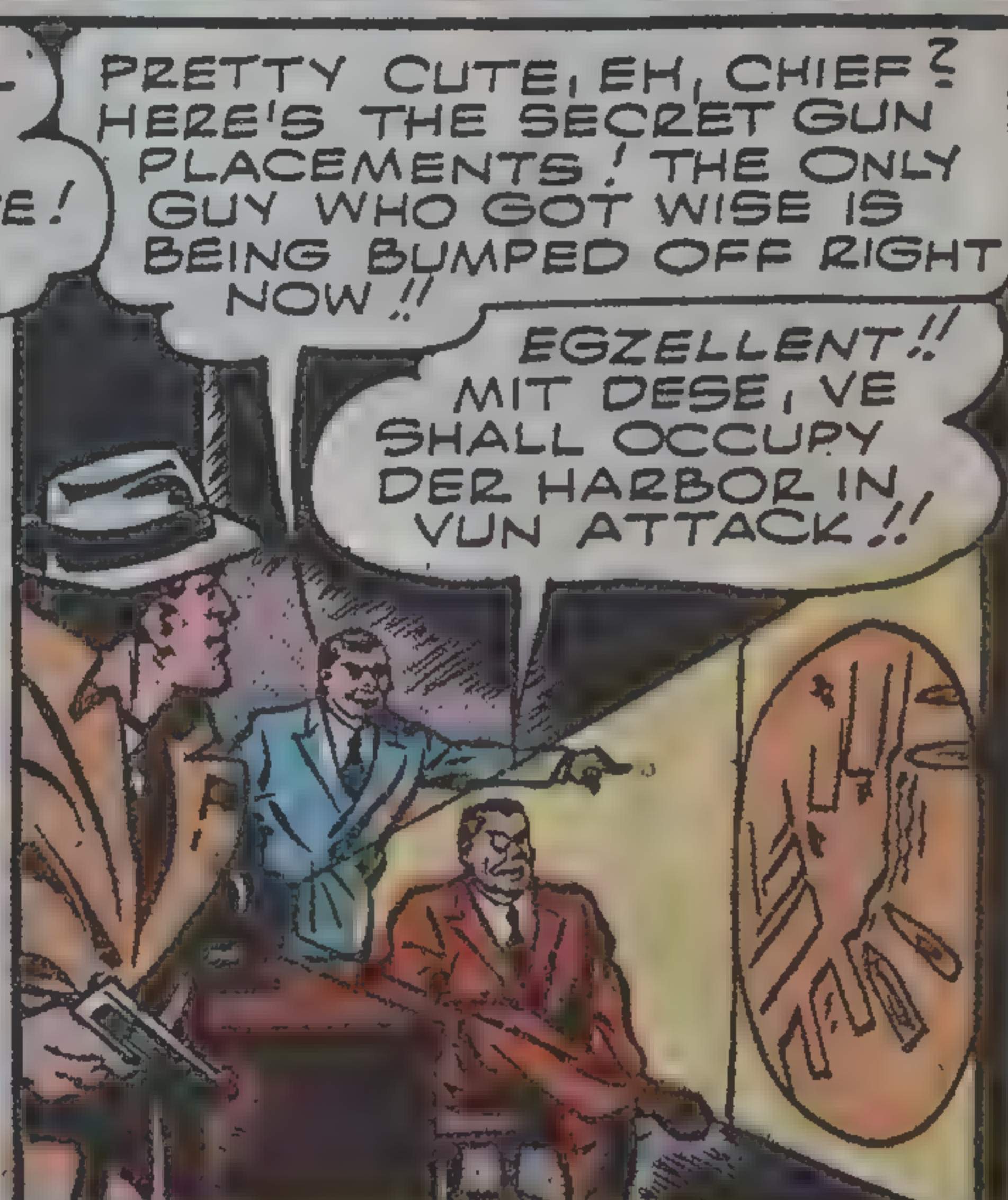
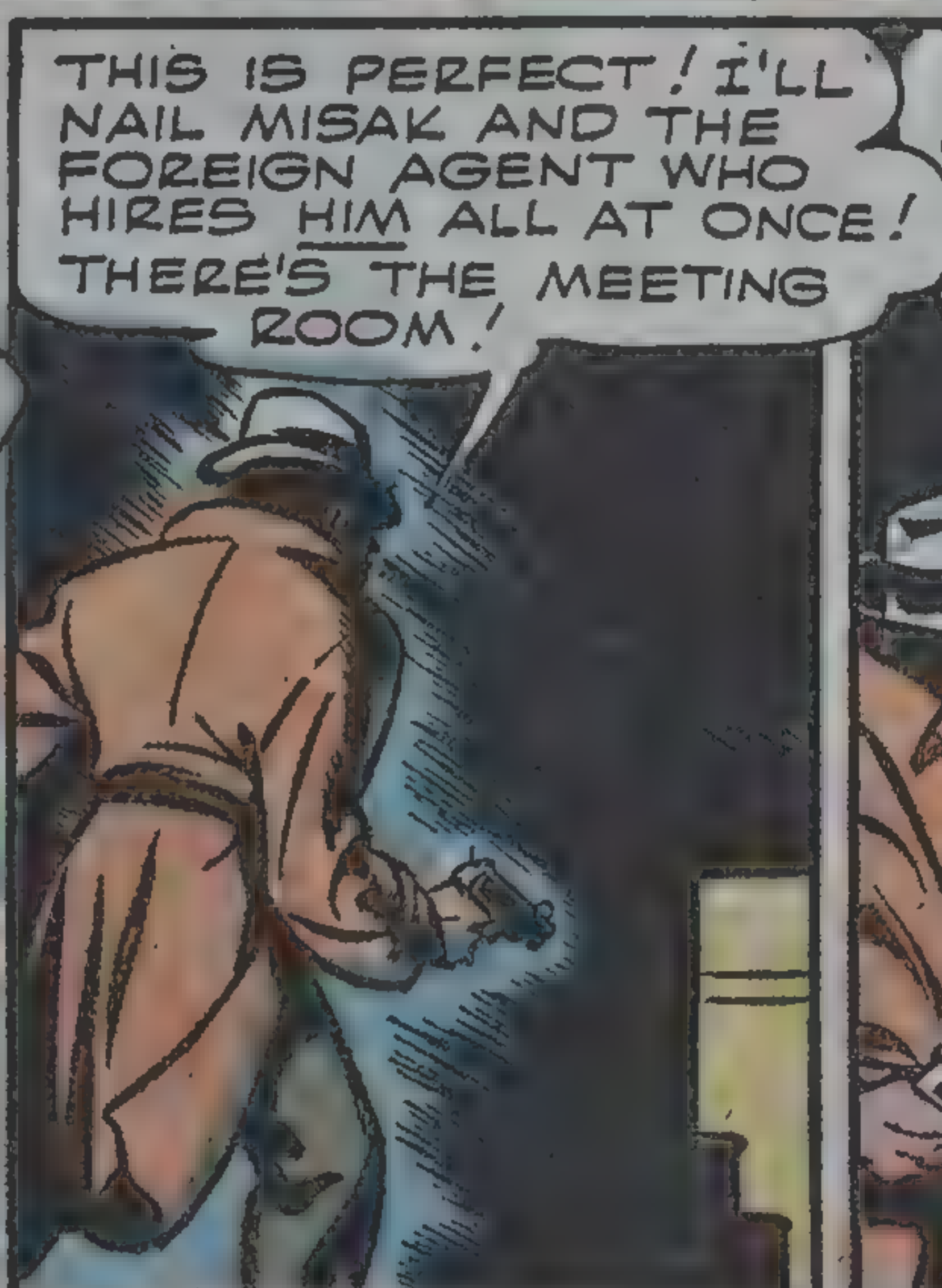
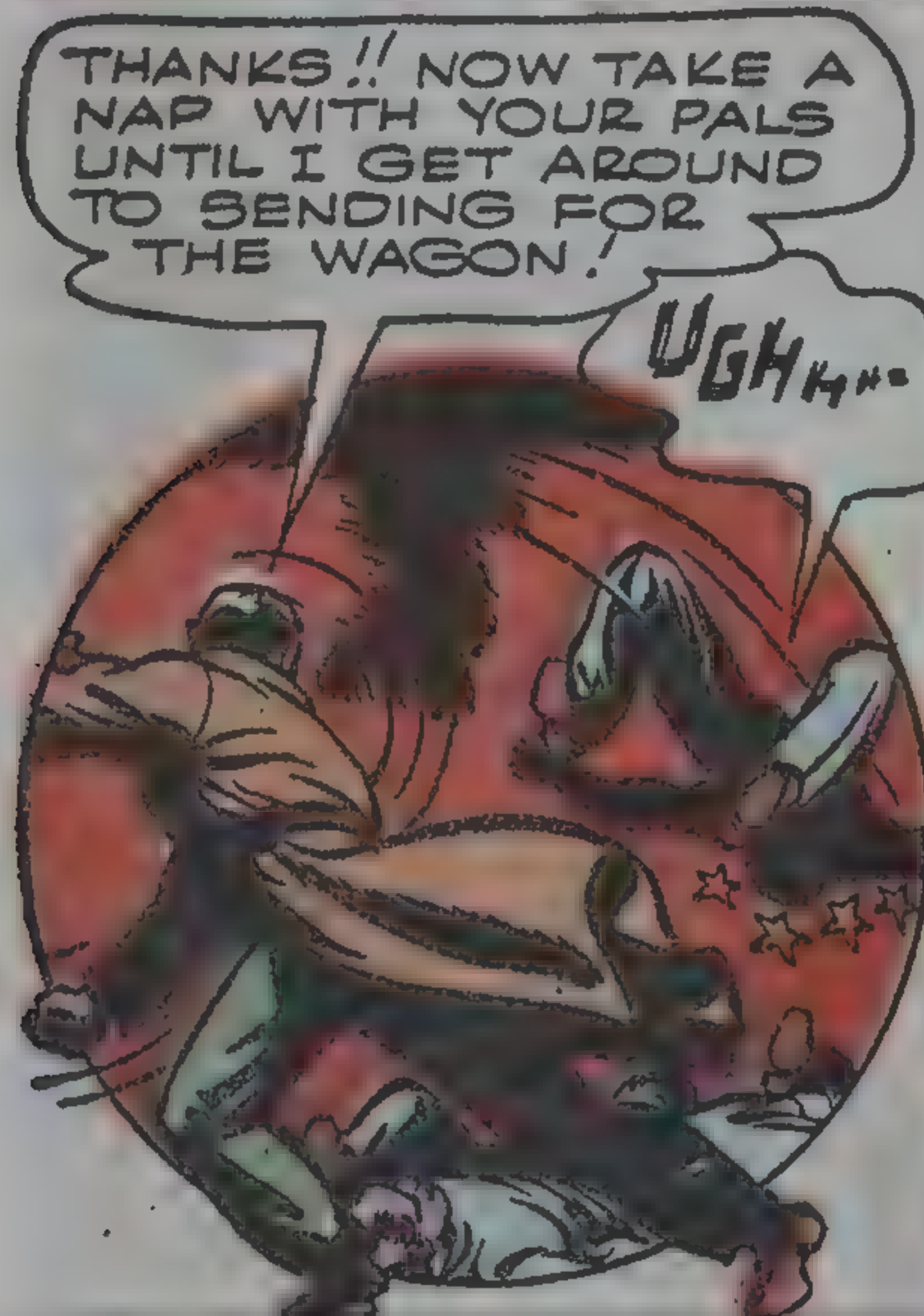
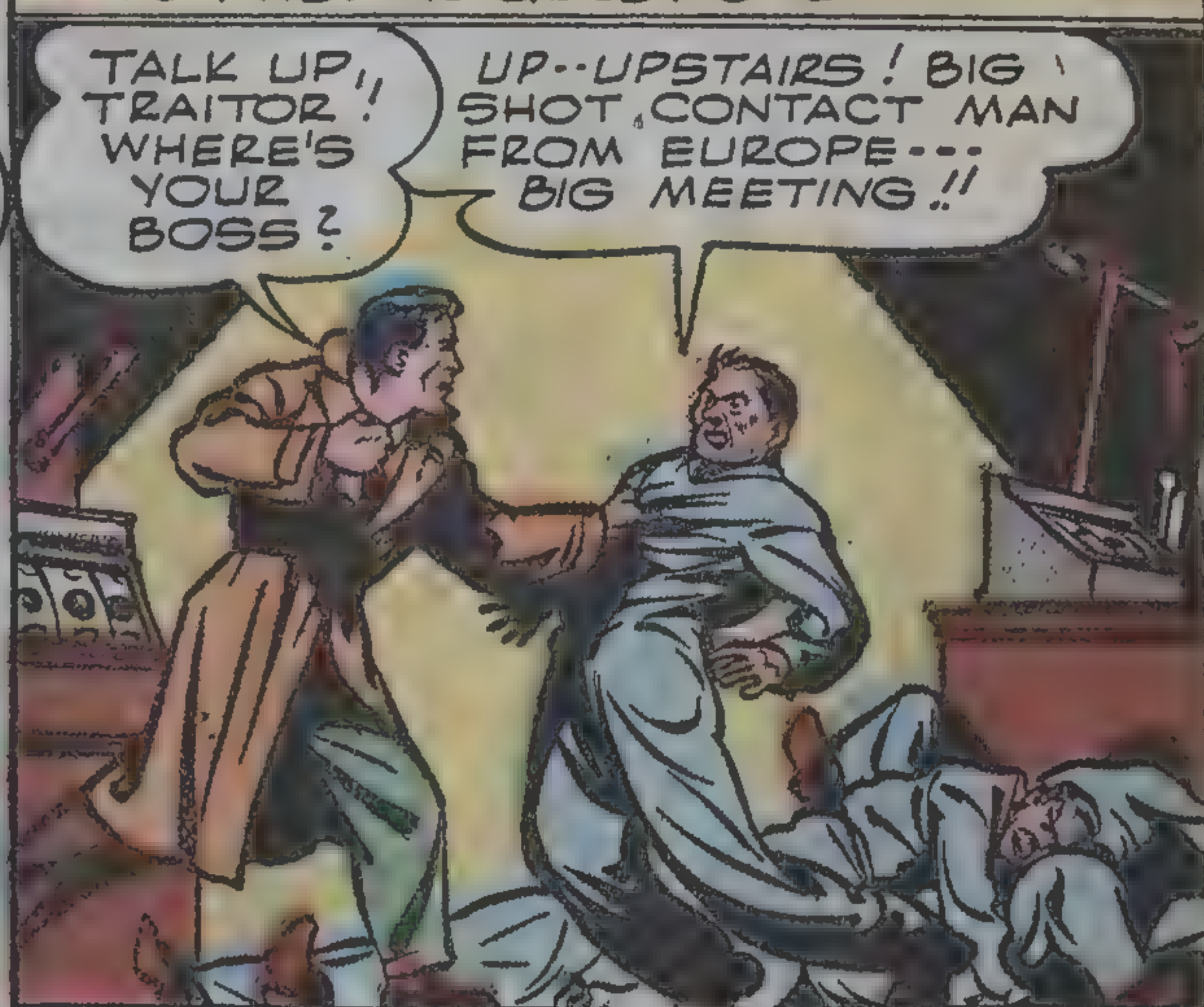
HOW ABOUT BOTH?



BEFORE THE STUNNED TRAITORS CAN RECOVER, BART'S SLEDGE-HAMMER FISTS PILE UP A DEADLY RECORD!!!



SAVING ONE OF THE SPY-HELPERS TO ANSWER QUESTIONS---



BART SUDDENLY THRUSTS THE TINY AMERICAN FLAG BEHIND THE POWERFUL MAGNIFYING LENS OF THE SPY'S PROJECTOR---

LIKE A FLASH, BART TURNS THE POWERFUL PROJECTOR SO A BLINDING BEAM OF LIGHT STABS THEIR EYES!

I'M GLAD YOU BOYS SEE THE LIGHT!

TAKE IT AWAY!!

I CAN'T SEE NUTTIN'!

DOUSE DAT LIGHT!!

THAT'S LIGHT BUT NOT LIGHT.. IF YOU GET WHAT I MEAN!

OOF!

OW!

GET OFF MY EAR, SOMEBODY!!

WHILE THE BOYS ARE BUSY, I'LL FINISH MY LITTLE CHAT WITH YOU!

YOU AIN'T GOT NOTHIN' ON ME!!

NOTHING BUT MY FIST RIGHT NOW! BUT THE EVIDENCE IN THAT CELLAR WILL PUT YOU OUT FOR A LOT LONGER!

DONDER UND BLITZEN!! I'M GETTING OUDT!!

YOU MEAN YOU'RE JUST PLAIN OUT!

ACH! MINE JAW IS GE-BUST!!

TENSE MINUTES LATER...

A SWEET CLEANUP, BART! WE GOT ONE DEADLY SPY RING CLEAR BACK TO ITS ROOTS!

YOU CAN ROUND UP THE BARS WHERE HIS SLOT MACHINES WERE SPOTTED. THEY WERE GUARDED BY SOME MEMBER OF THE RING LIKE THAT BARKEEP!

I GOT THAT LAB REPORT, BART! YOU WERE RIGHT! THOSE CHEAP LITTLE SLUGS WERE PURE PLATINUM, WORTH A BABY FORTUNE!

I GUESSED AS MUCH FROM THEIR WEIGHT AND APPEARANCE, CLANCY!!

THE SPY DROPPED HIS "REPORT" DISC FOR AN AGENT OF MISAKI'S TO PICK UP! THE MACHINE WAS FIXED TO PAY OFF THE FIRST TIME-- IN PLATINUM SLUGS AS THE SPY'S BLOOD MONEY!

A NEAT HAUL!! BART!! AND INCIDENTALLY, THE PLATINUM YOU CAPTURED WILL GO A LONG WAYS TOWARD BUYING A BOMBER FOR AMERICA'S DEFENSE!

SPY SENDS 'EM FLYING EACH MONTH IN DETECTIVE COMICS!!

FLAMING BULLETS

by Eric Carter

IT IS all down on the record books, in cold, imperishable type, but for those who remember even the wind seems to relate the story. And those who remember have passed it along to their children who are now grown men with bitterness in their hearts; for only those are really bitter who have felt the burden of the oppressor on them.

★ ★ ★

So it is really to the simple villagers of a tiny town called Murvaux, which lies on the north bank of the Meuse, that we must go to hear the warming story of one who fought off the oppressors. In the long, hunger-filled night, when the wind is whistling over the river and threadbare coats are pulled tighter around thinning bodies, it is then that his exploits still are whispered.

For one cannot believe that they have forgotten the memorable afternoon of a day in September, 1918. It was then that Frank Luke, Jr., dropped out of the skies, and met his destiny.

★ ★ ★

He was a strange lad of twenty who had come over with his buddies to help make a better world. There was nothing about him that at first sight would set him apart from his fellow aviators. He was of medium height, stocky, and light-haired, with a complexion burned and heightened by his Arizona sun.

Yes, at first sight he was just another fighting man, fresh from the flying school at Issoudun, and reporting for duty with the 27th Squadron. But then,

as one looked closer, saw the daring in his eyes, the reckless bearing, heard his lips overconfidently mocking the enemy, one began to wonder.

Was this a man out of the ordinary? Was all this talk, this swagger, the mark of the real adventurer who knows no fear? Time alone could tell.

He was a natural-born pilot, this Frank Luke, and he perfected his technique as the days passed into weeks and the weeks into months. But, oddly, as he gained in mastery, he seemed to withdraw within himself. Only one man, Lieutenant Joe Wehner, son of an humble Boston cobbler, was his confidant. As for the others in the squadron, they were but an audience. Unfortunately, he could not hold that audience.

★ ★ ★

Time was playing with him and did not tire until September 12th 1918. And then, for seventeen thrill-filled days, as though, penitent, Time allowed Frank Luke to be master of his fate.

Imagine a prizefighter who knows such is his equipment that only he should be champion. It is simple then to understand his state of mind when he cannot get a fight. Such was the case with Frank Luke when, the month of August passed and, without a confirmed victory to his credit, he sat moodily down at mess with his comrades, many of them Aces.

It was not until the talk swung to methods of strafing enemy balloons that he looked up. Here was something! To fight the enemy, sometimes you must find him. In Frank Luke's combat book no enemy had ap-

peared. But this balloon business, this was something new. It actually sounded dangerous.

In that moment, Frank Luke was thinking only of the enemy. Knowing no fear, he was not interested in the assertion of veteran pilots that shooting down enemy observation balloons is hazardous. Eagle-eyed ground crews lie in wait with well-trained guns and, as an enemy plane approaches, swiftly the balloon is drawn down and fire is opened. It is like going through a flaming wall of lead and white-hot, bursting projectiles to venture such an attack.

★ ★ ★

At last, he knew, he had something on which he could base his claims, past and future. When he left the mess hall that night, history dipped her pen, poised it over the roll of honor.

Just before dark the next afternoon, when the purple mist of approaching evening offered a friendly cloak, Frank Luke took off. Behind him was the plane of his friend, Wehner, who would sit upstairs and guard him against attack.

★ ★ ★

At last Frank Luke was happy. Now he need not seek elusive German planes, he could find their 100,000 balloons. They couldn't run away. He smiled over his guns, loaded with incendiary bullets, as the Spad roared through the soft evening, the wind whistling an accompaniment on the struts.

His quarry was waiting at Marieville, a huge sausage, overstuffed. Three passes and it was deflated, a roaring, shud-

dering monstrosity dropping toward a winch from which the frightened enemy fled. Yes, Frank Luke's frail plane passed through a living, threatening wall of fire three times.

When the plane returned to its base, it gave adequate testimony. One bullet had passed through less than six inches from Frank Luke's body; another circled his seat. Frank Luke studied them happily. They were sufficient to show Lady Luck was riding on his cowling.

And a generous patron did she prove! Two days later, at Buzy and at Boinville, another pair of balloons fell before Frank Luke's flaming bullets. And then three more! G.H.Q. word was seeping out: "A new Ace . . . named Luke . . . who is Luke. . . ?"

They were talking about him now, where before he had talked about himself. Eleven balloons in the next seven days, two planes—such a record had been unthought of. The man bore a charmed life. At the mere sight of a Spad, enemy balloon crews fled in panic. They wanted nothing of Frank Luke, who was fighting a strange war in the sky.

* * *

On land and sea, others, too, were doing their part. The St. Mihiel salient had been wiped out. The doughboys were forging ahead and even they talked of Frank Luke, perched in his eyrie, while overhead circled the friend he was soon to lose, Joe Wehner.

It was a two man job, this last sortie. Over St. Mihiel, Frank Luke and Wehner spotted two balloons near Labeauville. In a few moments the observation posts were in flames. But a new danger threatened.

Out of the skies swept a hitherto unseen enemy. And when the fight was over, Frank Luke had added two planes to his string of victories, but had lost a faithful friend. Joe Weh-

ner died in action.

And Frank Luke lived for action. He lived to avenge the death of his friend, to whom he willingly gave full credit for all exploits. With twelve verified victories, Frank Luke led the American Air Service, and those who knew, like veteran balloon men, marvelled at his uncanny accuracy, the unshakable nerve that could take this man through a bath of fire unscathed. And always, he returned home happy and unmarked, serenely confident that someone had forgotten to mark his number on his bullet. Besides, what bullet could travel as high as he?

* * *

He never reckoned that perhaps he might come down to meet the bullet.

Surely, there was no thought of death in his mind the eventful Sunday of the 29th when, with First Group Headquarters seeking him for reprimand, he guided his low-flying Spad over American Balloon Headquarters at Souilly and dropped a surprising note. His plane, the same ship that had wreaked a million dollars worth of damage to the enemy, was streaking toward the Meuse as startled officers read the message:

"Watch those three Hun balloons on the Meuse."

No need to galvanize them into action. To house top and tree top they sped and focused field glasses anxiously. Frank Luke was on a rampage and anything could happen!

* * *

And it did happen. A burst of brilliant yellow in the dusk, and then another as a mile-a-minute plane poured flaming bullets. The incredible took place then—just a moment later. There was a third blaze! Frank Luke had again achieved the impossible. In three minutes he had destroyed \$300,000 worth of valuable war materials! In the swift falling night,

only a plume of smoke showed where Frank Luke had last been.

The startled but jubilant observers did not know, then, that Frank Luke had taken three bows before the curtain fell.

It was three months later when they heard. He was dead then, lying in a simple grave in Murvaux. A member of Graves Service in the Neufchateau Area found him, and brought to his comrades-in-arms and the world, the tale of an heroic death, related with that simple dignity that only a peasant, or a great and good man, possesses.

For the villagers had seen it all. And more. Frank Luke had brought down three enemy balloons, and two German planes on that last, wild ride. He had dropped hand bombs, killing eleven soldiers and wounding many others.

A wound forced him to land, but still he fought on, opening fire with his automatic until he was killed.

* * *

Frank Luke had finally met his bullet on Earth where he could not recognize it. True to his boast, nothing in the sky could defeat him. He died outside his plane, refusing to surrender before an advancing German horde trying to take him prisoner.

He is dead now and many years have passed. But in the little village where he kept his rendezvous his memory still must be fresh and in the long nights the wind must whisper his name into the ears of an oppressed people, for such valor will never be forgotten, and the simple folk there, though they cannot know of the Colin Kellys, and the Cobber Cains and the heroes of today, must be looking toward the skies and saying: "Soon salvation will come." And their eyes will seek hopefully for the sight of the flaming bullets of freedom.

THE END



AIR WAVE

Late
THAT NIGHT,
AND TWO
FIGURES
APPROACH
THE DISTRICT
ATTORNEY'S
MANSION...

I DON'T KNOW WHY
DISTRICT ATTORNEY
COLE SENT OUT AN
EMERGENCY CALL
FOR AIR WAVE,
STATIC! MUST HAVE
SOMETHING TO DO
WITH THE SLOT-
MACHINE RACKET
HE'S TRYING TO
BREAK!

THIS IS IT...
HEY...WHAT'S
THAT? SHOTS!

BANG
BANG

AWWWRK!
NOISY
HOUSE!

G-GHOSTS!
THEY'VE MURDERED
COLE!

VAAAA!

THERE HAVE BEEN ALL KINDS OF
KILLERS...KILLER-CROOKS, KILLER-WHALES,
KILLER-DILLERS AND JACK-THE-GIANT
KILLER...BUT WHEN YOU HAVE KILLER-
GHOSTS JOINING FORCES WITH CROOKS
AGAINST AIR WAVE, THEN YOU
HAVE A FOUR-STAR KILLER THRILLER IN
"THE ADVENTURE OF THE SHOOTING SPOOKS!"

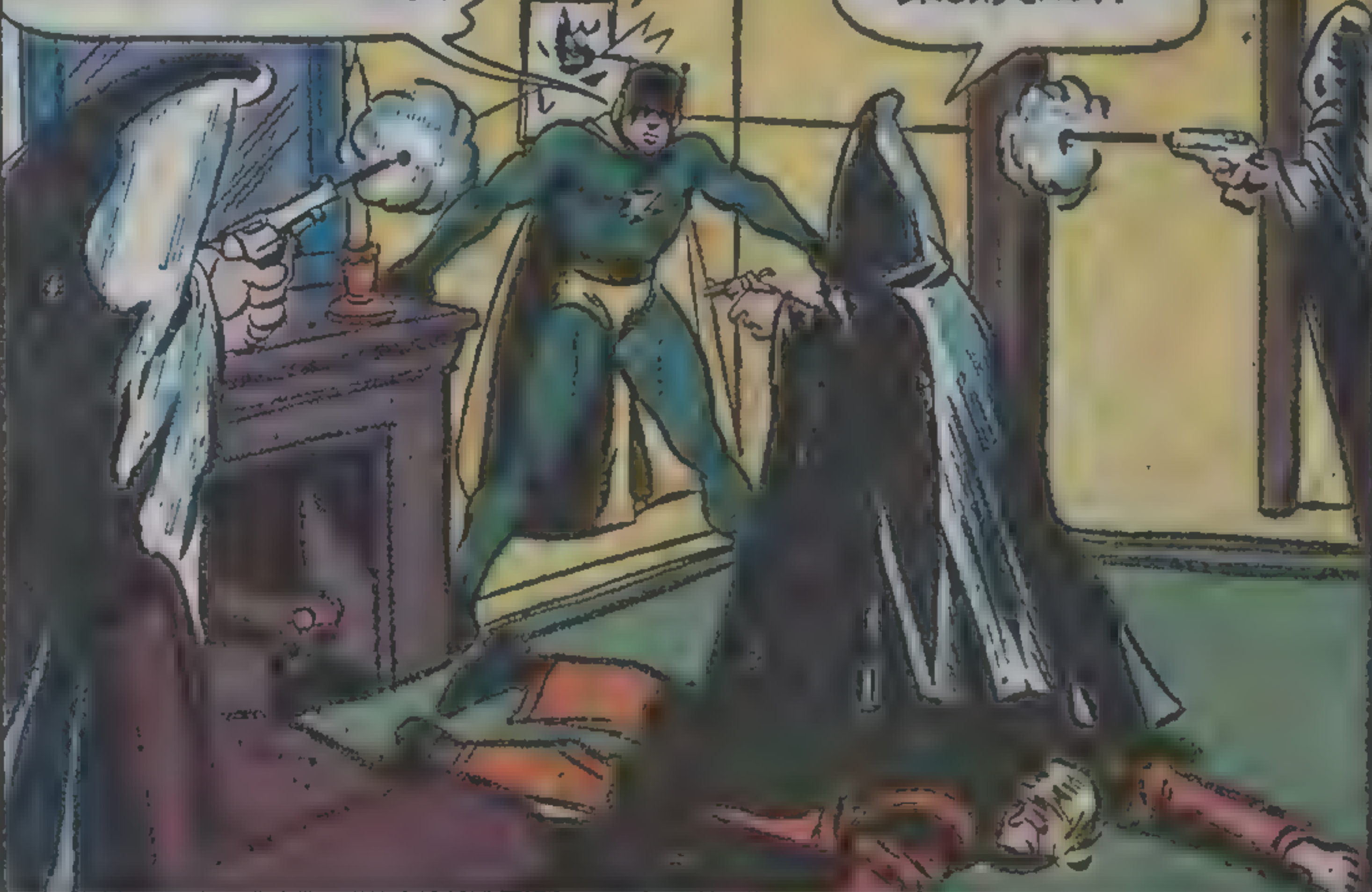
LIKE A CRACKLING BOLT, AIR WAVE CHARGES...



I NEVER BELIEVED IN SPOOKS, BUT I DO BELIEVE IN A LEFT TO THE JAW!

AIR WAVE! HOW DID...

GHOSTS THAT SHOOT AND GHOSTS THAT TALK! YOU'RE PRETTY PHONEY SPIRITS. AREN'T YOU?



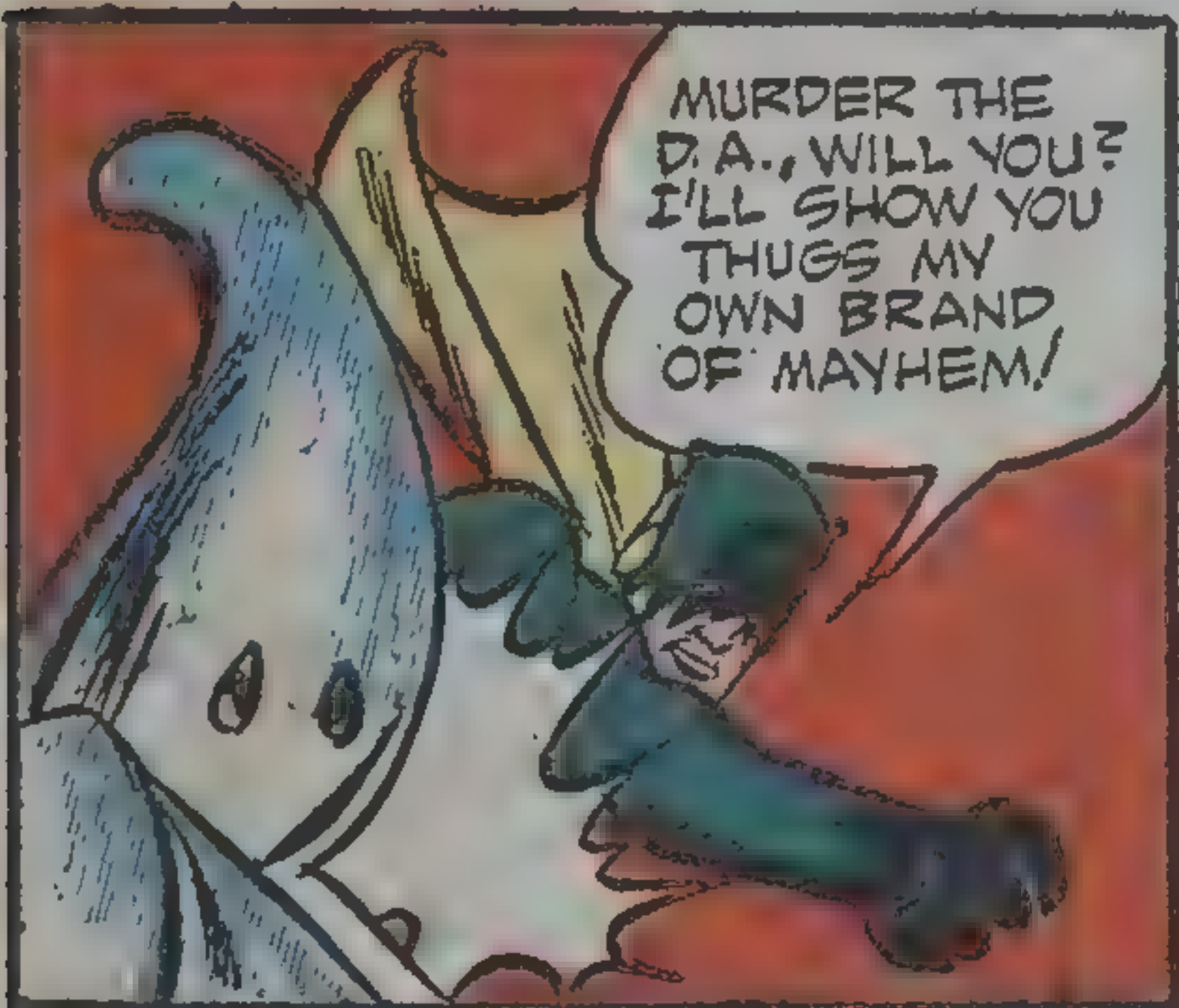
FINISH YOUR SPEECH, QUICK, AIR WAVE! THIS IS YOUR FINAL BROADCAST!

THE WHIRR OF FEATHERS WHISPERS THROUGH THE ROOM AS STATIC, THE PROVERB PARROT, BRUSHES AGAINST THE FAN SWITCH!



STOP THAT GUY FROM TALKING! HE STARTS A GALE BLOWING!

AWWRKK! IT'S AN ILL WIND THAT SPEAKS LOUDER THAN WORDS! HAR!



MURDER THE D.A., WILL YOU? I'LL SHOW YOU THUGS MY OWN BRAND OF MAYHEM!

IN A FLASH, AIR WAVE'S MIRACULOUS BROADCASTER SPARKS OUT, AND VOICES CALL FROM METAL OBJECTS AROUND THE ROOM!



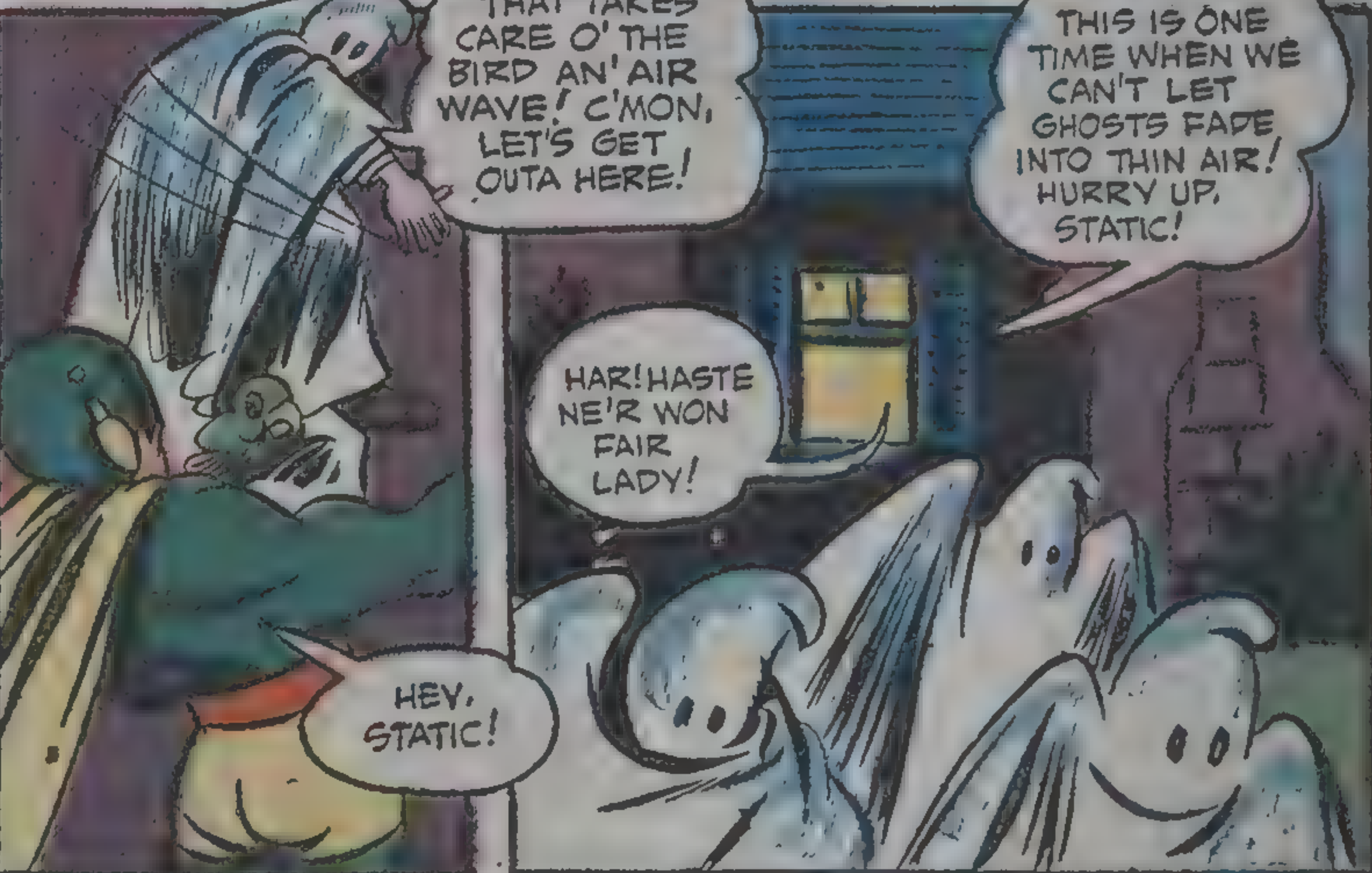
LOOK OUT BEHIND YOU! HEY, I'M OVER HERE! NO, THIS WAY, IDIOT!

I'M HEARING VOICES! WHERE ARE THOSE OTHER GUYS?



BLASTED PARROT! HE'S DOIN' ALL THE TALKING!

AWWRKK! HE LAUGHS BEST WHO...



THAT TAKES CARE O' THE BIRD AN' AIR WAVE! C'MON, LET'S GET OUTA HERE!

THIS IS ONE TIME WHEN WE CAN'T LET GHOSTS FADE INTO THIN AIR! HURRY UP, STATIC!

HAR! HASTE NE'R WON FAIR LADY!

HEY, STATIC!

BUT AT THE REAR OF COLE'S MANSION!



HE'S DEAD ALL RIGHT... PROBABLY EXPECTED THIS AND THAT'S WHY HE SENT OUT A CALL FOR ME... WELL, I'M NOT GOING TO LET HIM DOWN!



A TWIST OF THE SENSITIVE DIALS OF AIR WAVE'S TWO-WAY BROADCASTER PICKS UP A METAL BADGE AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...



GET GOING, BOYS! THE D.A.'S BEEN SHOT!



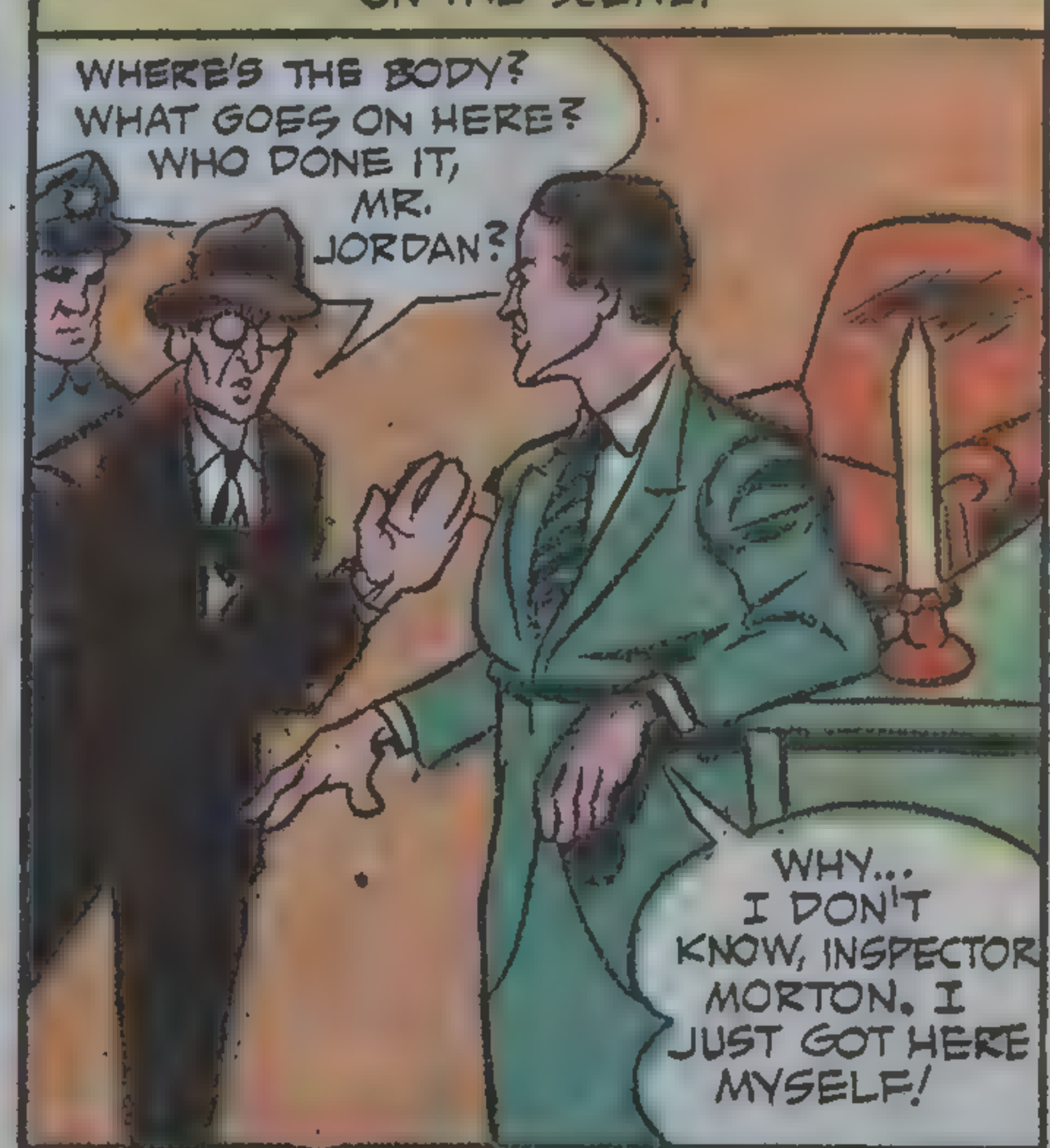
ALL RIGHT, STATIC! NO MORE AIR WAVE FOR A WHILE. GO ON HOME! UNDERSTAND? GO HOME!



A SWIFT CHANGE, AND AIR WAVE IS TRANSFORMED INTO LARRY JORDAN -

HOMER IS LIKE A WOMAN SCORNFUL! HAR! HAR!

SECONDS LATER, THE POLICE ARRIVE TO FIND THE ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY ON THE SCENE!



JUST A MINUTE, MR. JORDAN. WE GOT THE CALL DIRECT FROM AIR WAVE. HOW'D YOU FIND OUT ABOUT THE MURDER?



HERE'S THE GUN THAT KILLED THE D.A. / SAY! ISN'T THIS YOUR REVOLVER, JORDAN? I SEEN IT IN YOUR DESK!



A WEIRD WEB OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE
TIGHTENS AROUND THE ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

YOU
BETTER
CONFESS,
JORDAN!

B-BUT THIS IS ABSURD!
WHY DO YOU WANT TO
CHECK UP ON ME? WHY
SHOULD I WANT TO KILL
COLE?

YOU'VE
GOT A
GOOD
ENOUGH
MOTIVE.
YOU COULD
WANT HIS
JOB!

YOU
MURDERED
THE D.A.
IN COLD
BLOOD!

... SHOT
HIM
DOWN
LIKE A
DOG!

YEP,
GUESS IT
IS! AND HIS
DESK'S
EMPTY!

GRUMP, YOU'VE BEEN
A CLERK IN THIS
OFFICE PRETTY LONG!
IS THIS JORDAN'S
GUN?

JORDAN,
WE'RE
CHARGING
YOU WITH
MURDER!

MURDER! IN A GUARDED
CELL, JORDAN PACES AND
THINKS DESPERATELY...

WHAT A MESS! AS THE
ASSISTANT D.A. I'VE GOT
MYSELF ACCUSED OF
MURDER...AND NOW
AIR WAVE CAN'T DO
ANYTHING!

IF ONLY THAT GUARD
WERE A LITTLE CLOSER...
I COULD GRAB
HIS KEYS..

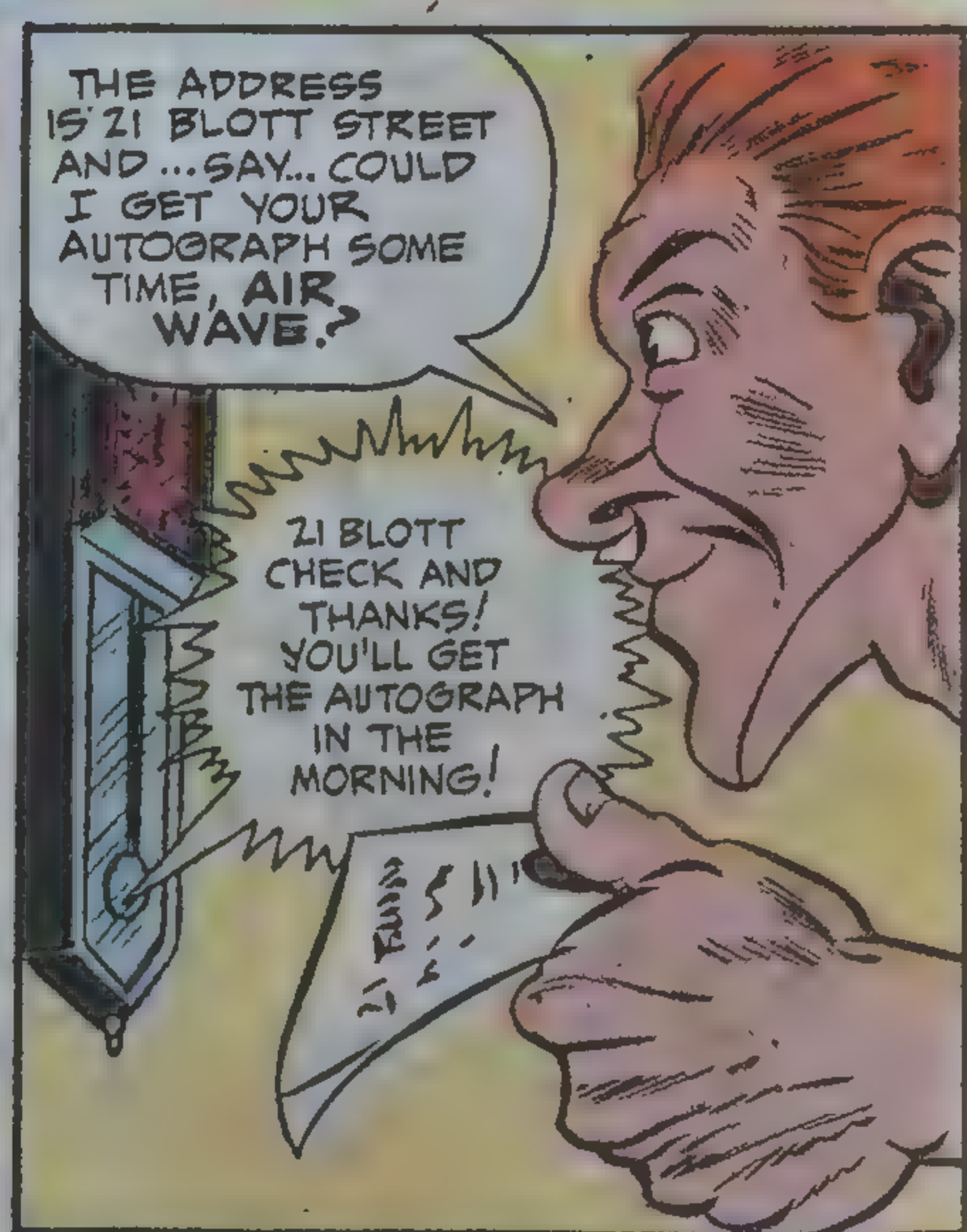
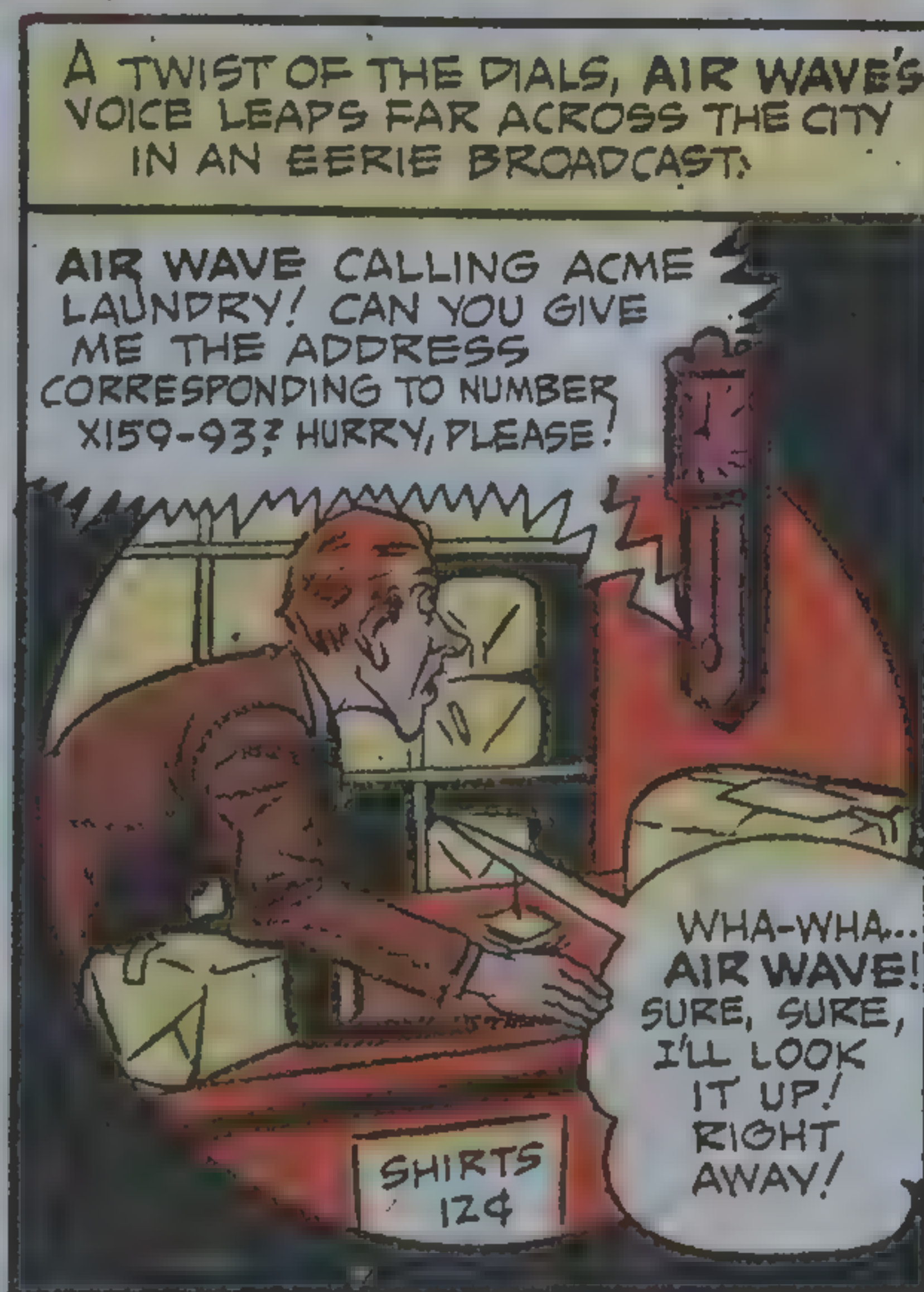
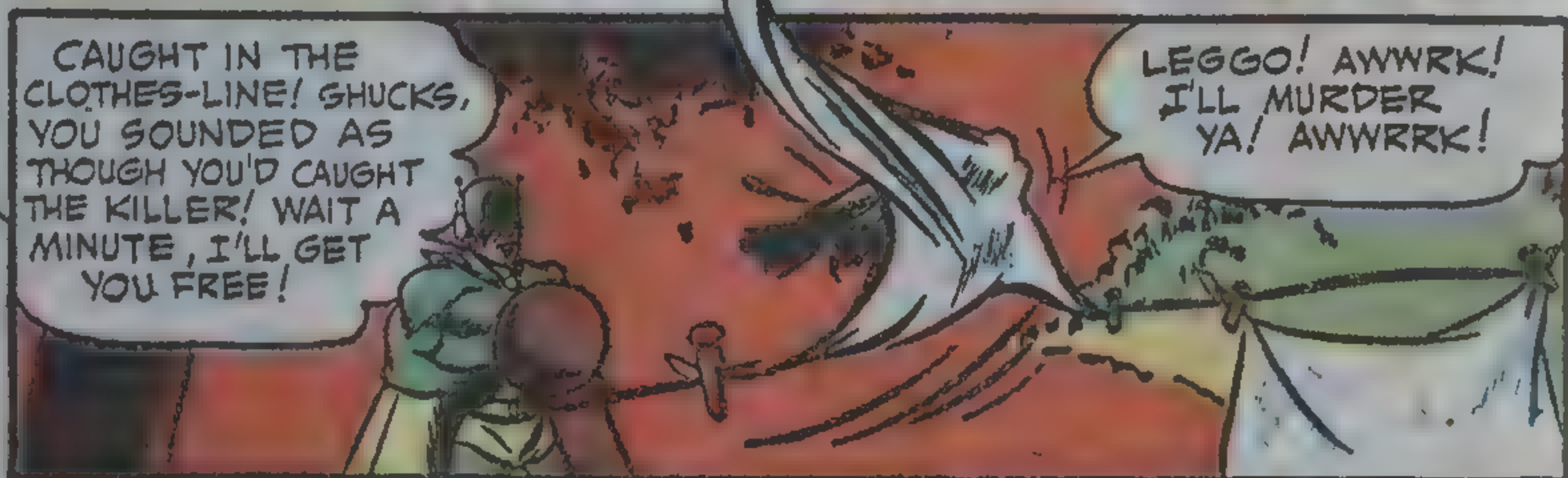
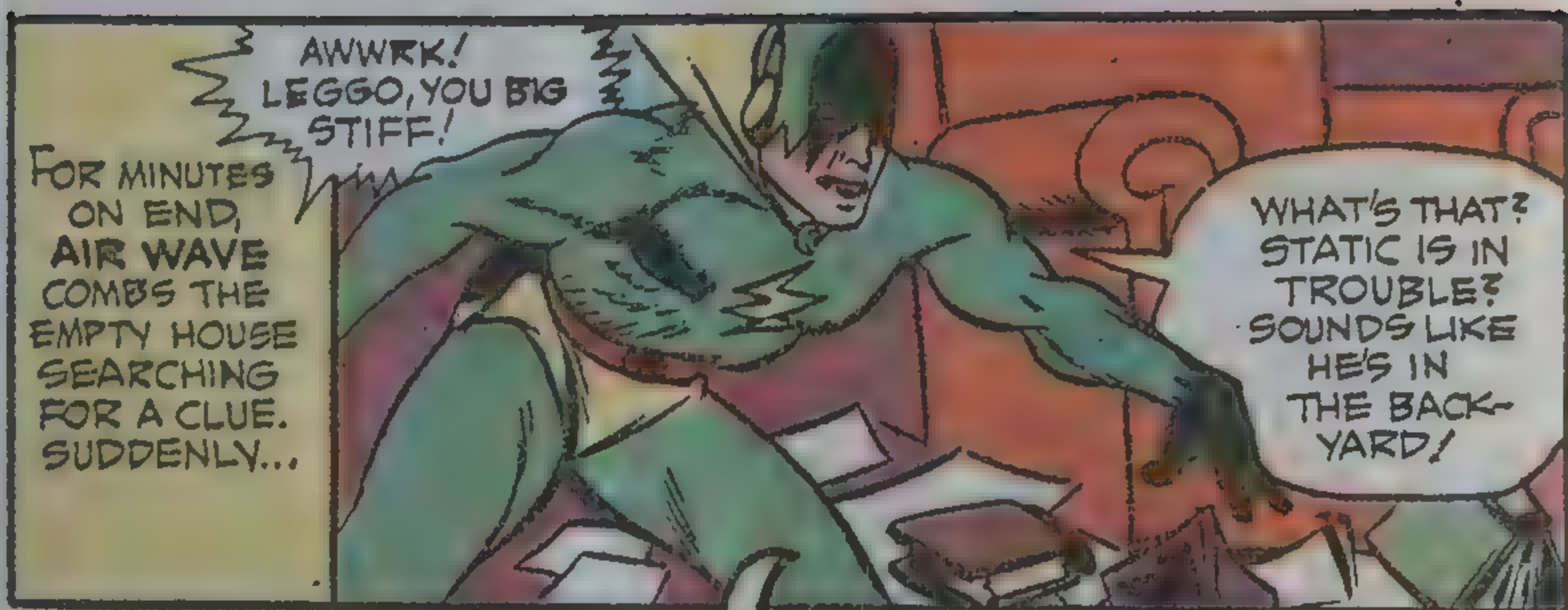
THEN... OUT OF THE NIGHT INTO
THE CELL FLIES A FRIEND!

AMWRRK!
ALL IS
GOLD THAT
GLITTERS!

STATIC! SHHHH!
DON'T MAKE ANY
NOISE. BABY, AM
I GLAD TO SEE YOU,
STATIC!... GET THE
KEYS! GET THE
KEYS... UNDER-
STAND?

SHHH! THAT'S RIGHT...
THOSE! NOW BRING THEM
TO ME. UNDERSTAND?
BRING THEM TO ME!

AS SOON AS WE
GET OUTSIDE, WE'LL
GO INTO ACTION...
RIGHT NOW,
WE KEEP QUIET!
QUIET!



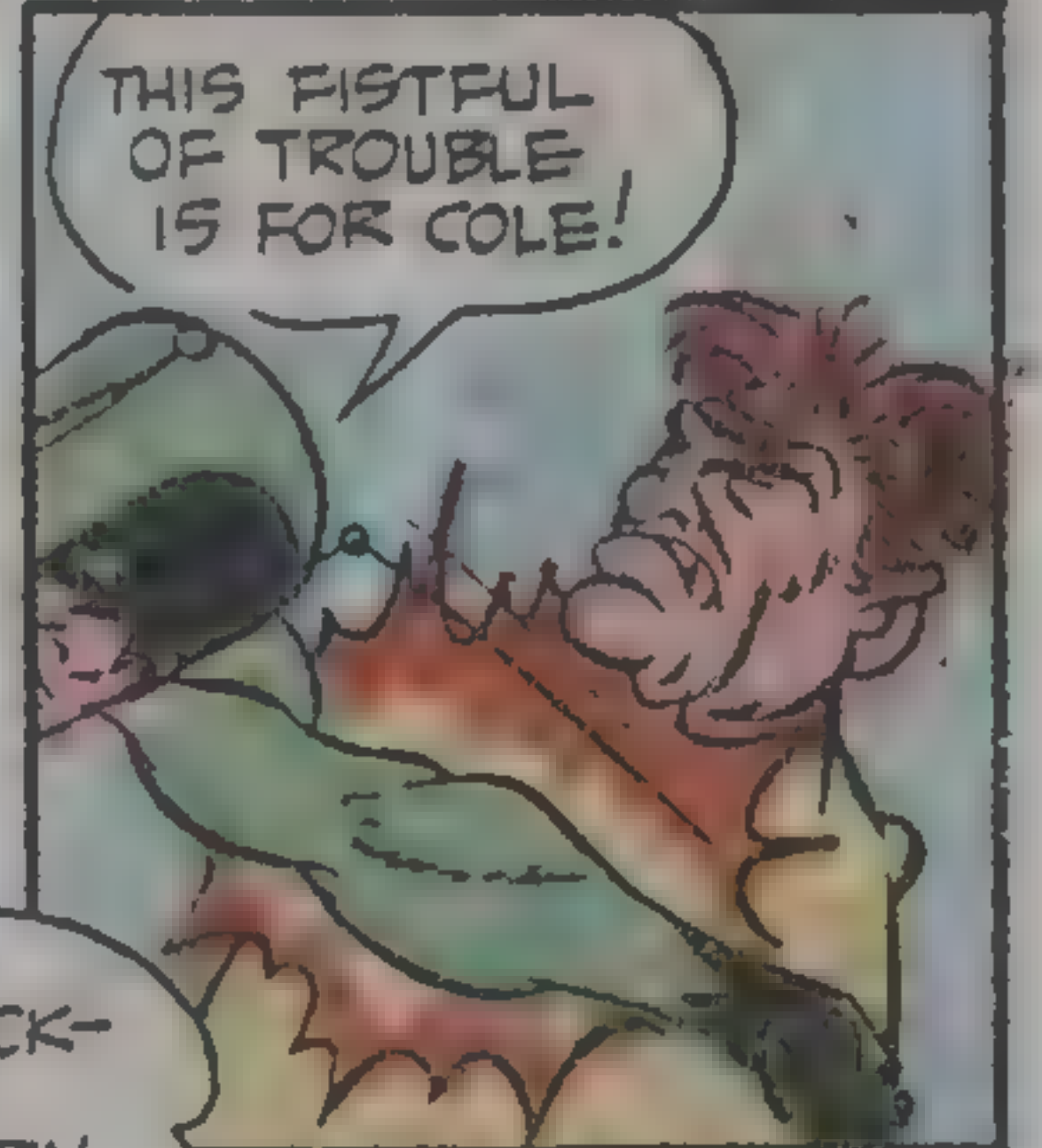
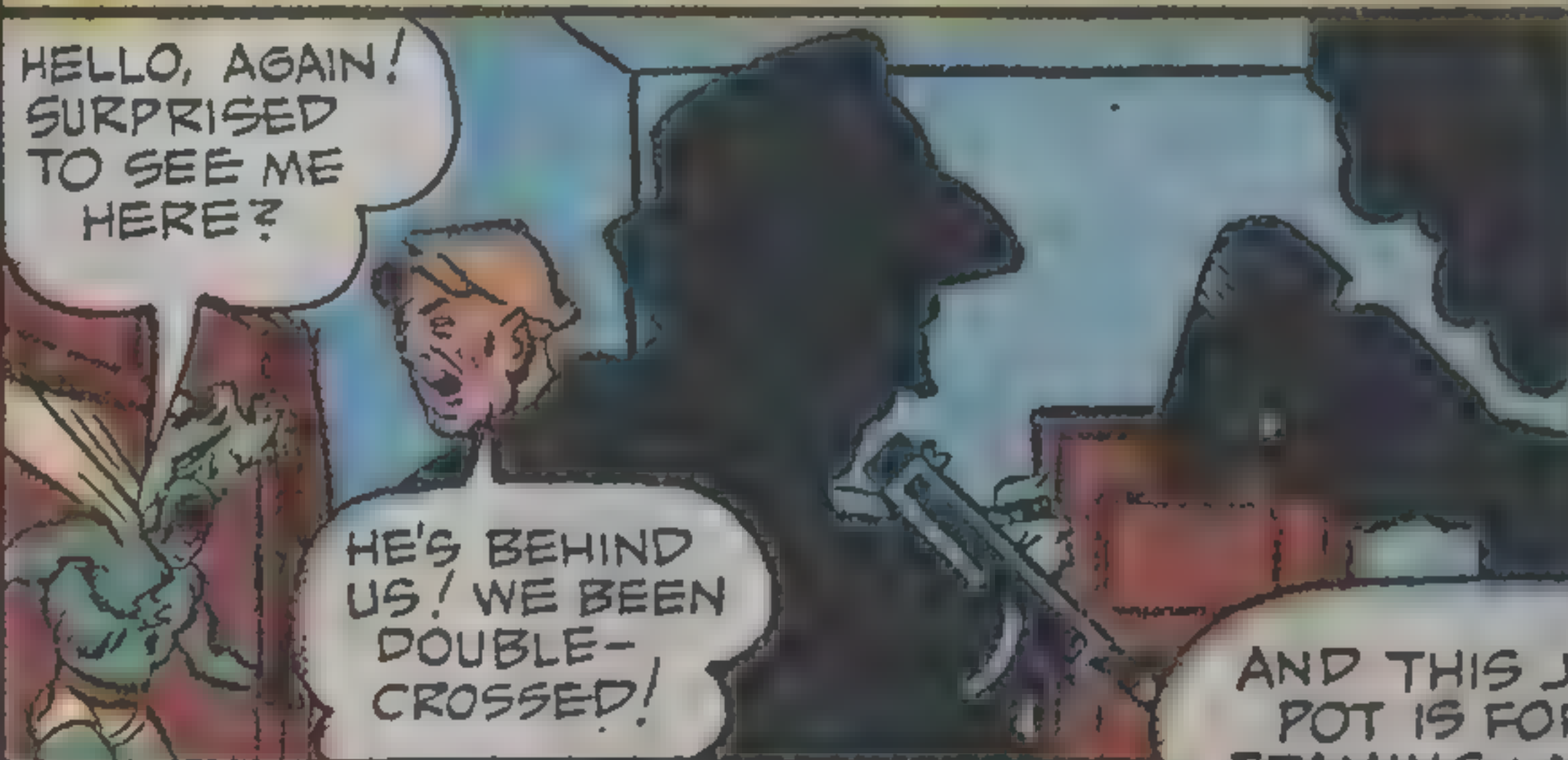
FASTER THAN THE QUICKEST EXPRESS, AIR WAVE RIDES THE EL TOWARD HIS PREY!



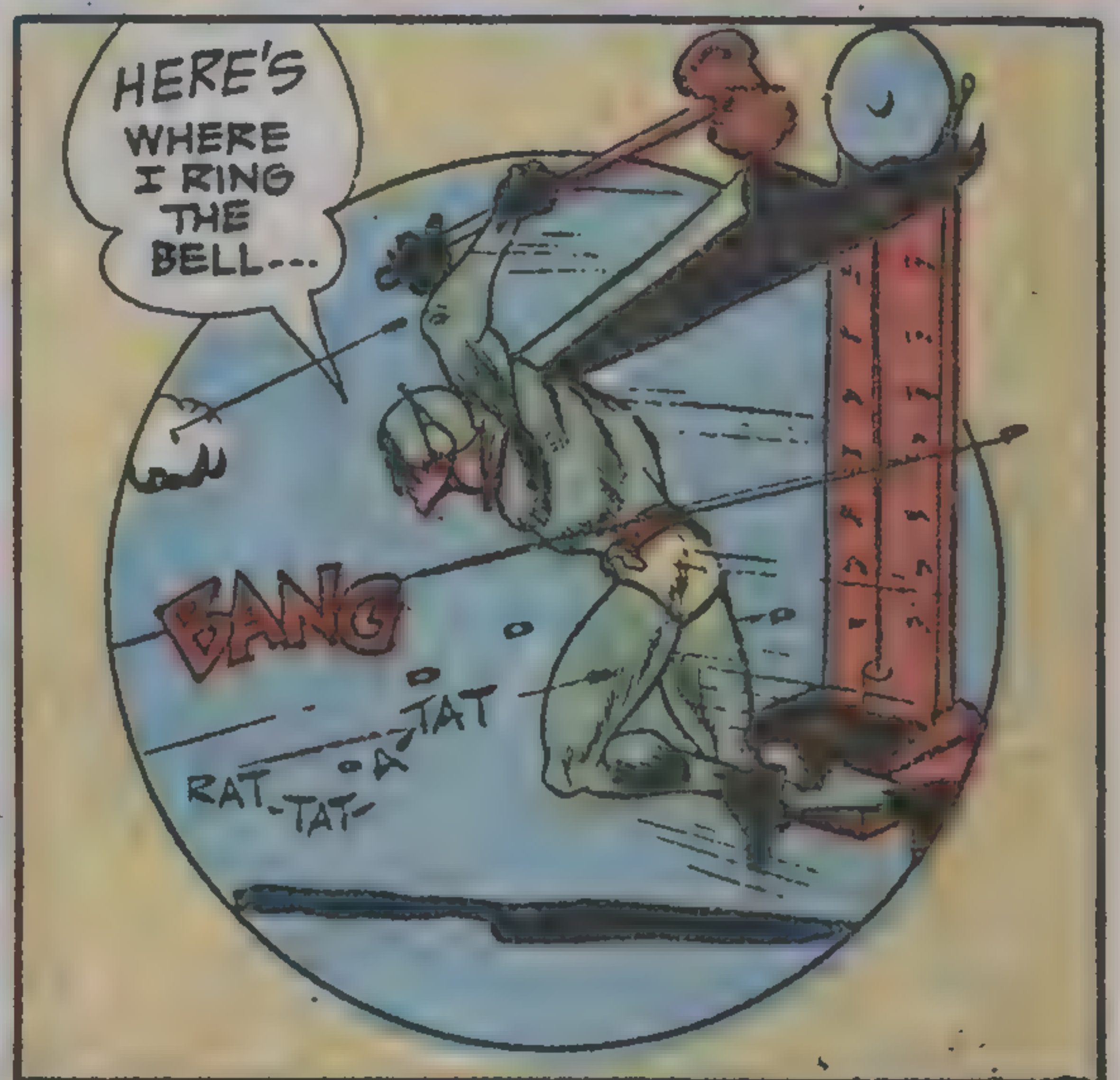
AGAIN THE POWERFUL TWO-WAY BROADCASTER FLASHES ITS BEAM OUT TO A METAL OBJECT...



AND AS GLEAMING GUNS ARE TRAINED ON THE DOOR...



HOT LEAD FANS PAST AIR WAVE'S CHEEK AS THE FRANTIC THUGS SHOOT WILDLY...





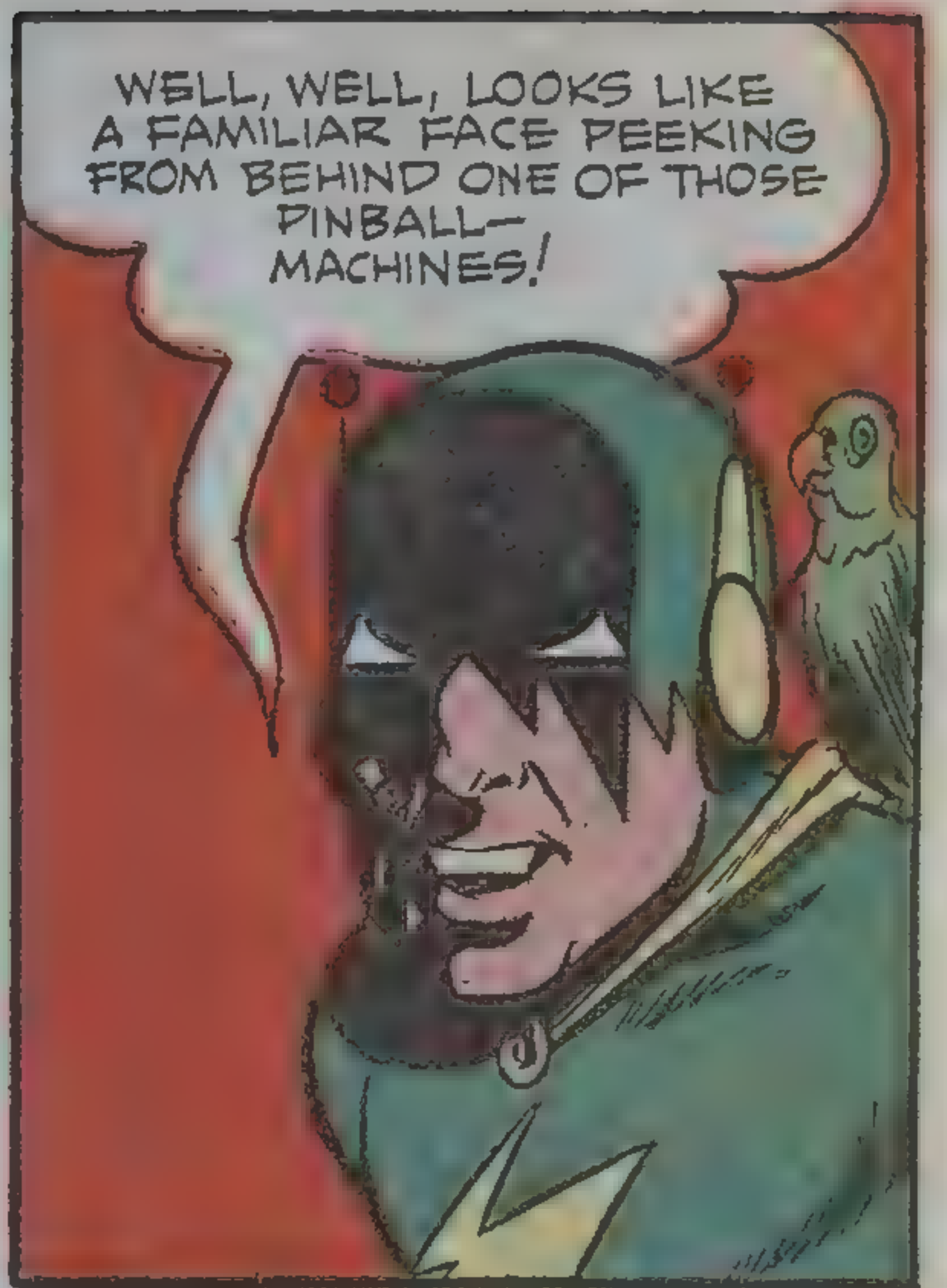
...AND GET A CIGAR!

DOOF!

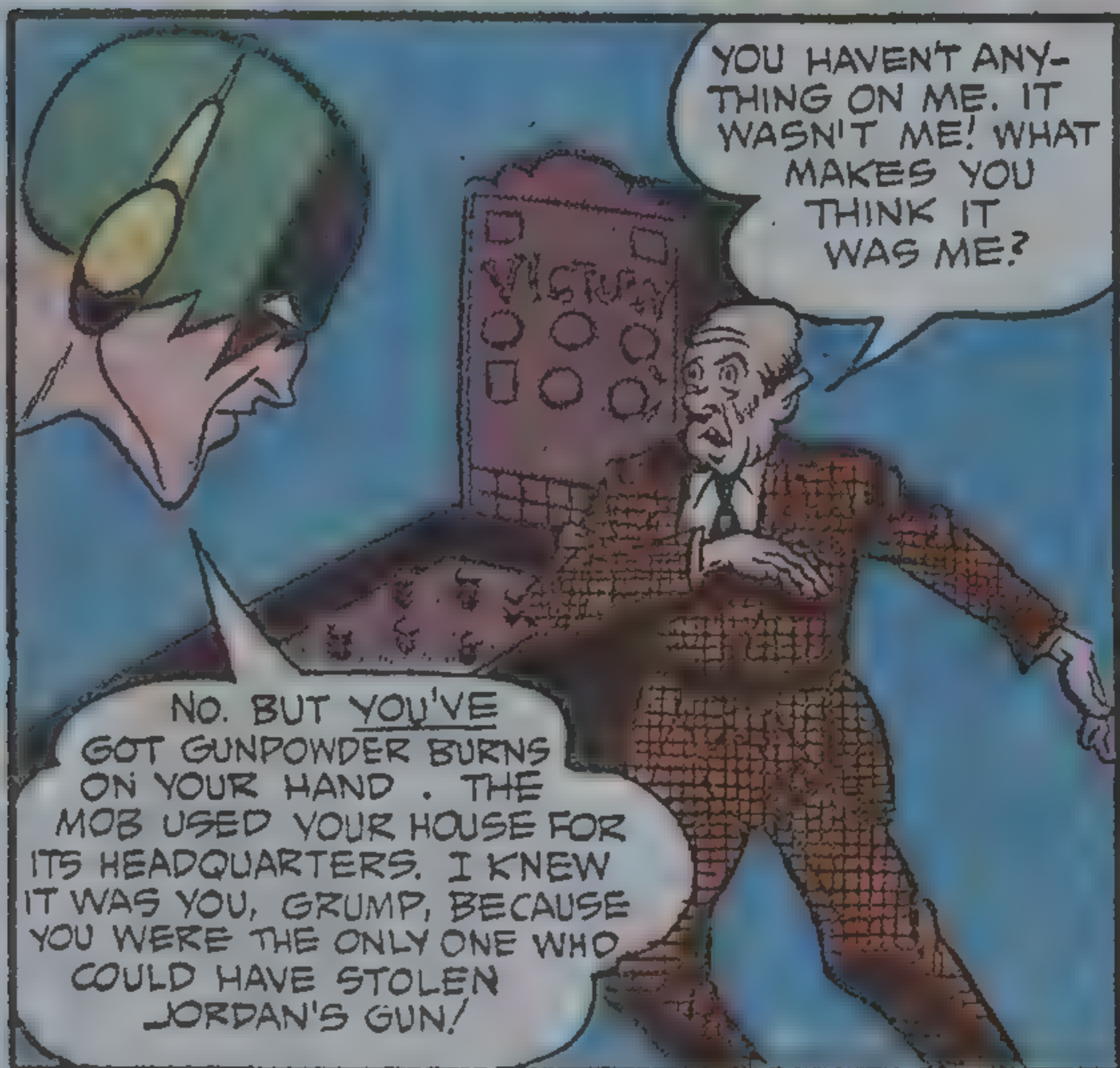


AN EYE FOR A TOOTH...
A TOOTH FOR AN EYE!

PLEASE,
PLEASE!
I GIVE
UP!

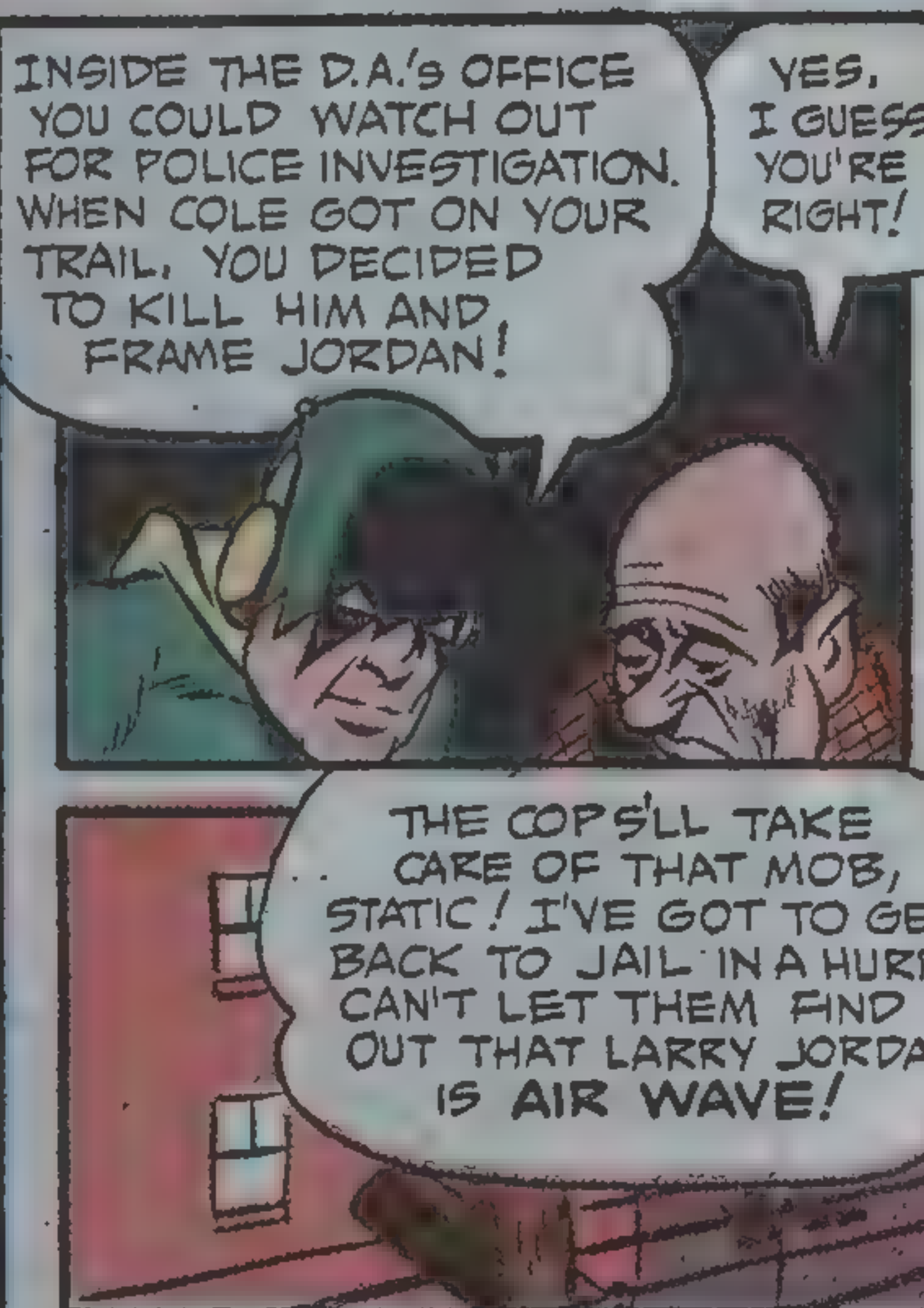


WELL, WELL, LOOKS LIKE
A FAMILIAR FACE PEEKING
FROM BEHIND ONE OF THOSE
PINBALL-
MACHINES!



YOU HAVEN'T ANY-
THING ON ME. IT
WASN'T ME! WHAT
MAKES YOU
THINK IT
WAS ME?

NO. BUT YOU'VE
GOT GUNPOWDER BURNS
ON YOUR HAND. THE
MOB USED YOUR HOUSE FOR
ITS HEADQUARTERS. I KNEW
IT WAS YOU, GRUMP, BECAUSE
YOU WERE THE ONLY ONE WHO
COULD HAVE STOLEN
JORDAN'S GUN!

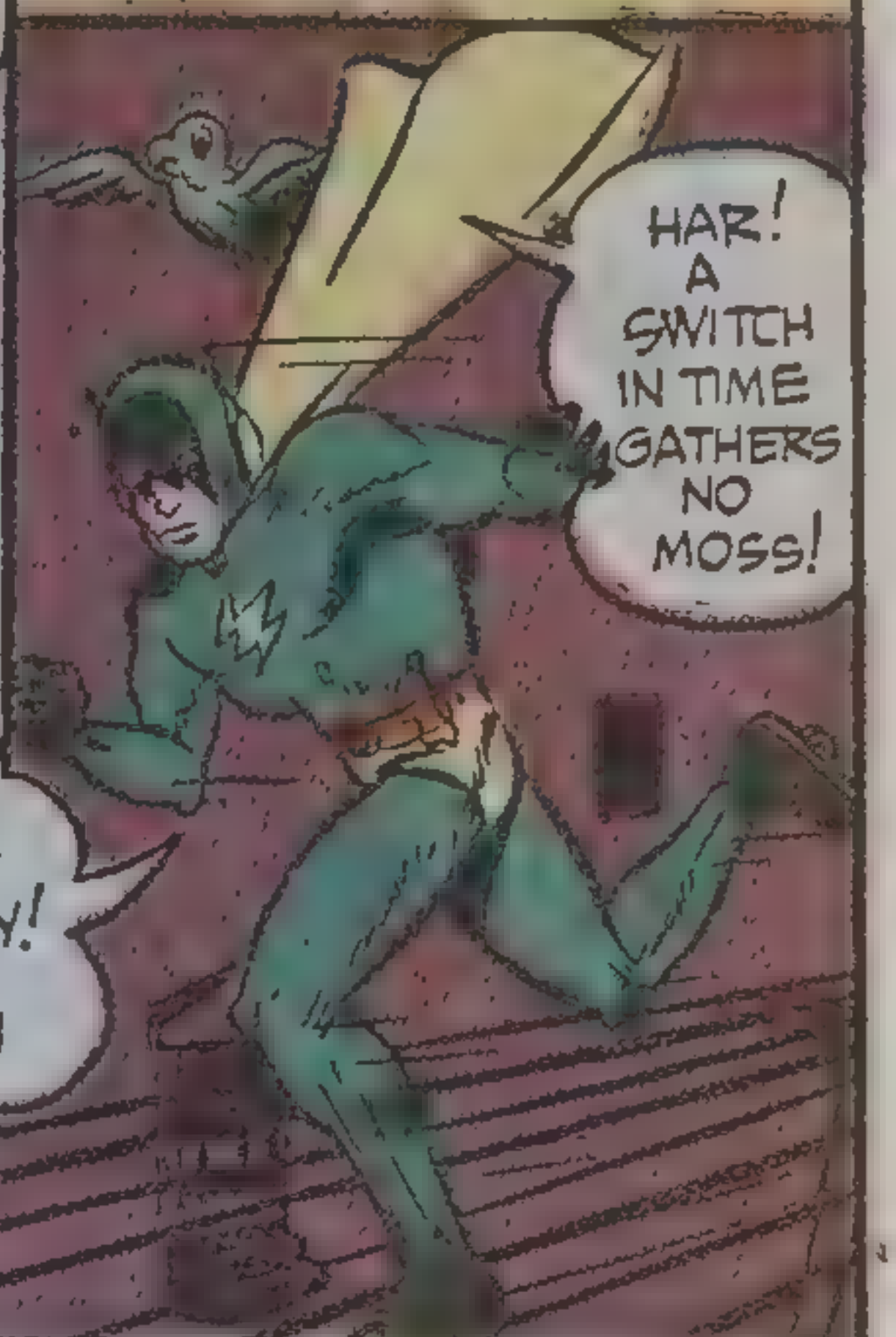


INSIDE THE D.A.'S OFFICE
YOU COULD WATCH OUT
FOR POLICE INVESTIGATION.
WHEN COLE GOT ON YOUR
TRAIL, YOU DECIDED
TO KILL HIM AND
FRAME JORDAN!

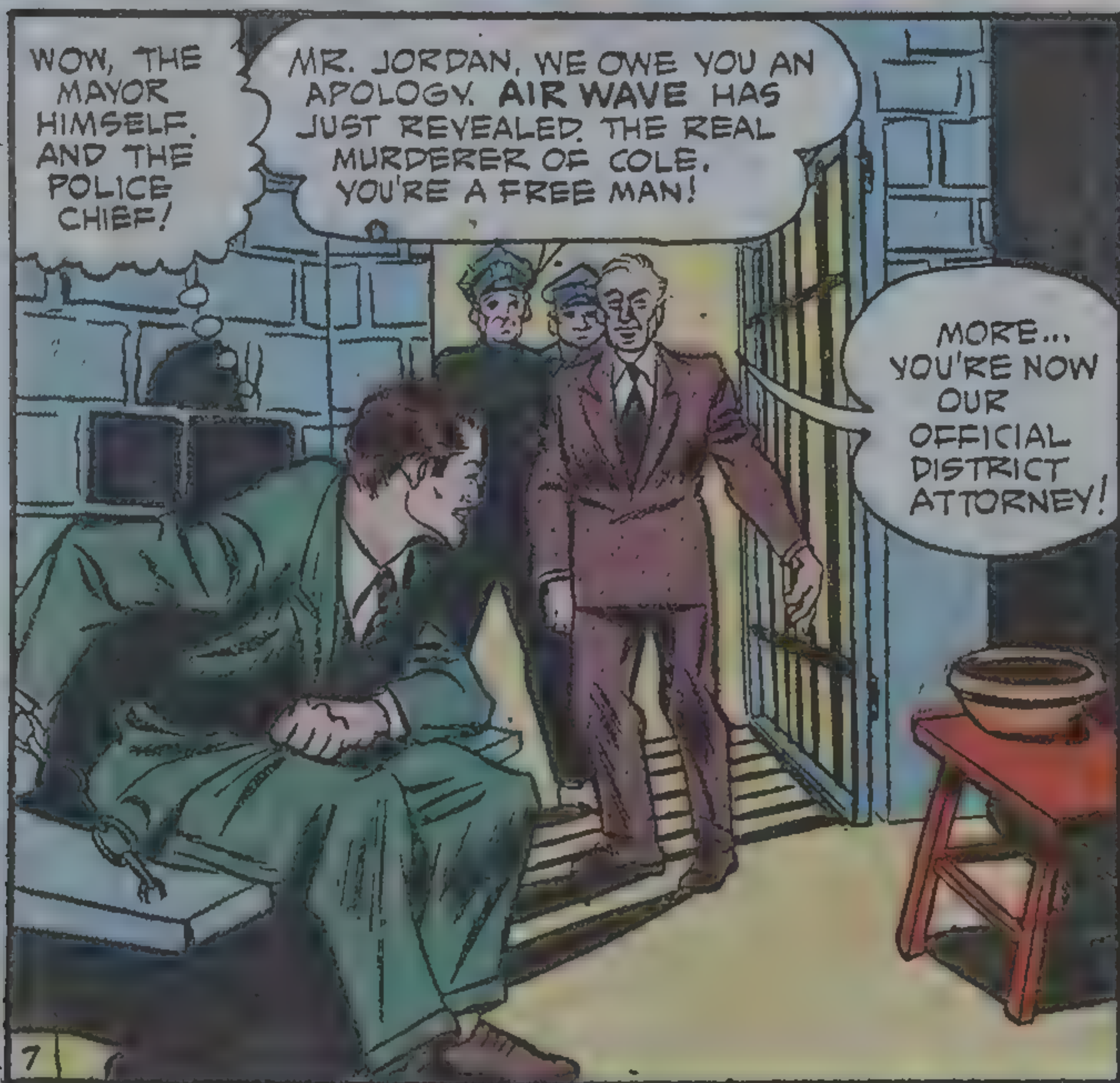
YES,
I GUESS
YOU'RE
RIGHT!

THE COPS'LL TAKE
CARE OF THAT MOB,
STATIC! I'VE GOT TO GET
BACK TO JAIL IN A HURRY!
CAN'T LET THEM FIND
OUT THAT LARRY JORDAN
IS AIR WAVE!

AND WHILE THE POLICE
STORM INTO THE HOUSE IN
ANSWER TO AIR WAVE'S
CALL...



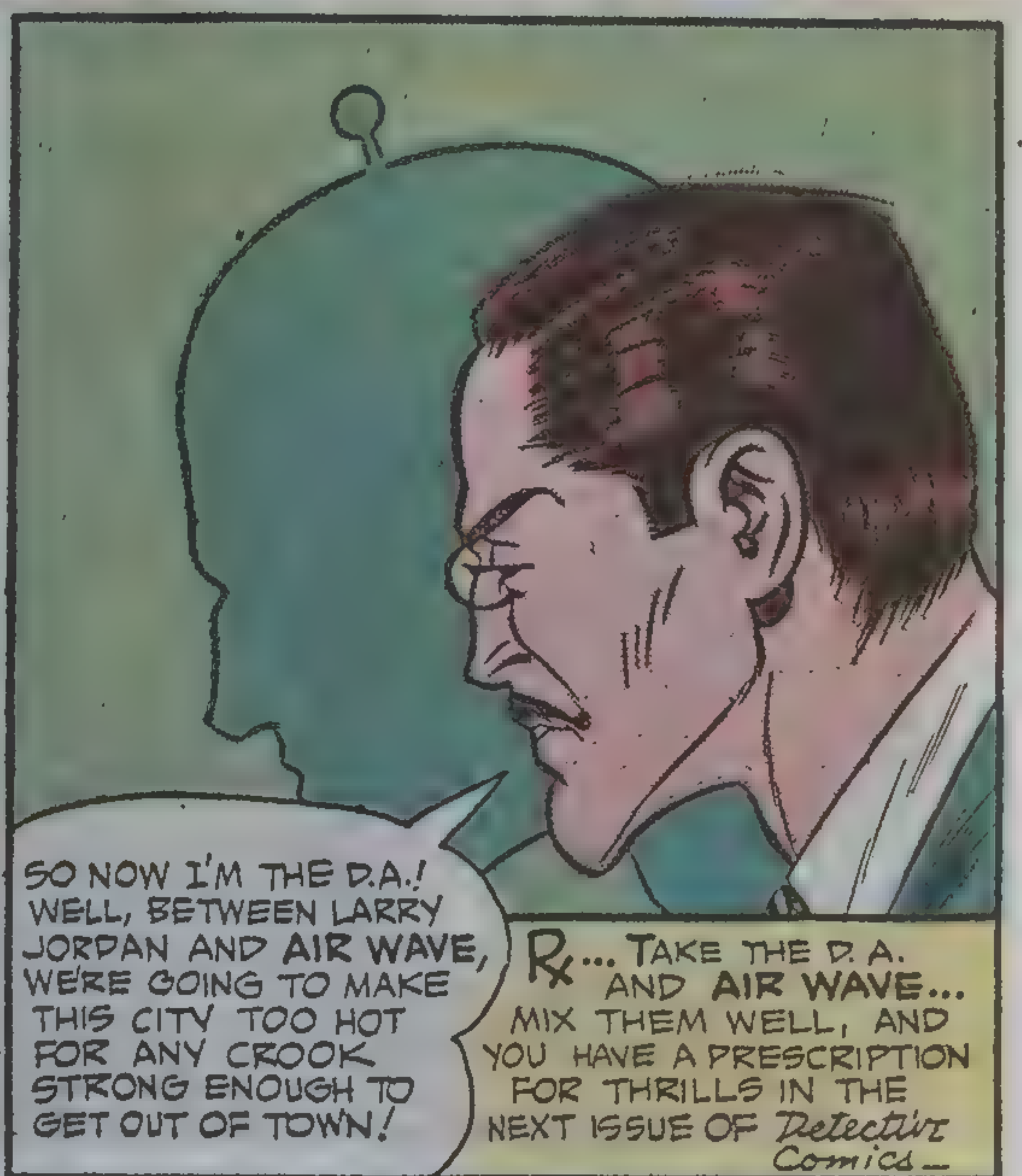
HAR!
A
SWITCH
IN TIME
GATHERS
NO
MOSS!



WOW, THE
MAYOR
HIMSELF.
AND THE
POLICE
CHIEF!

MR. JORDAN, WE OWE YOU AN
APOLOGY. AIR WAVE HAS
JUST REVEALED THE REAL
MURDERER OF COLE.
YOU'RE A FREE MAN!

MORE...
YOU'RE NOW
OUR
OFFICIAL
DISTRICT
ATTORNEY!



SO NOW I'M THE D.A.!
WELL, BETWEEN LARRY
JORDAN AND AIR WAVE,
WE'RE GOING TO MAKE
THIS CITY TOO HOT
FOR ANY CROOK
STRONG ENOUGH TO
GET OUT OF TOWN!

R... TAKE THE D.A.
AND AIR WAVE...
MIX THEM WELL, AND
YOU HAVE A PRESCRIPTION
FOR THRILLS IN THE
NEXT ISSUE OF *Detective
Comics*—

SPORT with The SPORTS



STATEMENT of the OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, etc., Required by the ACT OF CONGRESS of AUGUST 24, 1912 and MARCH 3, 1933 of Detective Comics, published monthly at St. Louis, Mo., for October 1, 1941.

State of New York, County of New York, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. S. Liebowitz, who, having been duly sworn to law deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of Detective Comics, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, Management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc. of the aforesaid publications for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 507, Postal Laws and Regulations to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Detective Comics, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York City, Editor, W. F. Ellsworth, 480 Lexington Ave., New York City, Managing Editor, none; Business Manager, J. S. Liebowitz, 480 Lexington Ave., New York City.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated, and also immediately thereafter the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corp'n, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address as well as those of each individual member must be given.)

Detective Comics, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York City; Harry Donenfeld, 480 Lexington Ave., New York City; P. H. Sampliner, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

3. That the little known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) NONE.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) J. S. Liebowitz, Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 6th day of October, 1941.

(Signed) Alfred B. Yaffe, My commission expires March 30, 1942.)

Free for Asthma During Summer

If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is hot and sultry; if heat, dust and general mugginess make you wheeze and choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last; if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a life-time and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address

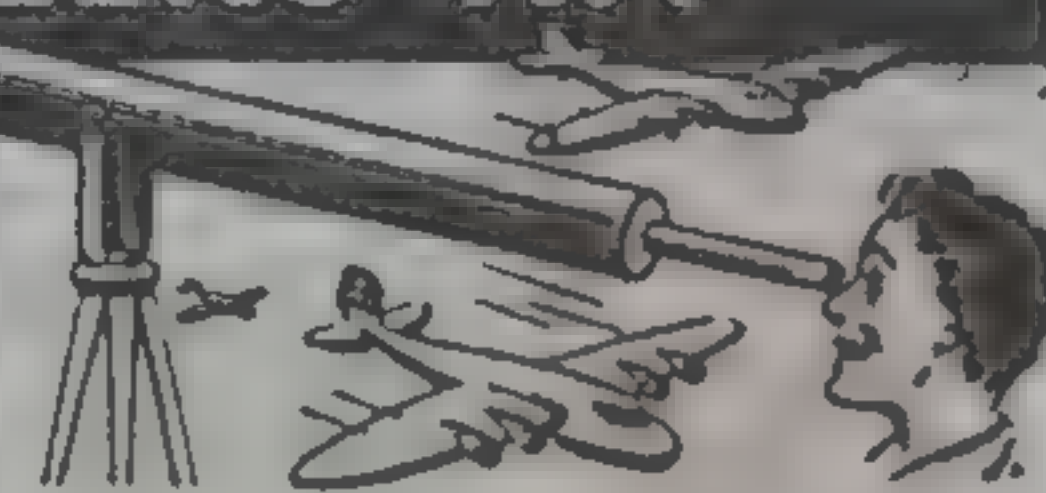
Frontier Asthma Co. 181-J Frontier Bldg.
462 Niagara St., - Buffalo, N. Y.

Super-Wonder Packet Offered

containing stamps from AFGHANISTAN (ublong), NORTH BORNEO (buffalo), MANCHUKUO (Mansoleum), SARAWAK (rajah), GUADELOUPE (sugar refining), COSTA RICA (triangle), MARTINIQUE (view), BRUNEI (Boating). This entire packet for only 8c to approval applicants. Big illustrated lists free with each order. KENT STAMP CO., G.P.O. Box 87(5), Brooklyn, N. Y.

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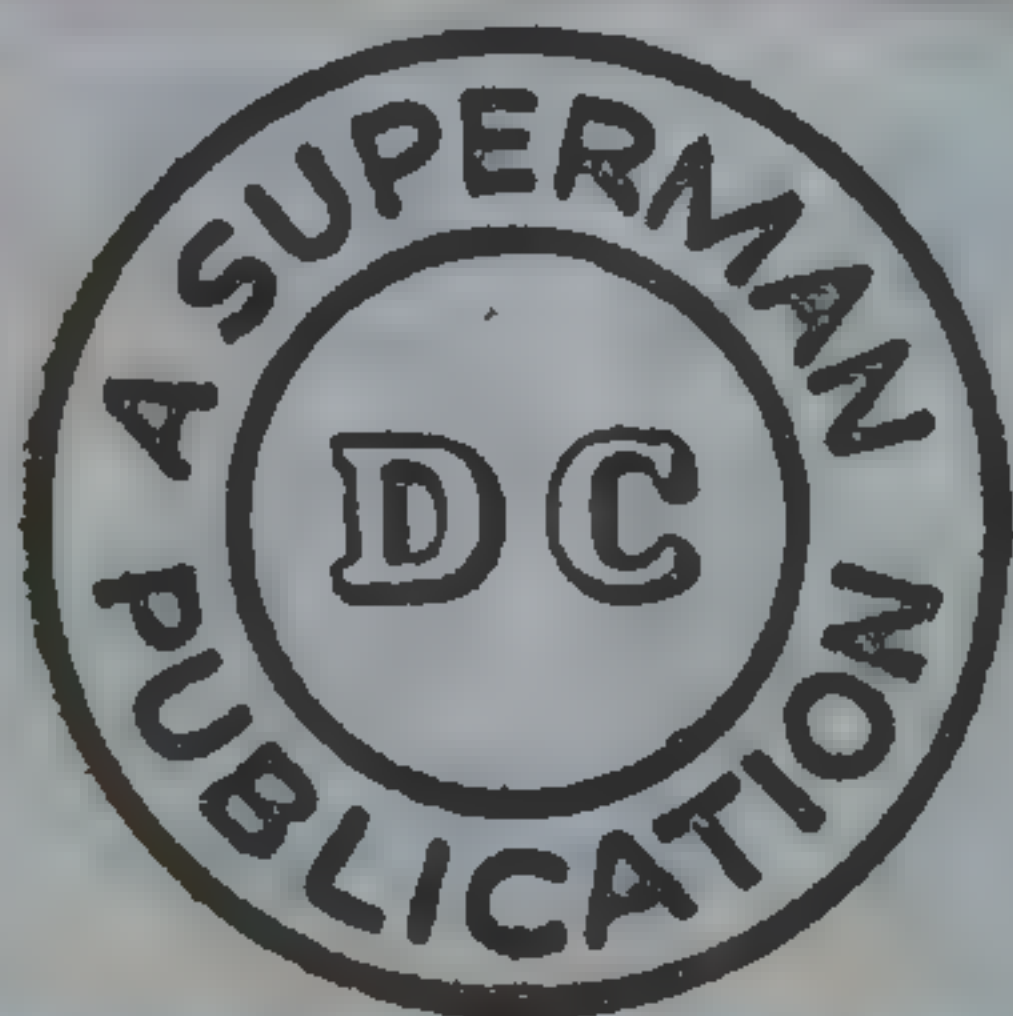


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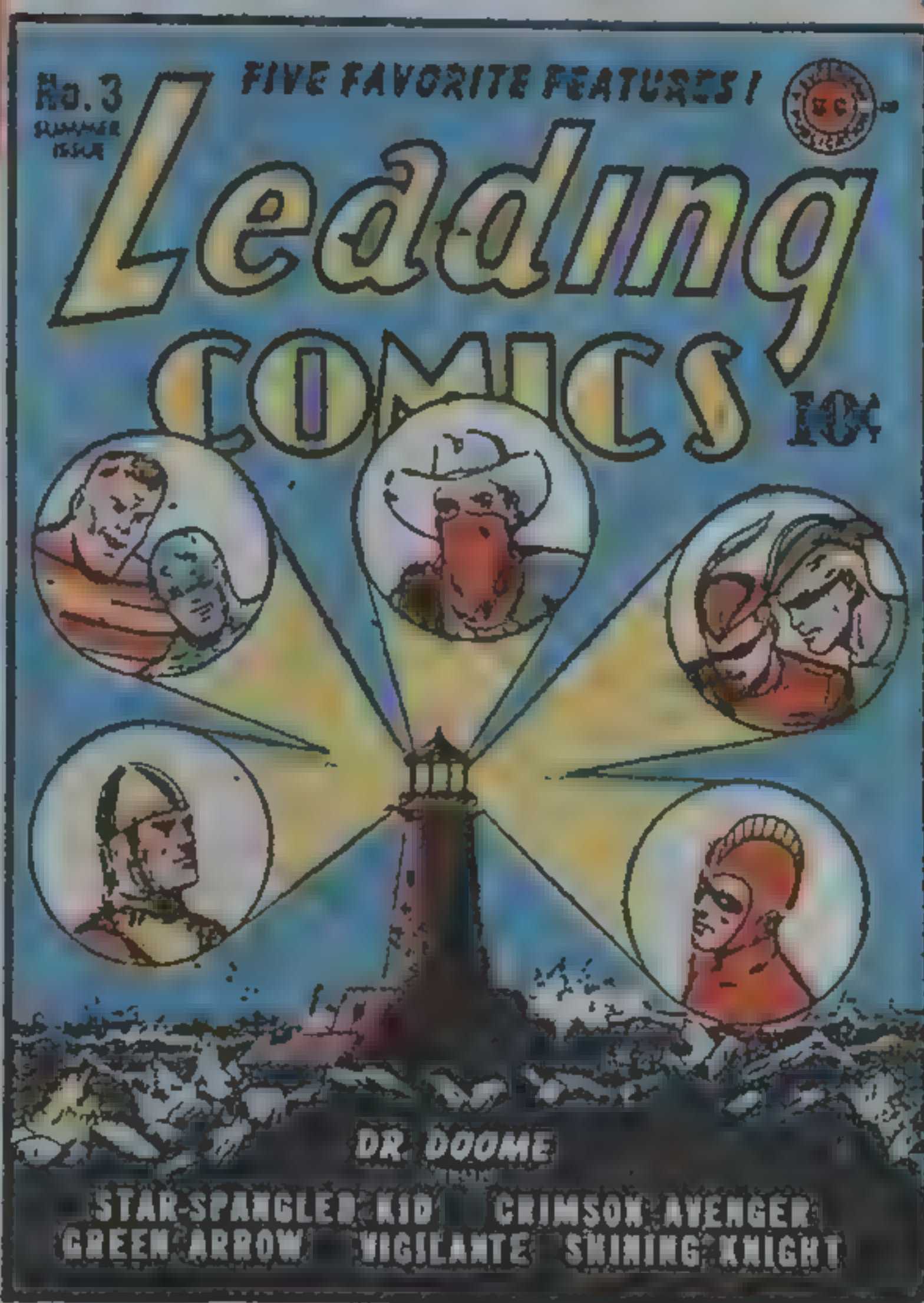
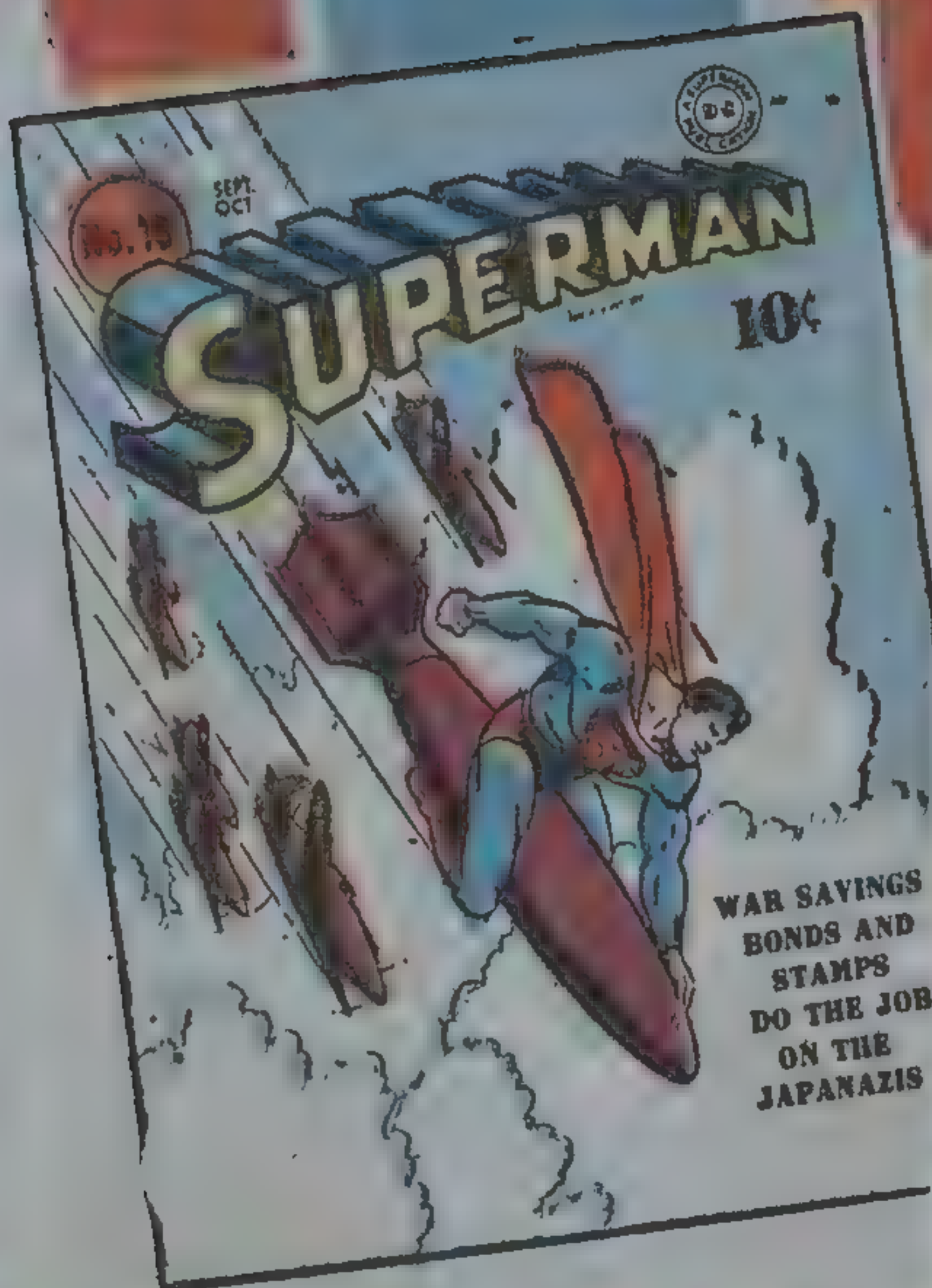
Send me a copy of "Wonders of Science, Simplified" (3 dazzling volumes bound together). Also include my long distance telescope Lens Kit with this order. I enclose \$1.98 with the understanding that I may return the book and Lens Kit within five days for a full cash refund if I am not completely delighted.

Name

Address



LOOK FOR THIS
TRADEMARK
FOR
THE BEST IN
COMIC MAGAZINES!



NOW ON SALE

SLAM

BRADLEY

MUSIC HATH ITS CHARMS.. AND ALSO ITS HEADACHES! SLAM BRADLEY AND HIS PAL, SHORTY MORGAN, PRIVATE DETECTIVES, FIND THAT OUT WHEN THEY START TO ACCUMULATE A LITTLE "CULTURE" AND END UP NECK-DEEP IN THE FANTASTIC —
"CASE OF THE DRIPPING DRUM."



THE SYMPHONY CONCERT, HIGH SPOT OF THE SOCIAL SEASON.. AND A PAIN IN THE NECK TO SHORTY!

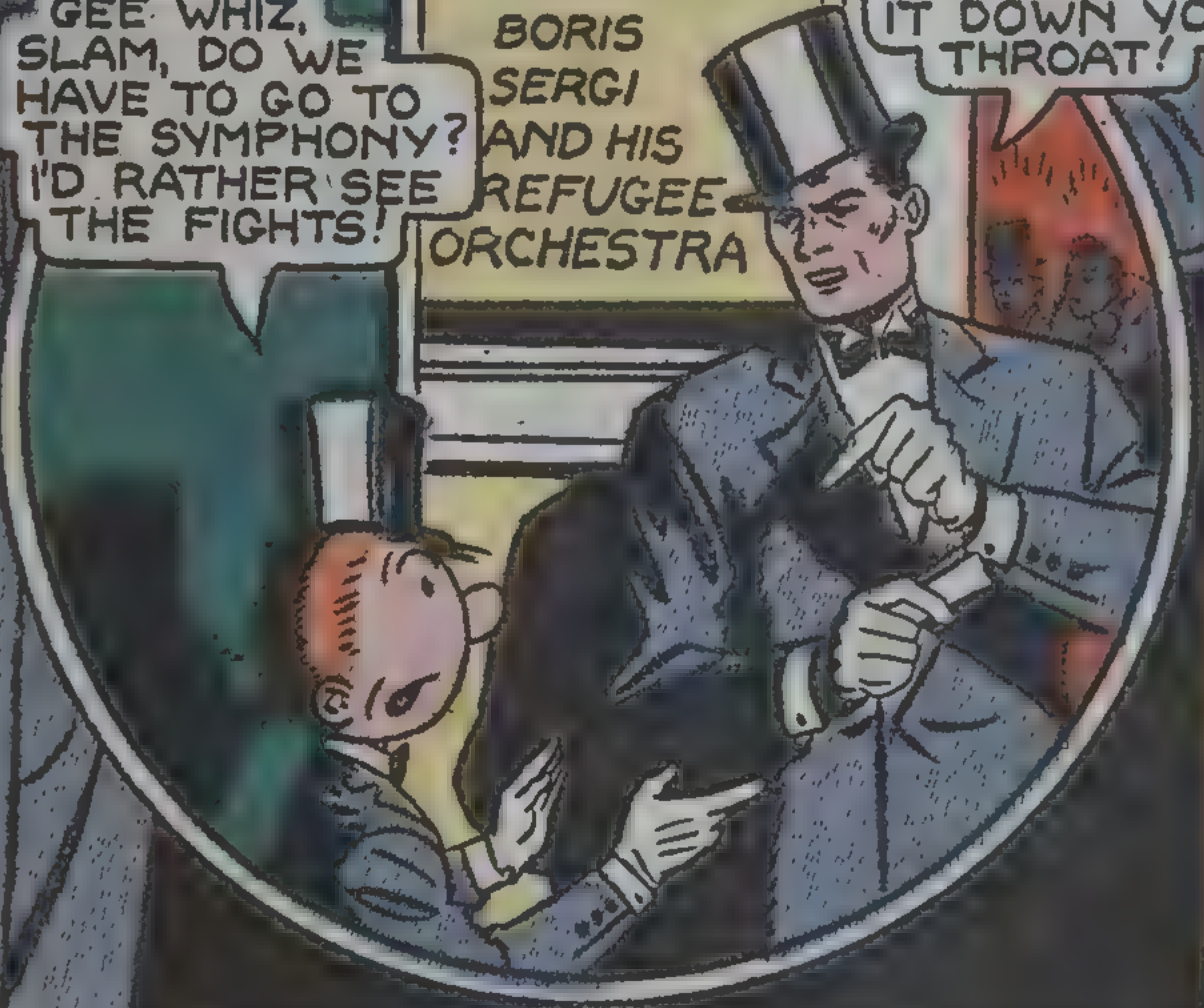
SPECIAL CONCERT
BORIS SERGI AND HIS REFUGEE ORCHESTRA

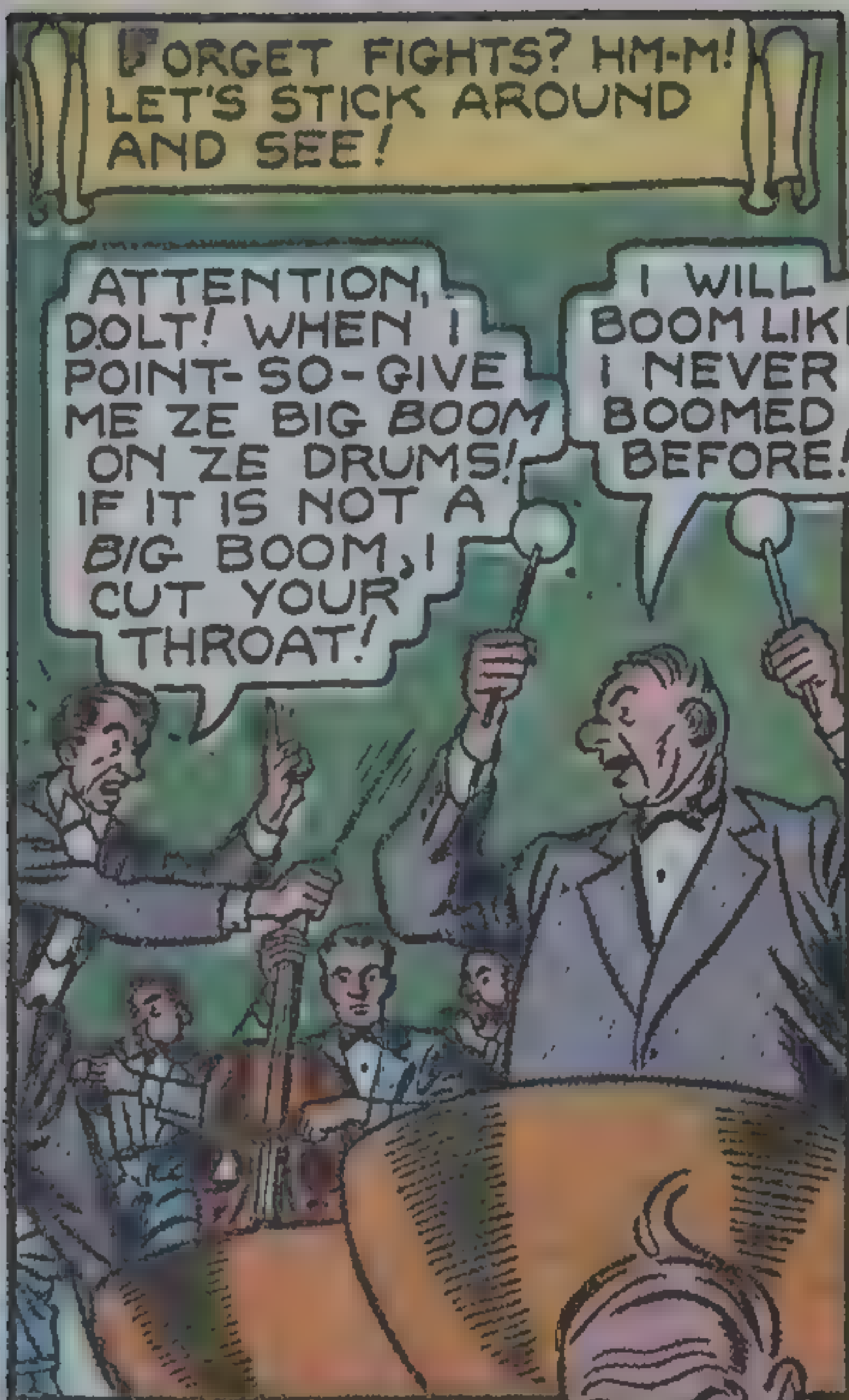
GEE WHIZ, SLAM, DO WE HAVE TO GO TO THE SYMPHONY? I'D RATHER SEE THE FIGHTS!

PIPE DOWN, SHORT STUFF! YOU'RE GOING TO ABSORB SOME CULTURE IF I HAVE TO SHOVE IT DOWN YOUR THROAT!

I'D RATHER SEE A GOOD FIGHT!

SH-H-H! RELAX! THIS KIND OF MUSIC WILL SOOTHE YOU, MAKE YOU FORGET FIGHTS AND VIOLENCE!

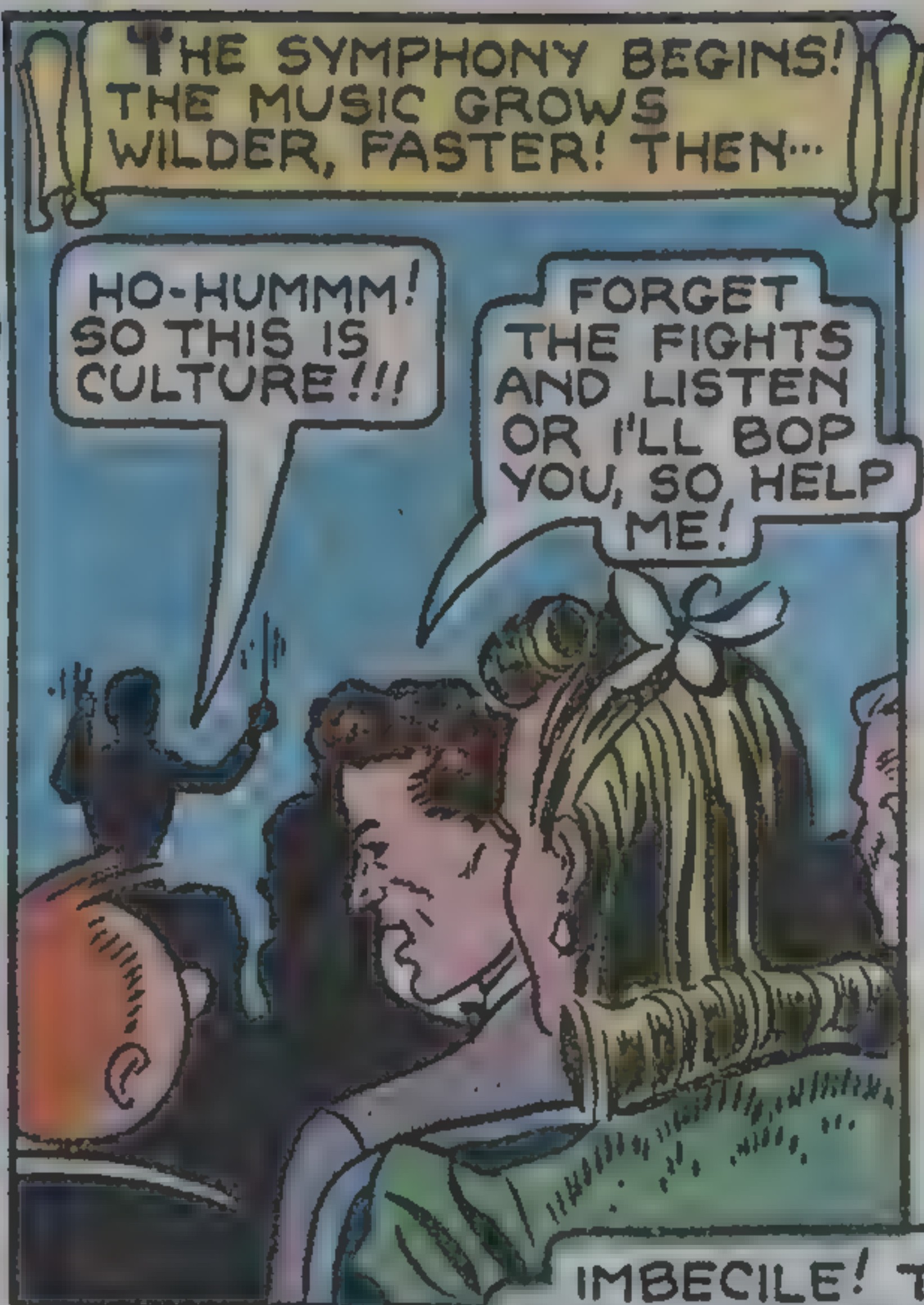




FORGET FIGHTS? HM-M!
LET'S STICK AROUND
AND SEE!

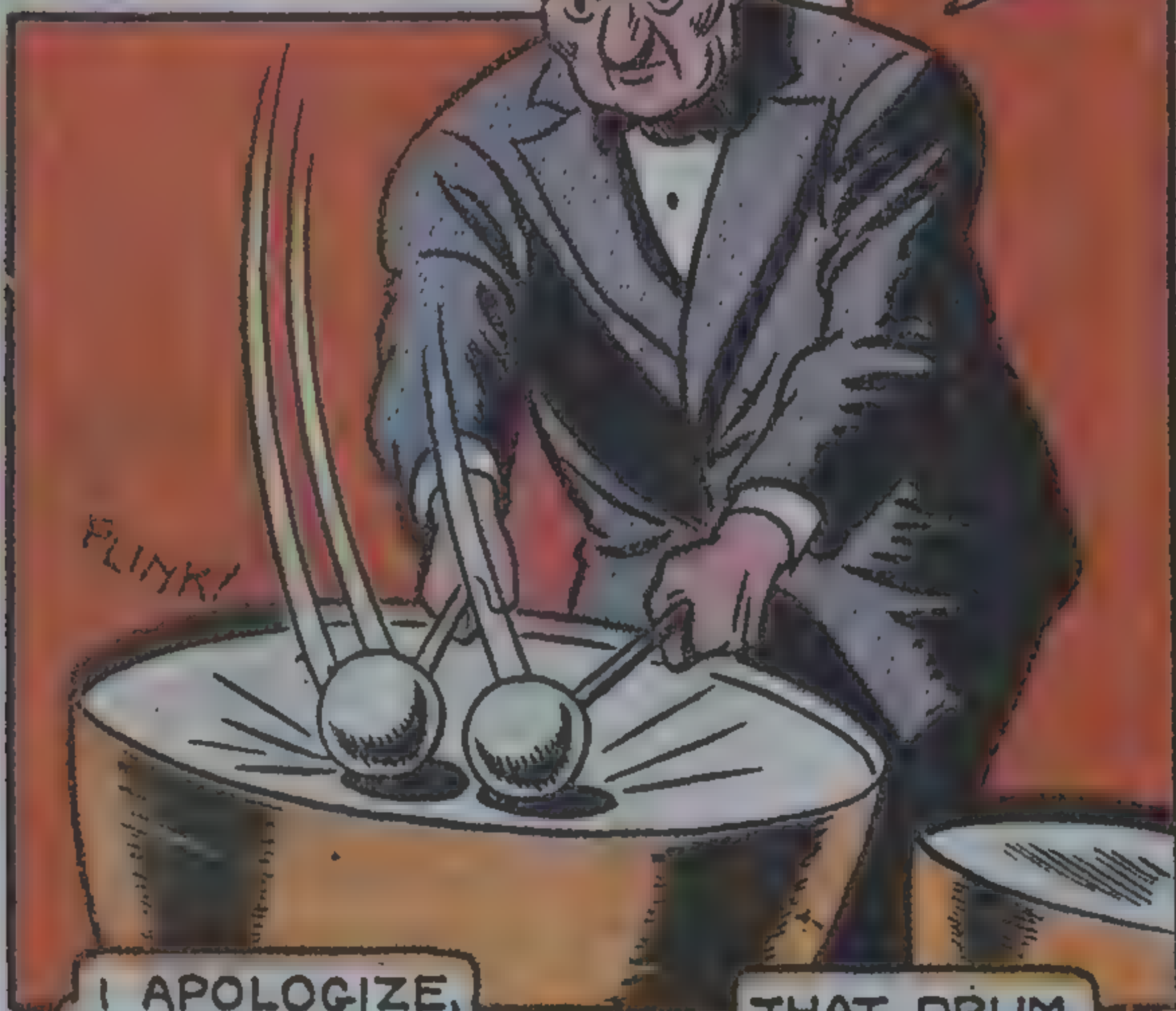
ATTENTION,
DOLT! WHEN I
POINT-SO-GIVE
ME ZE BIG BOOM
ON ZE DRUMS!
IF IT IS NOT A
BIG BOOM, I
CUT YOUR
THROAT!

I WILL
BOOM LIKE
I NEVER
BOOMED
BEFORE!



HO-HUMMM!
SO THIS IS
CULTURE!!!

FORGET
THE FIGHTS
AND LISTEN
OR I'LL BOP
YOU, SO HELP
ME!



I APOLOGIZE,
SLAM! THIS
CULTURE STUFF
IS GREAT! I'LL...
SAY, LOOK AT
THAT!!!

LOOK
AT WHAT,
SMARTY-
PANTS?

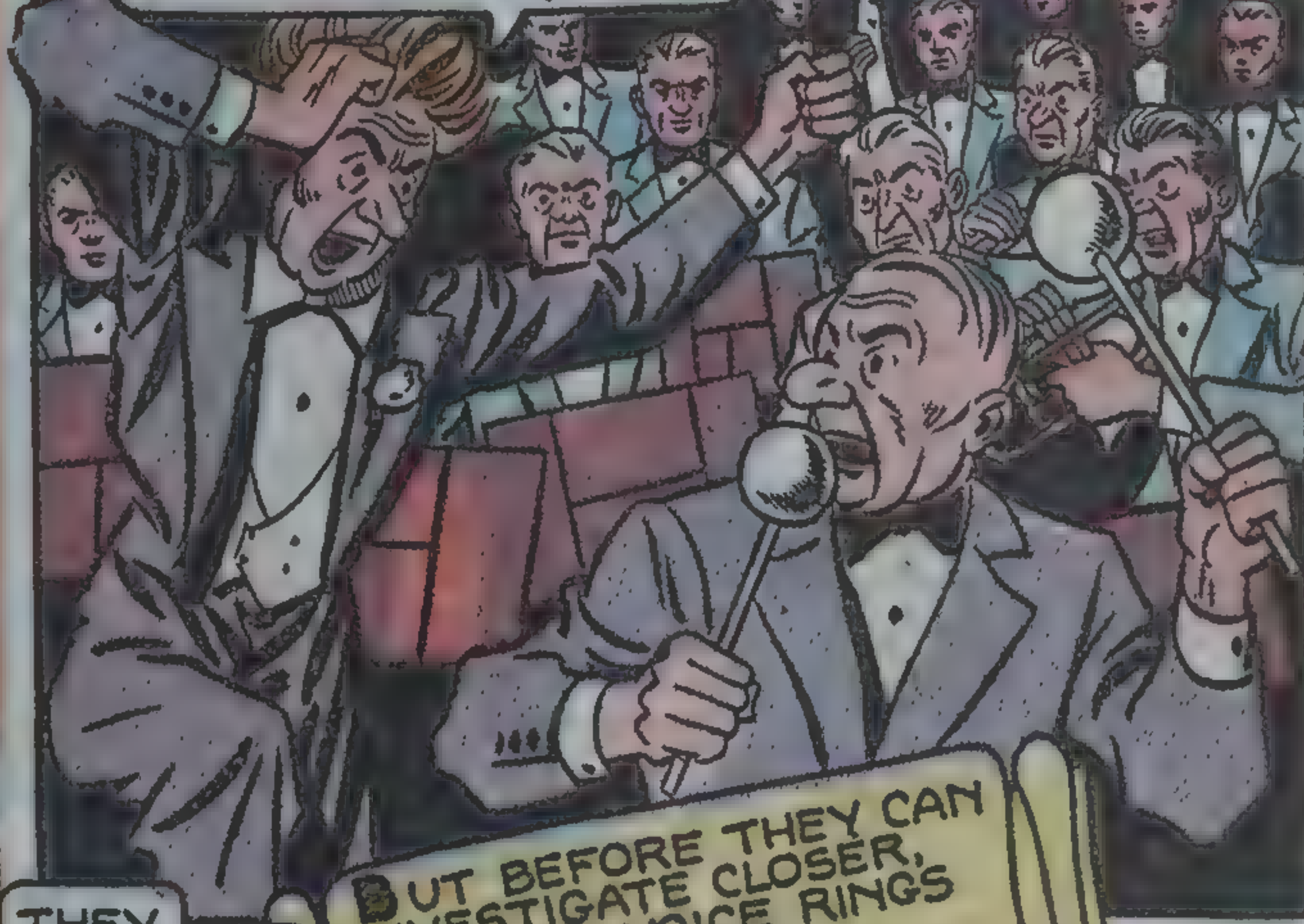


THAT DRUM,
SLAM! IT'S
DRIPPING ALL
OVER THE
FLOOR! I
DIDN'T KNOW
THOSE THINGS
HAD OIL
TANKS IN
THEM!



THEY
DON'T! LET'S
SEE WHAT
THIS IS ALL
ABOUT!

IMBECILE! TRAITOR!
YOU HAFF RUIN MY
GREATEST SYMPHONY!
I SAY, BOOM, AND YOU GIVE
ME PLINK! I MAKE BOOM
ON YOUR HEAD, IDIOT!

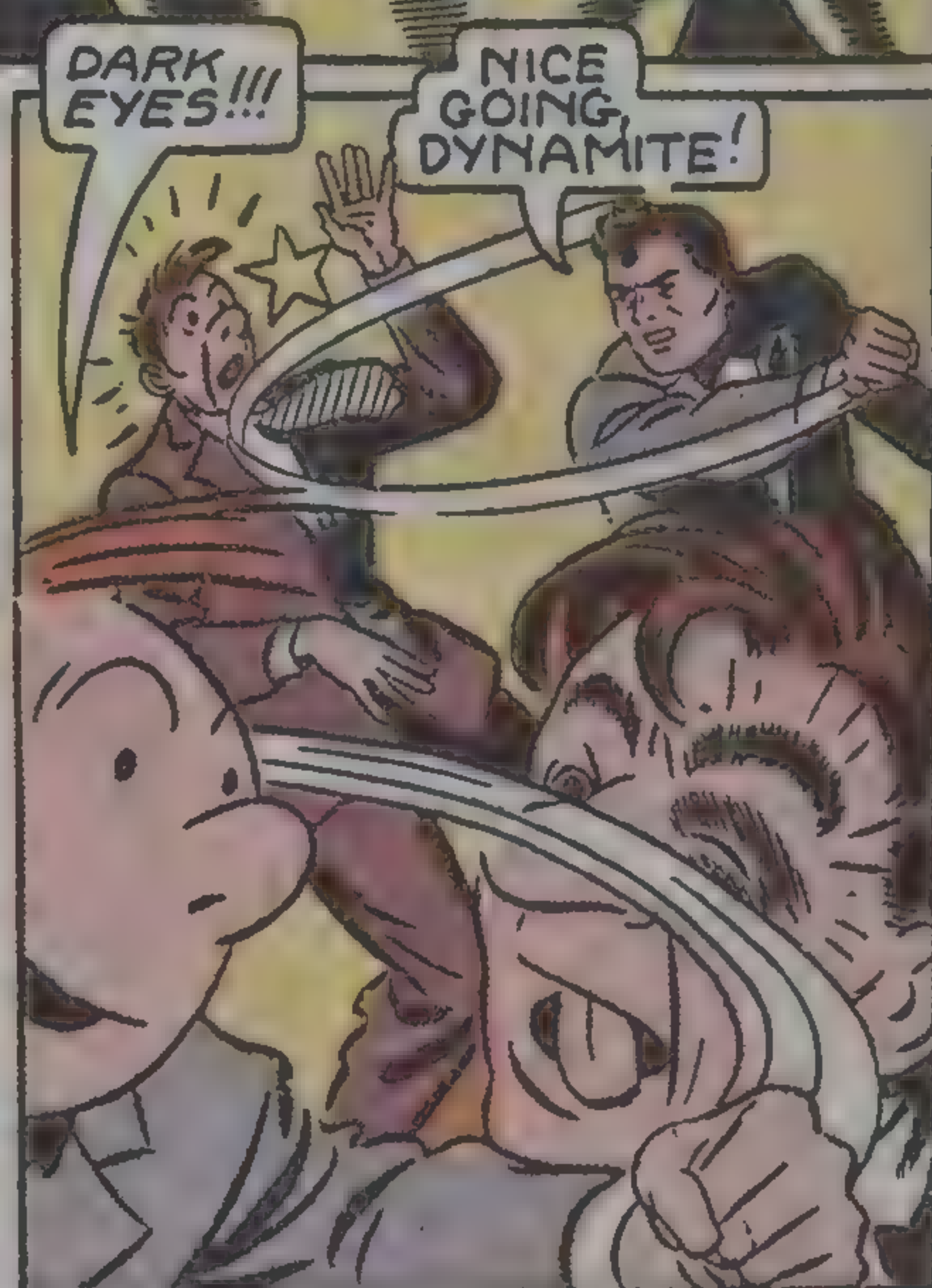
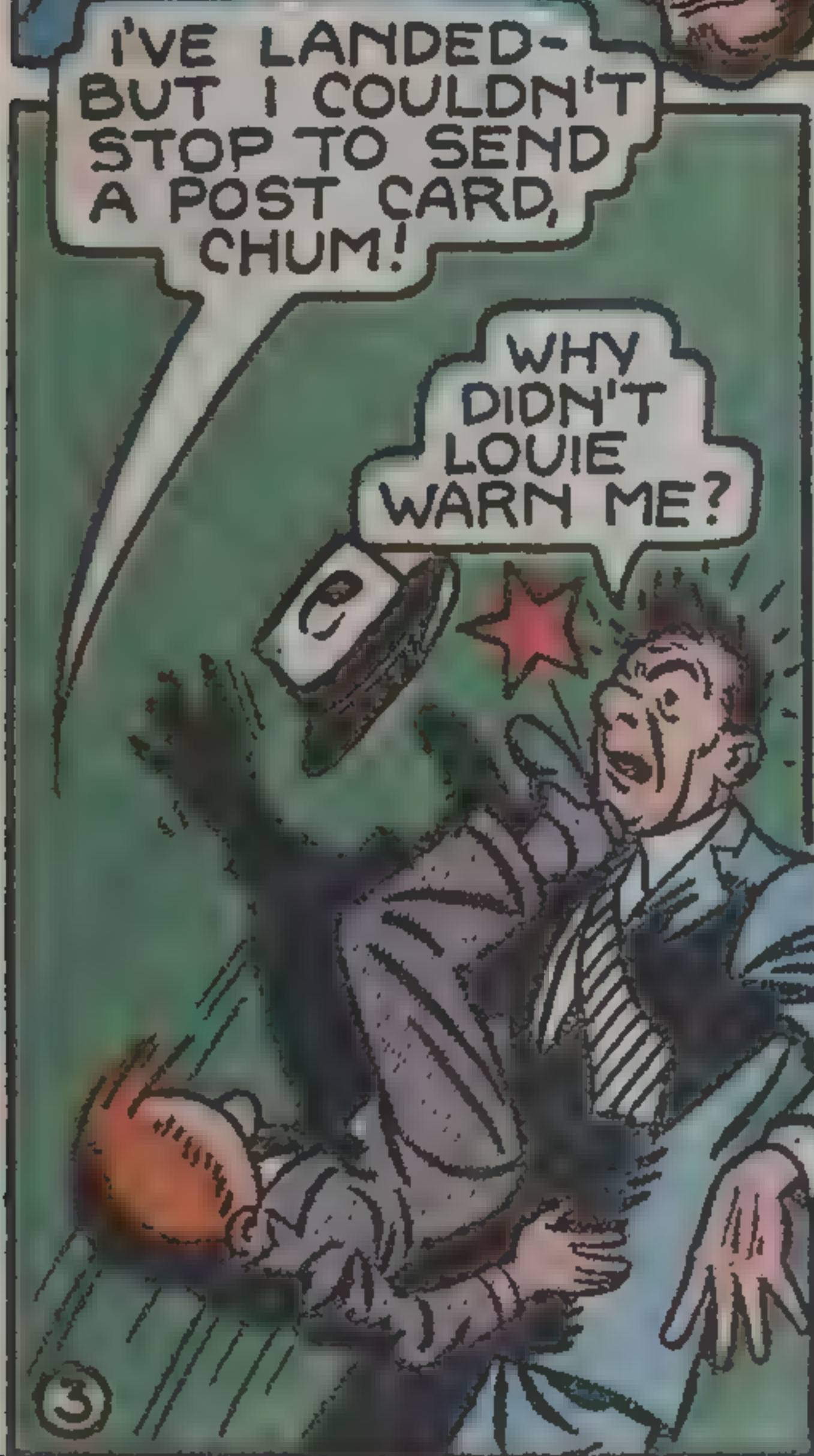
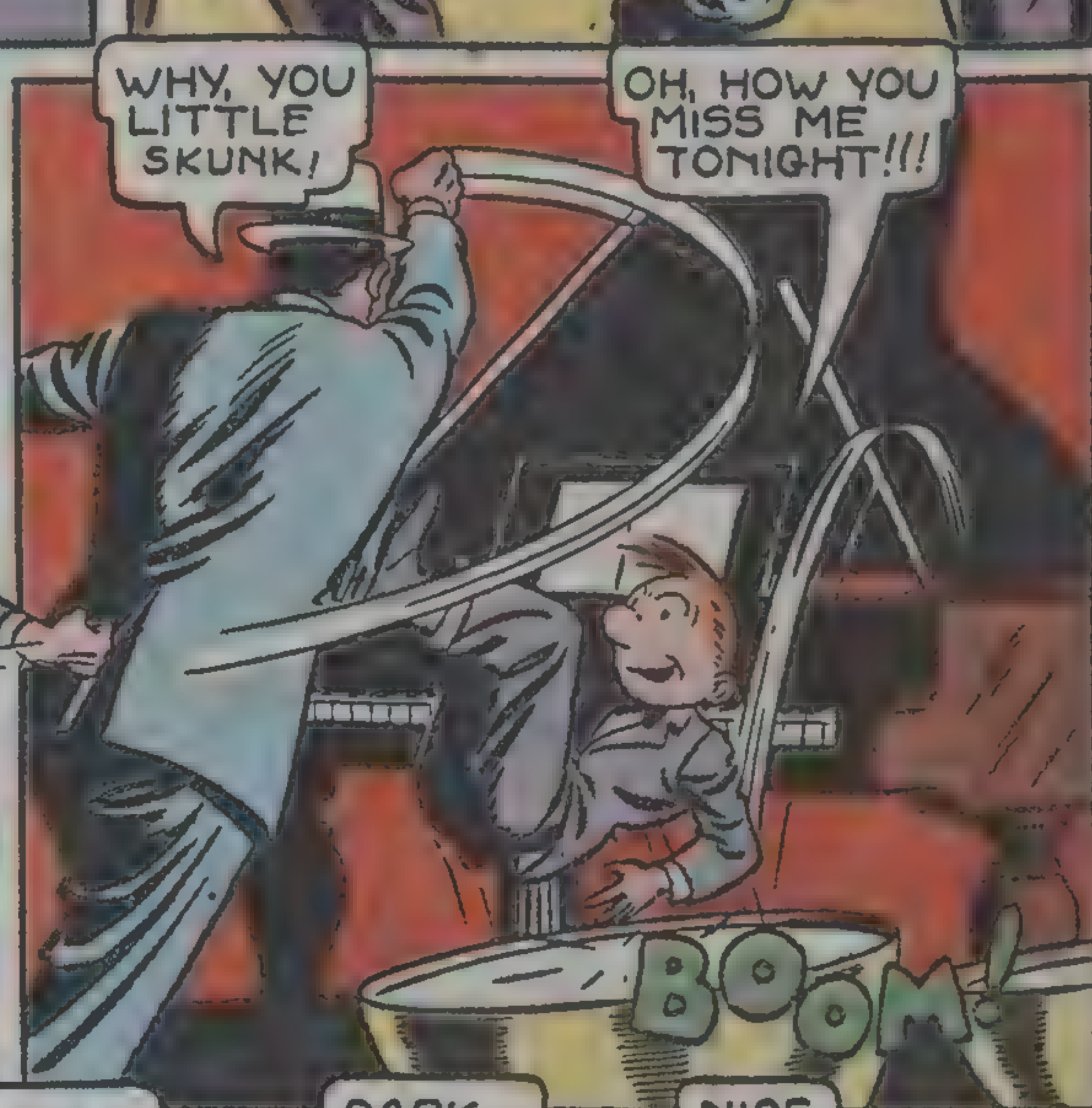


BUT BEFORE THEY CAN
INVESTIGATE CLOSER,
A HARSH VOICE RINGS
THROUGH A HALL
DEDICATED TO SWEET
MUSIC!

BETTER NOT,
SONNY! GET AWAY
FROM THAT DRUM
OR WE'LL LET
YOU HAVE
IT!!!



OH,
BOY!
SLAM, WHY
DIDN'T YOU TELL
ME A CONCERT
WAS SO
EXCITING ???
I'M GOING IN
FOR
CULTURE!





WHAT MUSIC IS THAT, CULTURE BUG?

ONE OF MY OWN COMPOSITIONS..!



I CALL IT "CHIN MUSIC ON THE WOODPILE"!!

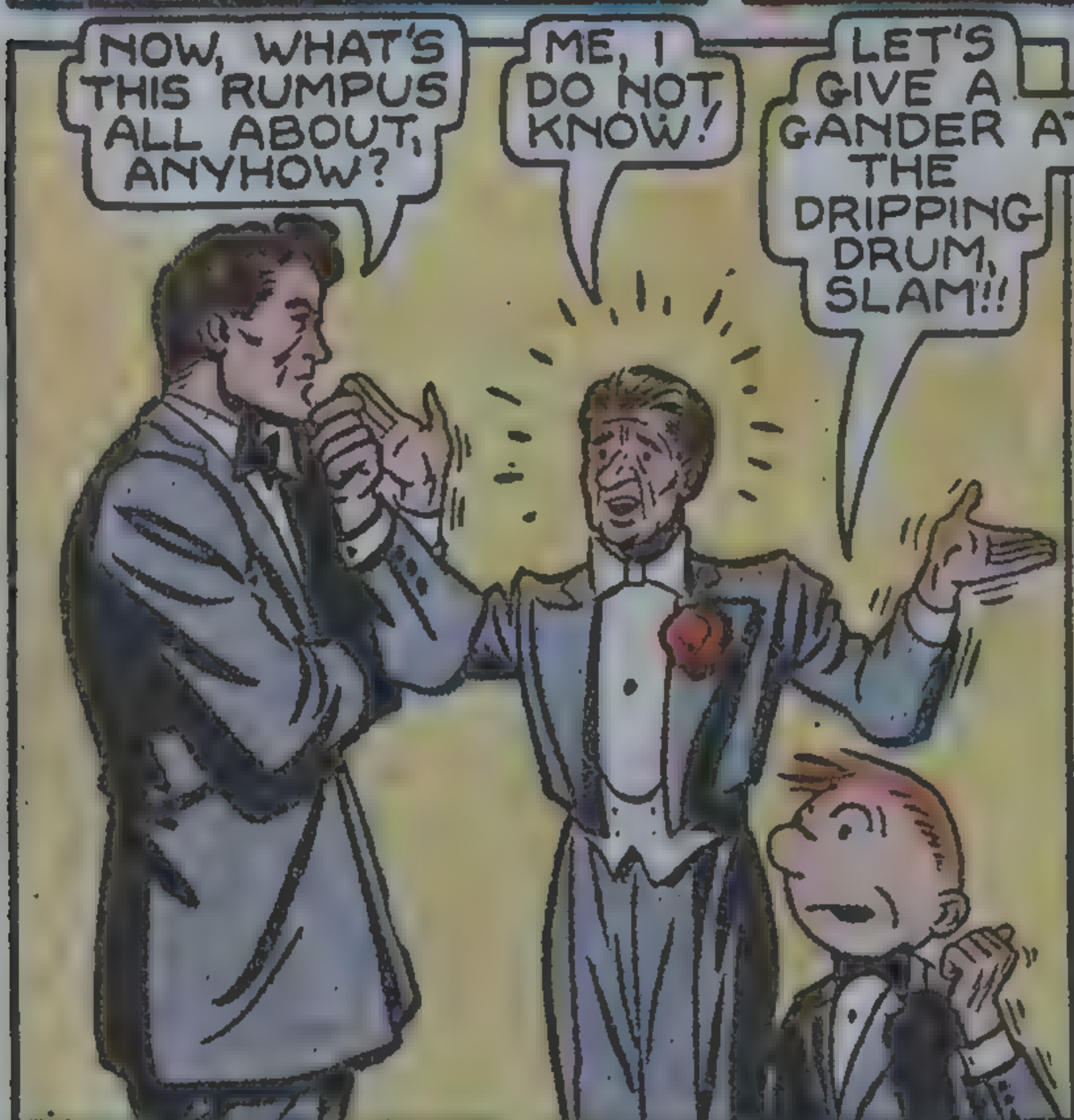
IT'S LOVELY! SO EXPRESSIVE, DON'T YOU THINK?



YOU ARE WONDERFUL, MARVELOUS! I WILL WRITE A SPECIAL SYMPHONY COMMEMORATING YOU, MY DEAR FRIEND!!!

HEY! IXNAY ON THE USHMAY!

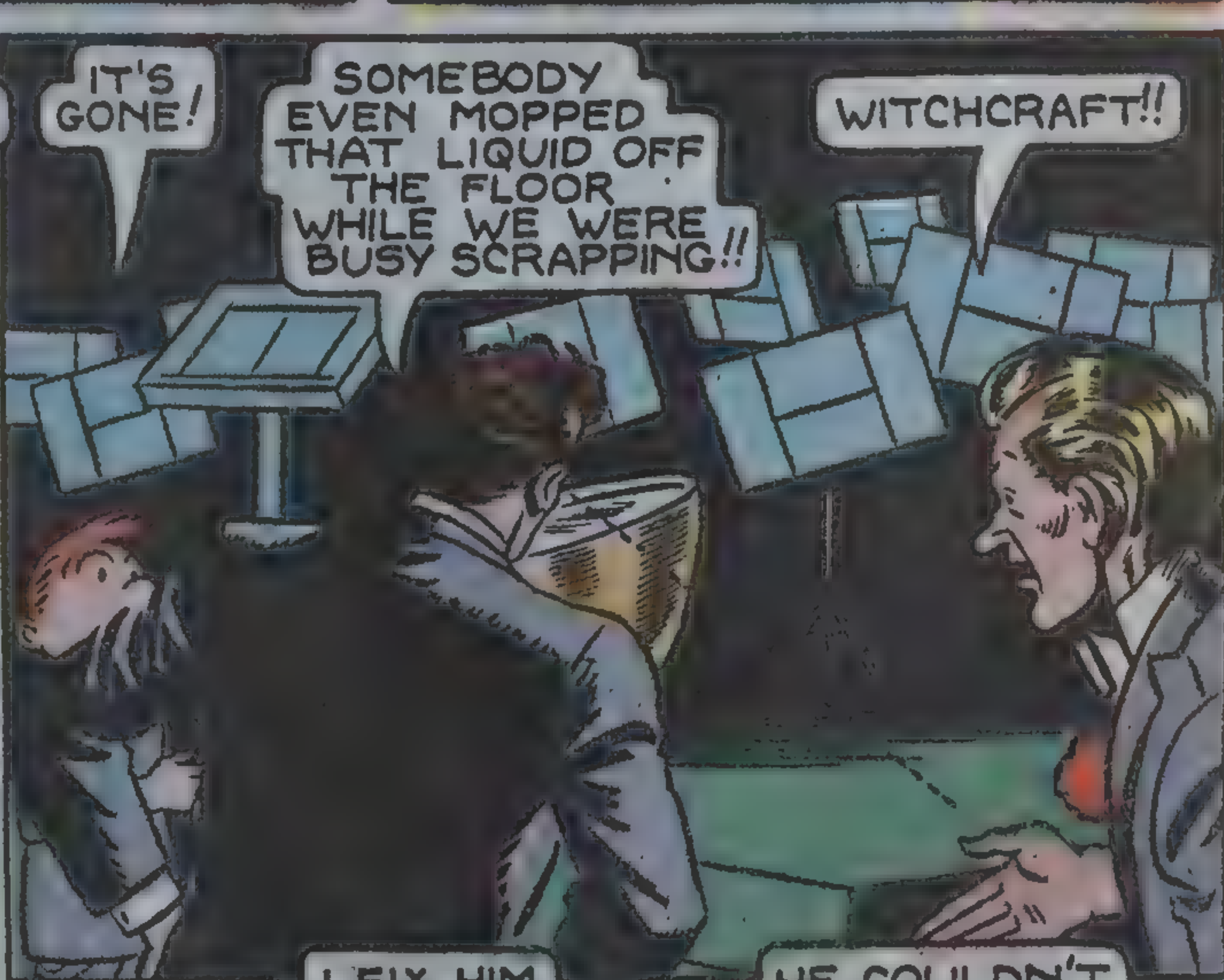
AIN'T CULTURE WONDERFUL?



NOW, WHAT'S THIS RUMPUS ALL ABOUT, ANYHOW?

ME, I DO NOT KNOW!

LET'S GIVE A GANDER AT THE DRIPPING-DRUM, SLAM!!



IT'S GONE!

SOMEBODY EVEN MOPPED THAT LIQUID OFF THE FLOOR WHILE WE WERE BUSY SCRAPPING!!

WITCHCRAFT!!



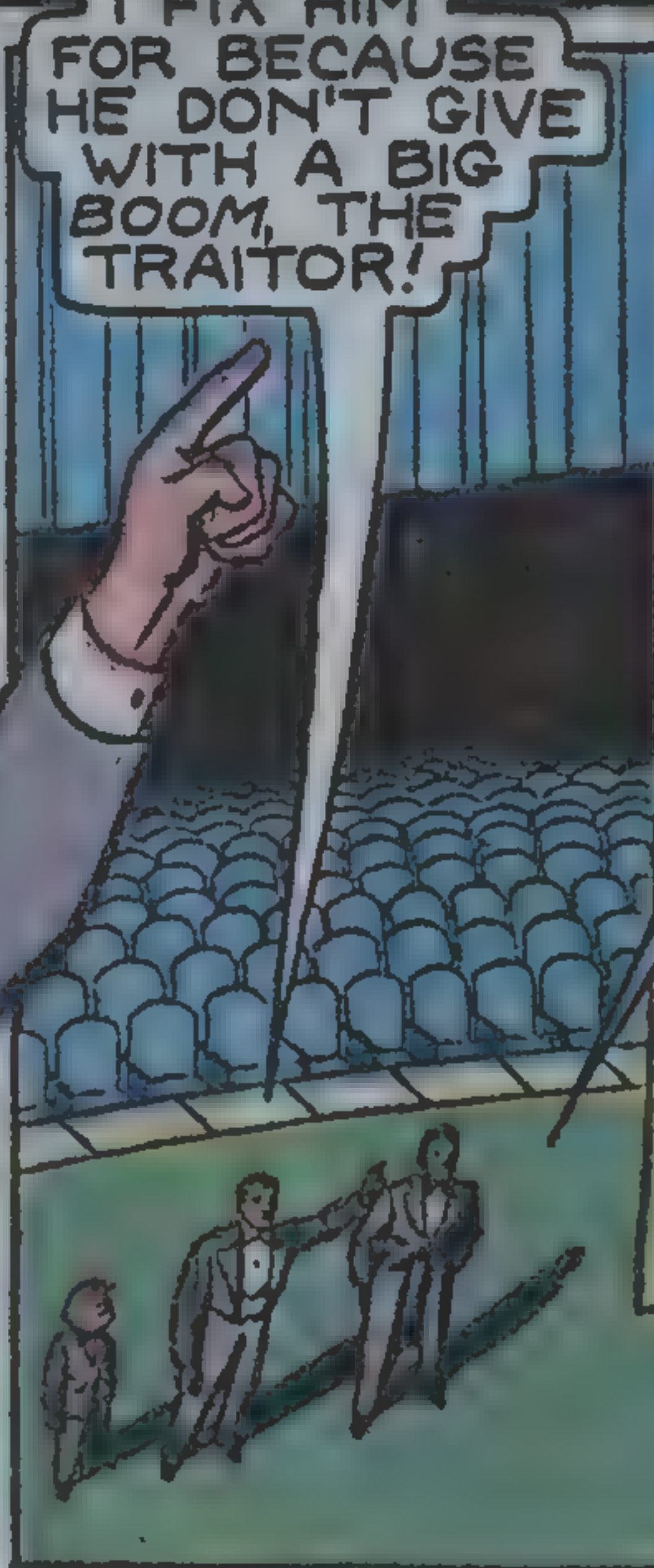
I'VE GOT A BETTER NAME, PAL-MONKEY BUSINESS!!!

THAT PIG OF A DRUMMER-MERINSKI! IT IS HIS DOING, I BET!



WHERE IS THIS MERINSKI GUY? WE'LL THIRD-DEGREE HIM!

UP THERE!



I FIX HIM FOR BECAUSE HE DON'T GIVE WITH A BIG BOOM, THE TRAITOR!

HE COULDN'T STEAL DRUMS AND MOP FLOORS IF HE'S BEEN HANGING UP THERE THE WHOLE TIME!

LET ME DOWN!!



HALF AN HOUR LATER...

WE'VE QUESTIONED EVERYBODY AND GOTTEN NOWHERE! NOBODY KNOWS ANYTHING AND NOBODY SAW ANYTHING! BAH!

YOU ARE DETECTIVE! I HIRE YOU FOR TO FIND WHO MAKE MONKEYS BY MY SYMPHONY!



YOU'VE HIRED YOURSELF SOMETHING, MISTER! WE'LL NOSE AROUND AND SEE YOU AT REHEARSAL TOMORROW MORNING!

YOU FIND- I CUT HEES THROAT!

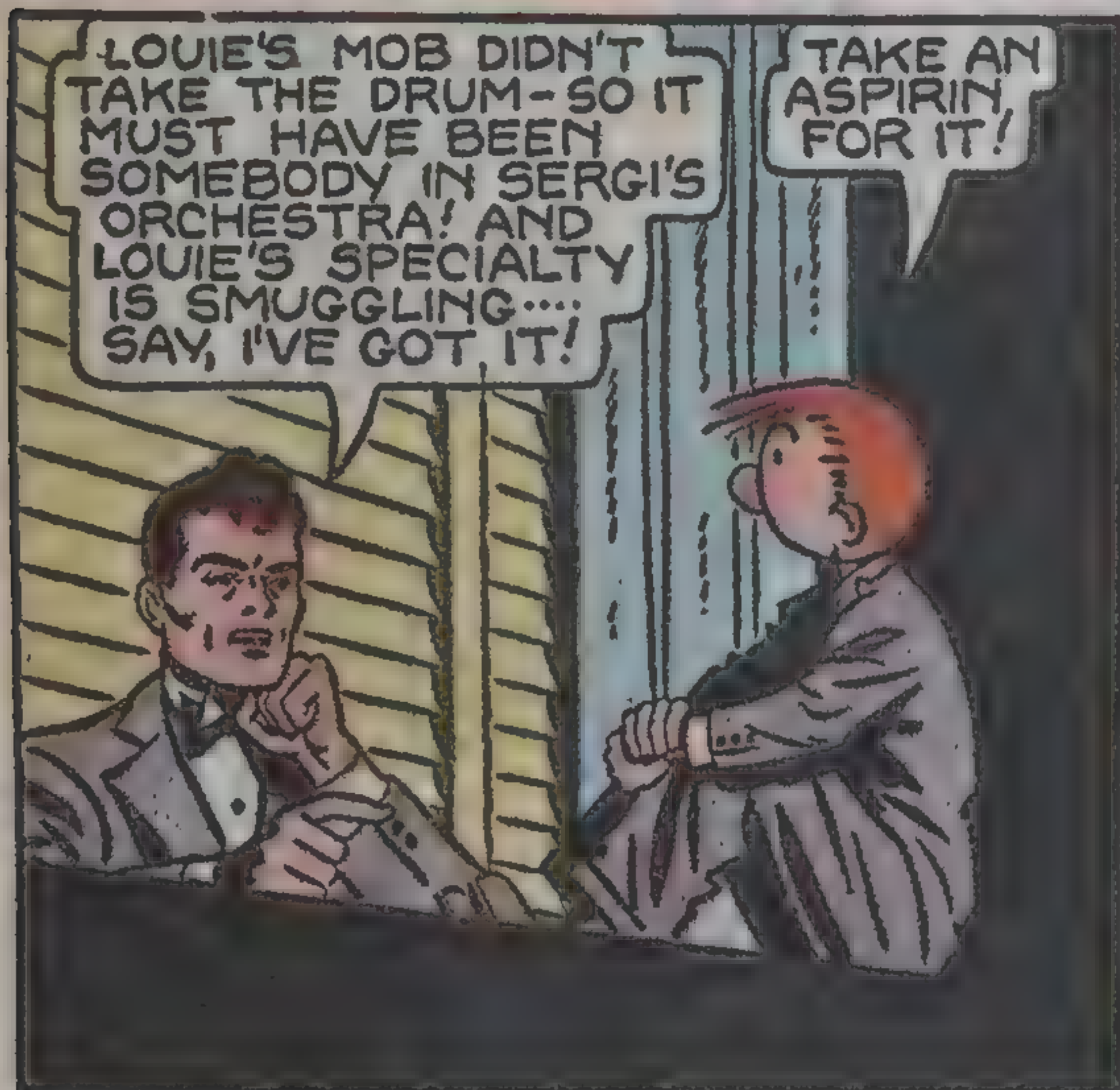
MUSIC IS SO SOOTHING!



BACK AT THE OFFICE, THE BOYS GO INTO A HUDDLE!

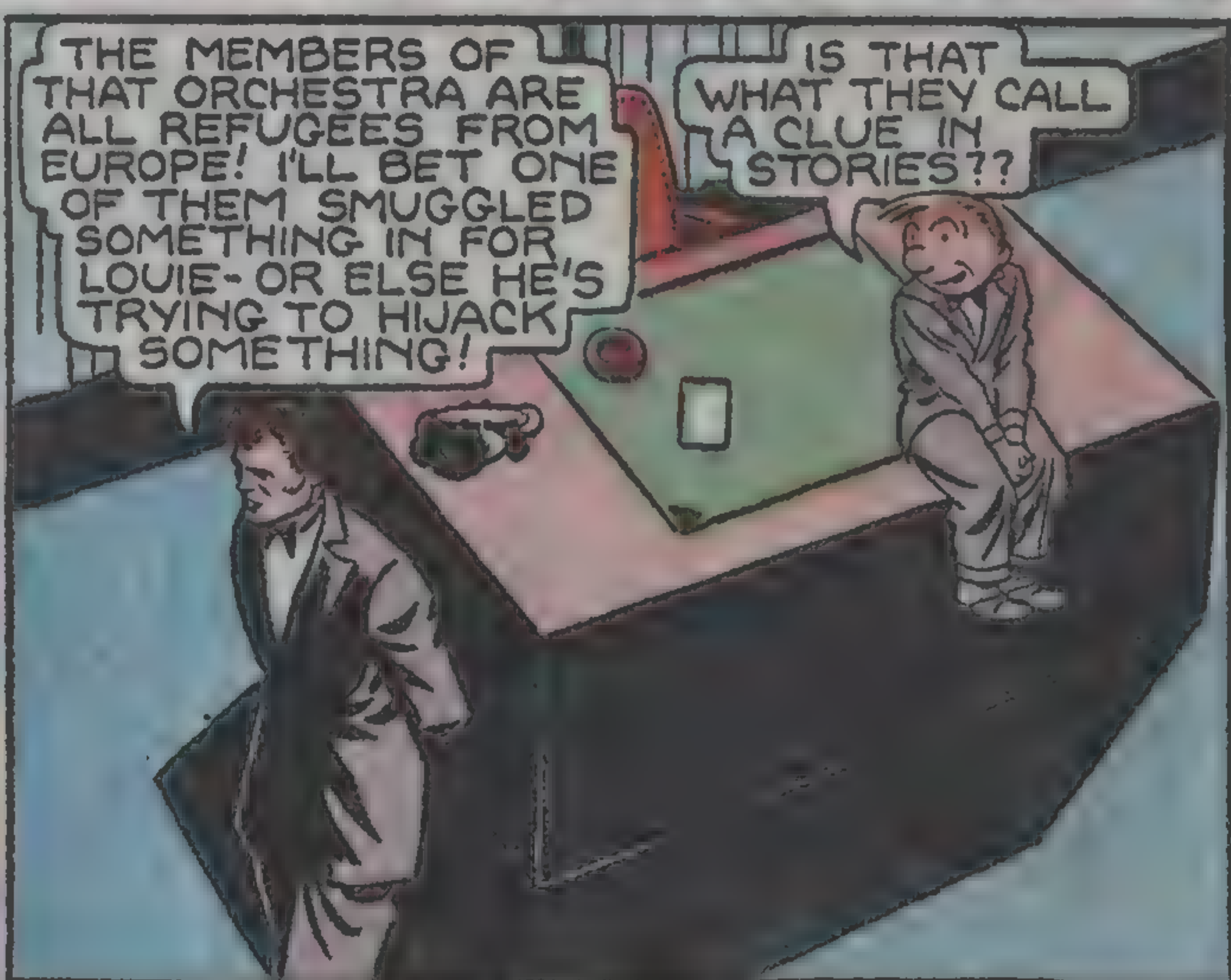
NOTHING MAKES SENSE! WHAT WAS IN THAT DRUM? WHO STOLE IT AND WHY? WHERE DO LOUIE AND HIS MOB FIT IN?

AFTER WHAT WE DID TO THEM, THEY PROBABLY FIT INTO A HOSPITAL BED!!



LOUIE'S MOB DIDN'T TAKE THE DRUM-SO IT MUST HAVE BEEN SOMEBODY IN SERGI'S ORCHESTRA! AND LOUIE'S SPECIALTY IS SMUGGLING... SAY, I'VE GOT IT!

TAKE AN ASPIRIN FOR IT!



THE MEMBERS OF THAT ORCHESTRA ARE ALL REFUGEES FROM EUROPE! I'LL BET ONE OF THEM SMUGGLED SOMETHING IN FOR LOUIE-OR ELSE HE'S TRYING TO HIJACK SOMETHING!

IS THAT WHAT THEY CALL A CLUE IN STORIES??



NOW THAT WE HAVE A LEAD TO FOLLOW, WE CAN GET SOME SLEEP AND GO TO WORK IN THE MORNING!

I'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO YOU, SLAM-- THE FIGHTS WOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN AS EXCITING OR PROFITABLE!

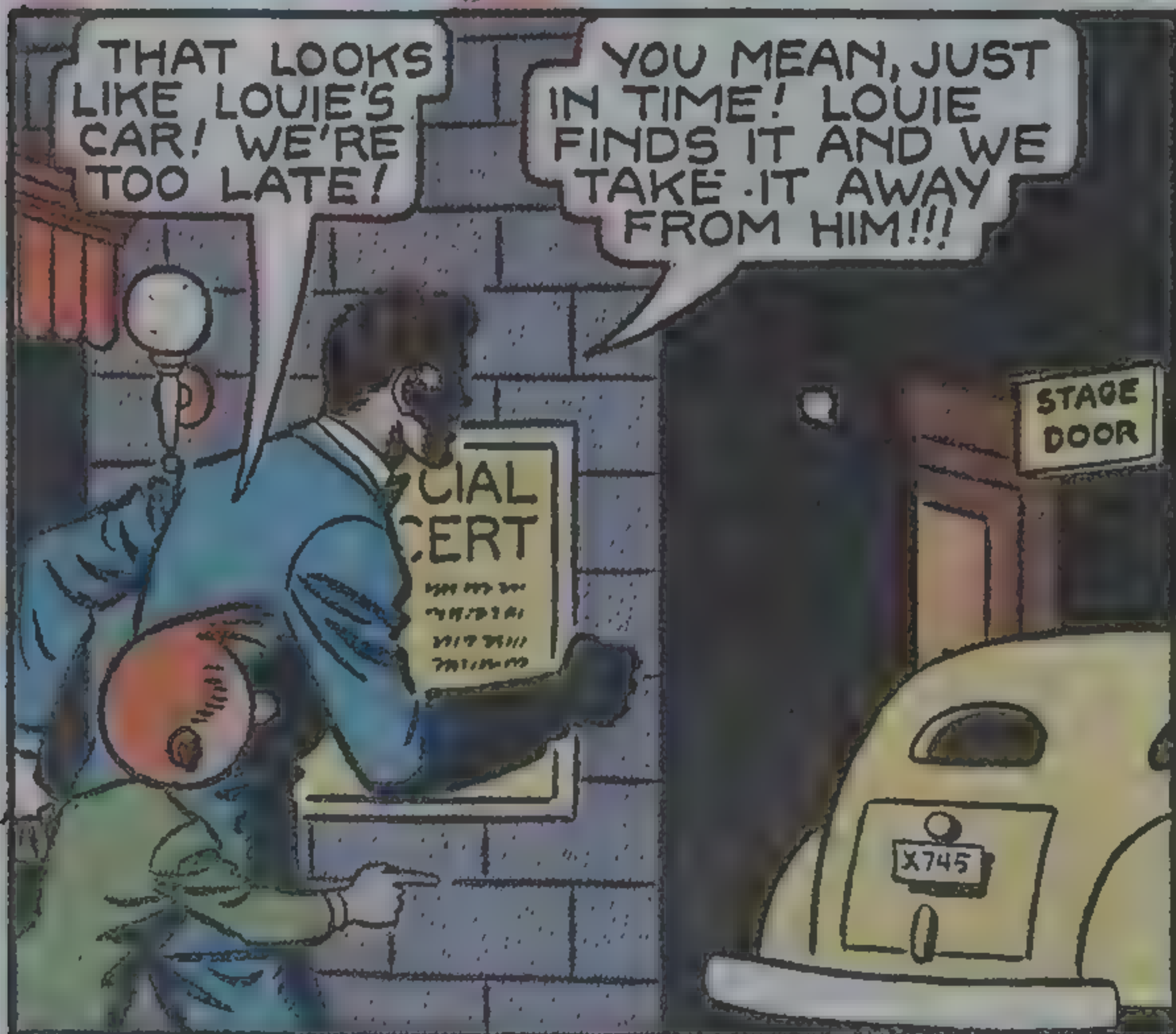
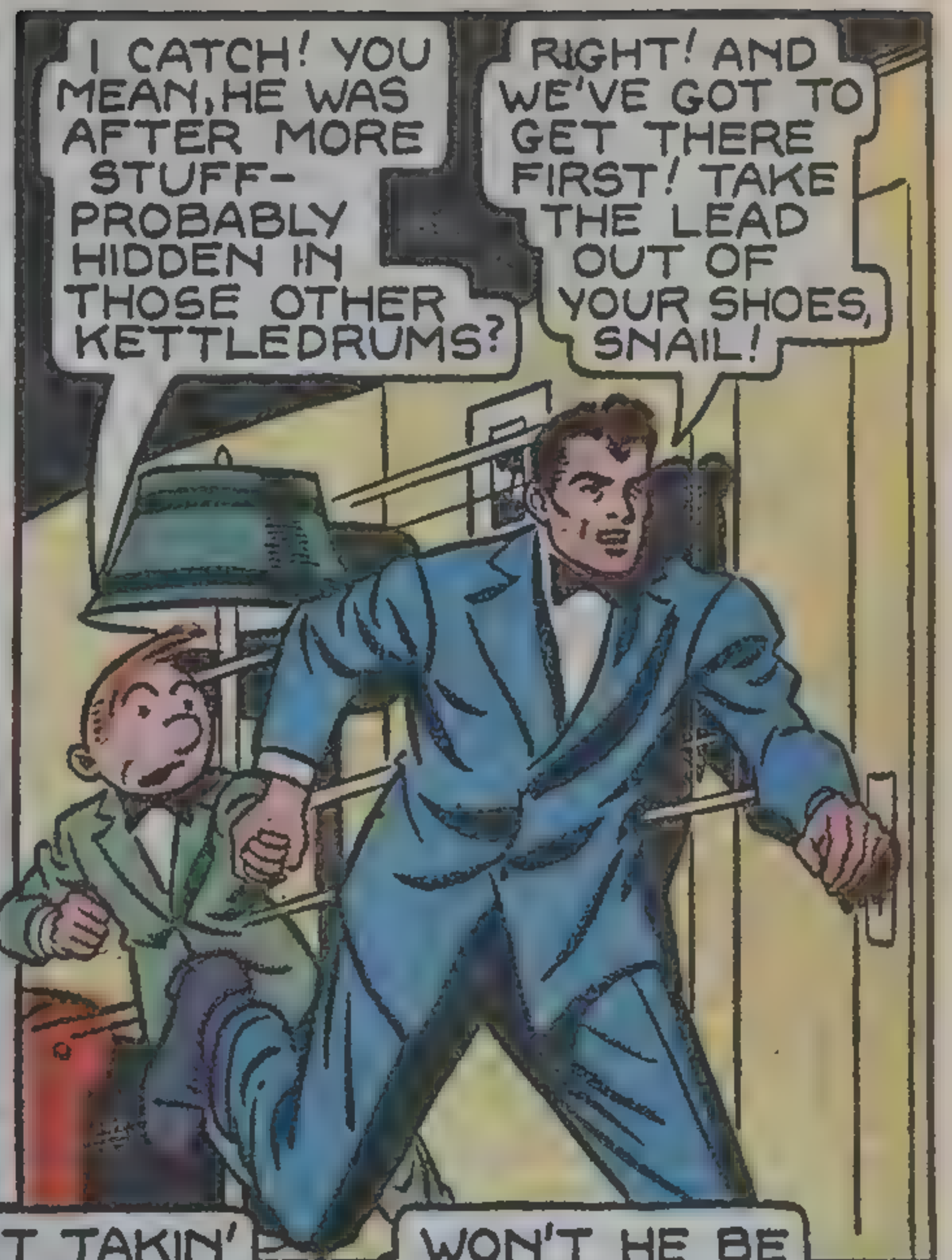
HO-HUM-M. G'NIGHT, SLAM!

'NIGHT, SQUIRT! SEE YOU IN THE MORN... HOLY SMOKE!!!



WHAT BIT YOU?

AN IDEA! AM I A DUMB-HEAD? GRAB YOUR PANTS, CYCLONE! WE'RE GOING PLACES - BUT FAST!!







HOW DO YOU LIKE MY SWING BEAT, SLAM?

NICE RHYTHM, KID! WHAT'S THE GRAND FINALE?



THIS!!

OH, I LIKE THAT!

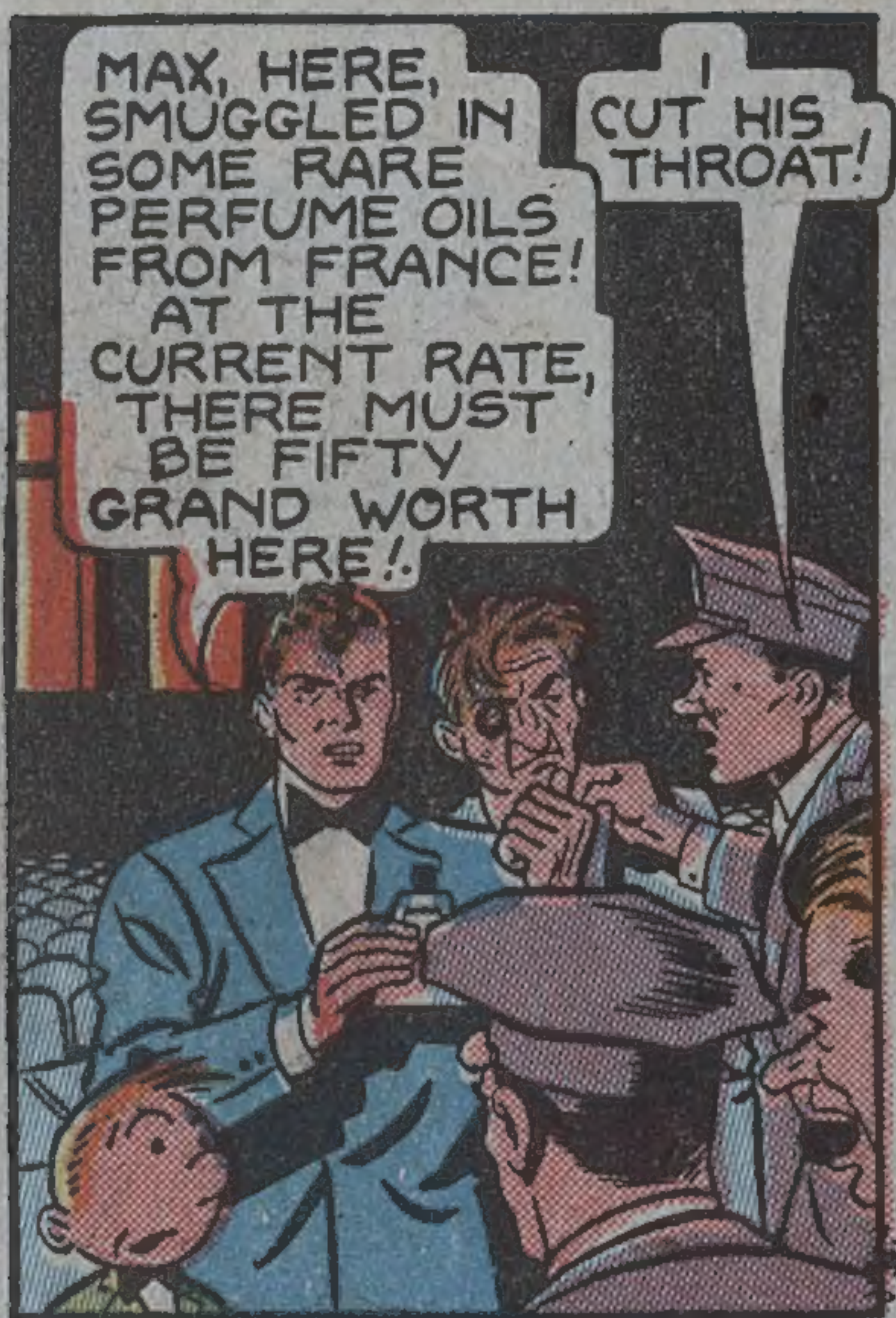
BAM!



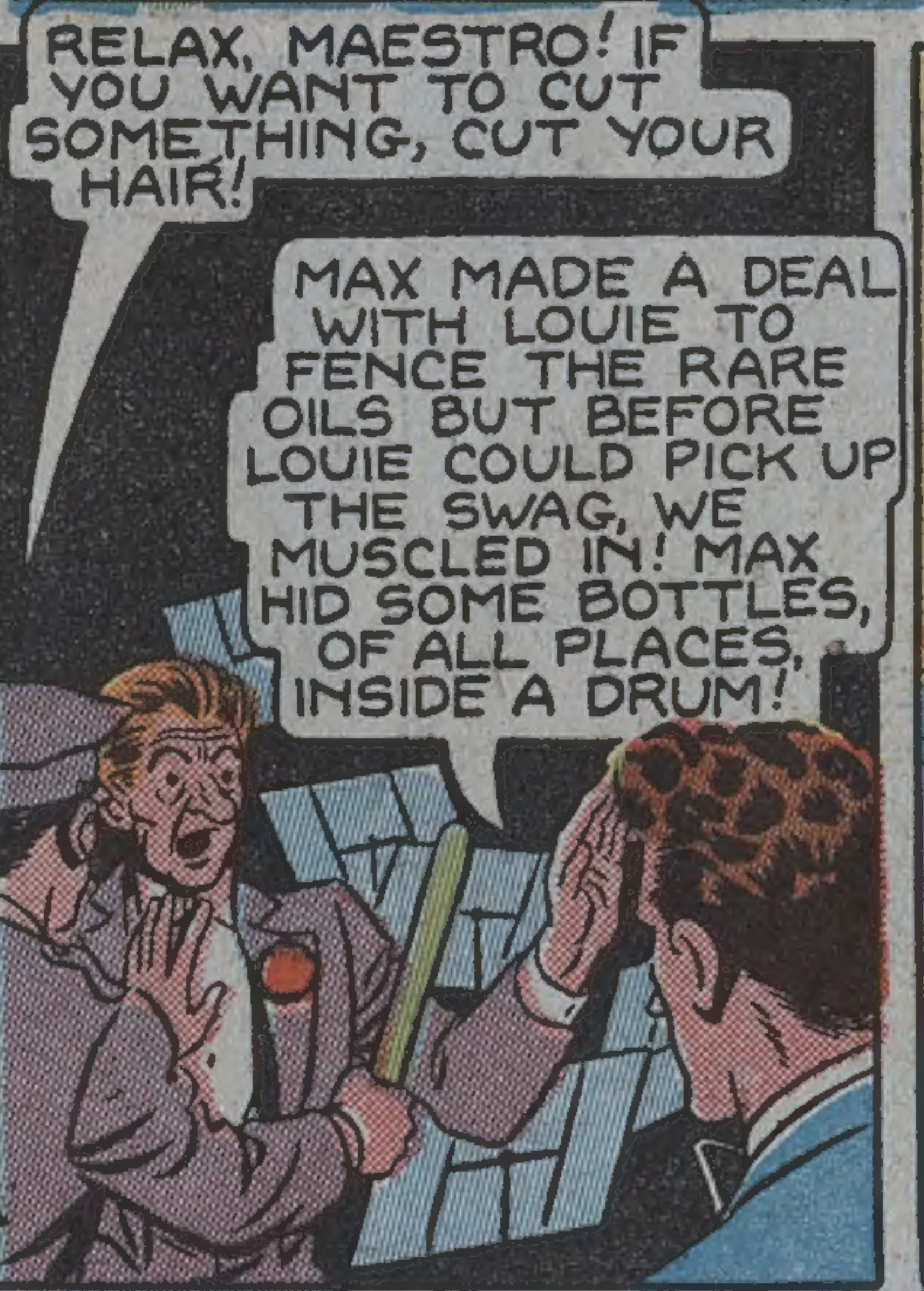
WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE?

YOU CATCH 'EM! I CUT THEIR THROATS

JUST A LITTLE "SLAM" SESSION, SERGEANT!



MAX, HERE, SMUGGLED IN SOME RARE PERFUME OILS FROM FRANCE! AT THE CURRENT RATE, THERE MUST BE FIFTY GRAND WORTH HERE! I CUT HIS THROAT!



RELAX, MAESTRO! IF YOU WANT TO CUT SOMETHING, CUT YOUR HAIR!

MAX MADE A DEAL WITH LOUIE TO FENCE THE RARE OILS BUT BEFORE LOUIE COULD PICK UP THE SWAG, WE MUSCLED IN! MAX HID SOME BOTTLES, OF ALL PLACES, INSIDE A DRUM!



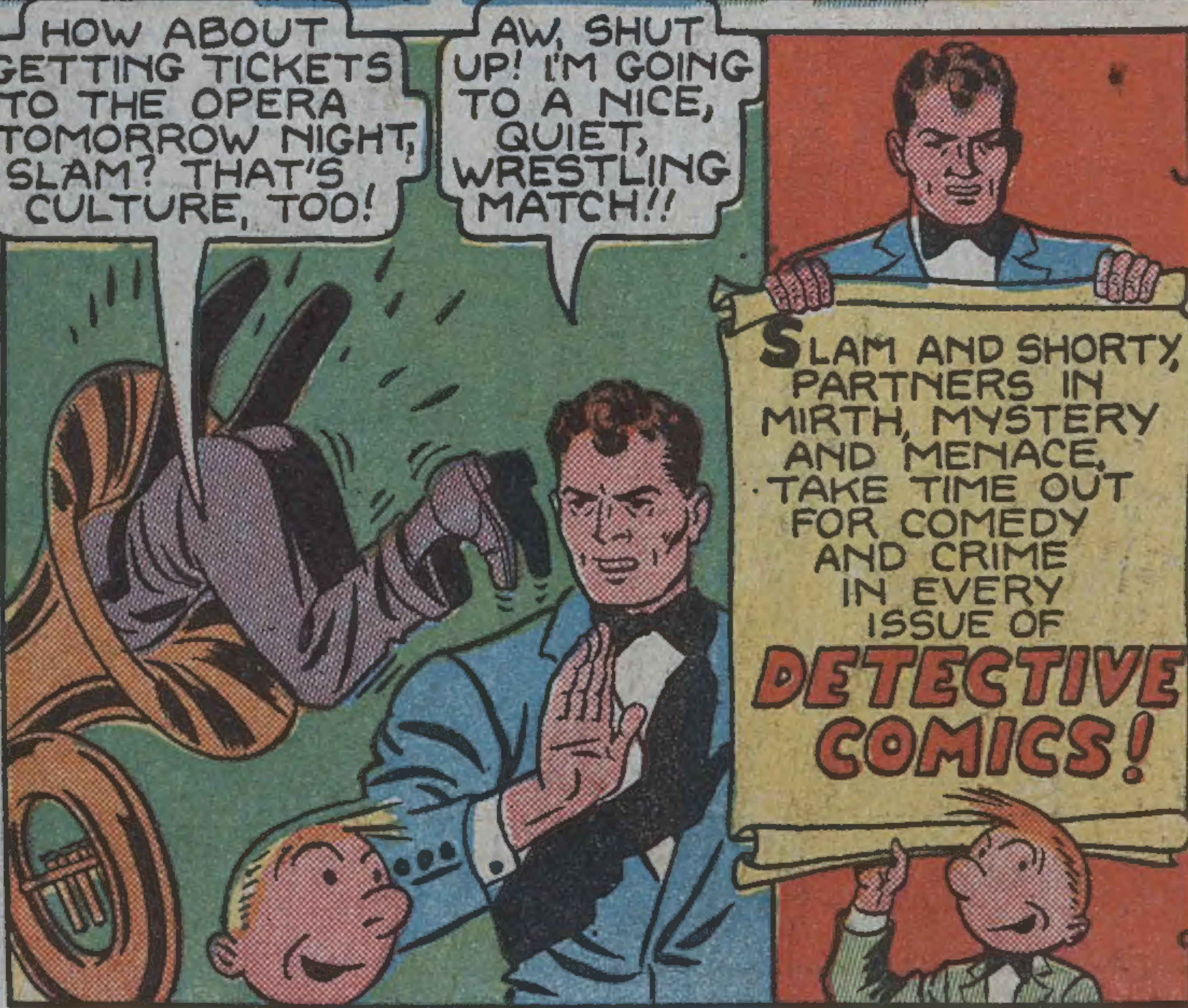
NICE GOING, SLAM!

WE GOT THE GUY WHO BUSTED UP YOUR BAND, SERGI! HOW ABOUT THAT CHECK?



MONEY? POO! IT IS OF NO IMPORTANCE! I WILL REPAY YOU BY COMPOSING A SPECIAL SLAM SYMPHONY IN YOUR HONOR!

YOU CHISELER! BEND DOWN AND I'LL GIVE YOU A LITTLE INSPIRATION!



HOW ABOUT GETTING TICKETS TO THE OPERA TOMORROW NIGHT, SLAM? THAT'S CULTURE, TOO!

AW, SHUT UP! I'M GOING TO A NICE, QUIET, WRESTLING MATCH!!

SLAM AND SHORTY, PARTNERS IN MIRTH, MYSTERY AND MENACE, TAKE TIME OUT FOR COMEDY AND CRIME IN EVERY ISSUE OF **DETECTIVE COMICS!**

A SPECIAL MESSAGE TO THE BOYS ^{and} GIRLS OF AMERICA FROM HENRY MORGENTHAU, JR.

-SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY!

THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY
WASHINGTON



Boys and Girls of America:

Here's a way for every one of you to help your country.

Every time you buy a Savings Stamp you are helping Uncle Sam to pay for a part of a gun, plane or ship which your fathers, brothers or uncles are using for the defense of our country.

If every one of you forty million boys and girls would buy at least one ten-cent Savings Stamp every week, you would be lending your Uncle Sam two hundred million dollars every year. Think of all the guns, planes and ships he could buy with that!

Remember, you can help to "Keep 'em Flying" by buying a Defense Stamp every week.

Sincerely,

FOR VICTORY



BUY
UNITED
STATES
SAVINGS
BONDS
AND
STAMPS

THIS
SPACE IS
DONATED BY THE
PUBLISHERS OF THIS
MAGAZINE IN THE INTEREST OF
NATIONAL DEFENSE ^{and} VICTORY!

THE Tootsie Roll OF HONOR

MEET THE POPULARITY CONTEST WINNERS
(See what made them win!)

MEET EDDIE L.
He's full of ideas



I just finished knitting this scarf to send.

I made this airplane for some British boy!

I'm sending my train set. I repainted it like new!

EDDIE'S THE BOY who starts things! And people love him for it. Now he's got his friends making gifts for British children. Eddie eats plenty of Tootsie Rolls. They're fuel for brains as well as muscles!

MEET VIRGINIA D.
She's a true patriot



I sure do!
Count me in!

Do you all pledge to buy Defense Stamps every week?

I promise!

IS VIRGINIA POPULAR? You bet! She sold more Defense Stamps than anybody else in her school. Everyone loves a patriot. (And this patriot sure loves Tootsie Rolls!)

MEET TOMMY R.
That boy does everything well!



A double jack-knife! Gosh!

Give him this Tootsie Roll. He'll need extra food-energy after all this!

EVERYBODY ADMIRES Tommy because he's a champion. In diving, skating, baseball! He practices plenty . . . he has plenty of pep! No day goes by without a Tootsie Roll.



UNCLE SAM SAYS: "Make sure what you eat is nourishing, pure, and full of energy." Eat plenty of Tootsie Rolls. They're rich in wholesome Dextrose—give you quick food-energy.

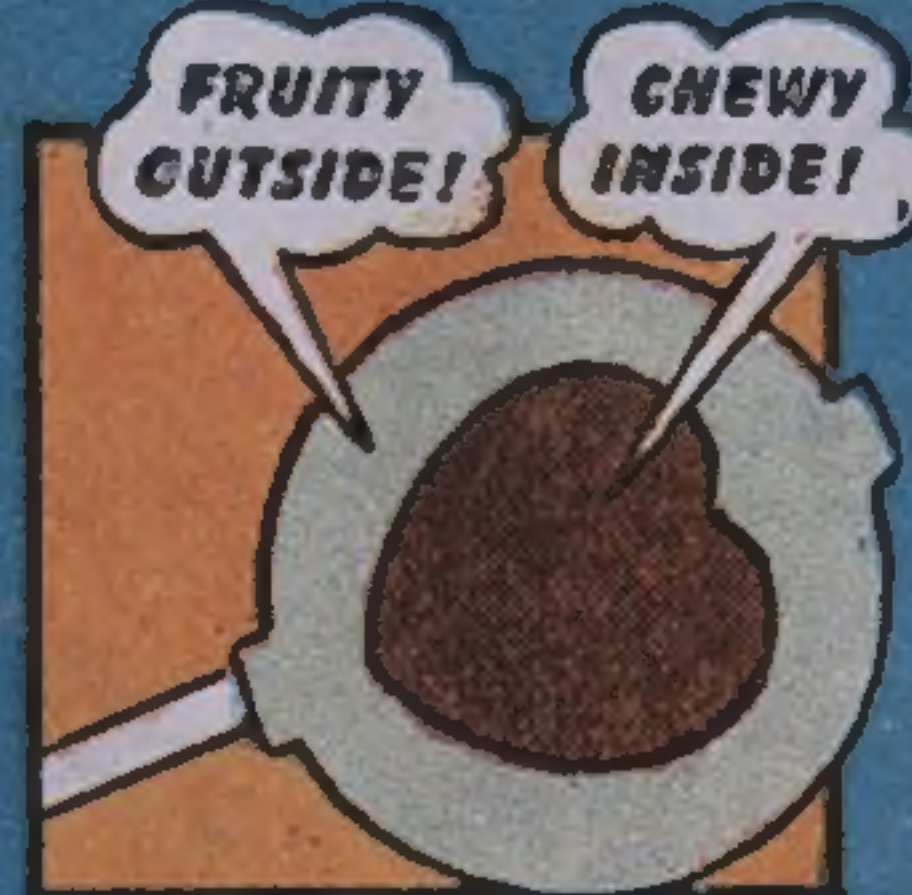
BUY DEFENSE STAMPS!

1¢ AND 5¢

TOOTSIE WINS, TOO!

The winnah in any popularity contest! More children and grown-ups love Tootsies than any other candy!

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping



FRUITY OUTSIDE!

CHEWY INSIDE!

Only TOOTSIE POPS have a Heart!

Fruity Outside—but with Chewy Tootsie Roll Inside. Only 1¢.

EAT A TOOTSIE A DAY—Enriched with DEXTROSE for quick food-energy